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BY

JAMES A. DUNCAN

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VOL. I



John Holland, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

LONDON

LONGMAN BROWN GREEN & LONGMAN

1871

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1800—1801.

	Page
State of English Poetry at the Close of the Eighteenth Century. — Montgomery writes an Address for the Theatre. — Mrs. Siddons. — New Feature of the "Iris." — Series of Paragraphs on the Affairs of Switzerland. — Epitaph "on Edwin and Emma," and "on a Youth." — The "Suffering Peasant," by Ignatius Montgomery. — Local Distress. — A "Fragment" - - - - -	1

CHAP. XXIV.

1801—1803.

"Hannah." — Montgomery extends his poetical Claims. — Adopts the Signature of "Alceus." — The "Lyre." — Blank Verse. — The "Postinal Register," and the "Annual Review." — Dr. Aikin. — The Peace of Amiens. — Letters to Aston and to Montgomery. — The "Pillow," the "Thunder Storm," and the "Joy of Grief." — Chatterton. — Political Paragraphs. — Origin of the "Wanderer of Switzerland" - - - - -	13
---	----

CHAP. XXV.

1803—1804.

Threatened French Invasion of Great Britain. — Volunteer Corps. — Firing of a Yorkshire Beacon, and consequent Alarm. — Montgomery endeavours to counteract the general Panic. — Humours of hostile Preparations by the	
---	--

	Page
Enemy. — "Ode to the Volunteers." — "Verses in Memory of Joseph Brown." — Adam Clarke. — Religious Views and Feelings. — Montgomery's Review of his own Character and Position at this Period. — His personal Friends. — Letter to his Brother Ignatius. — Letter from Miss Sarah Gales	30

CHAP. XXVI.

1804.

Ambition and Presumption of Bonaparte. — Gessler and Tell. — The Poet's Study in the Hartshead. — Influence of external Objects. — Miss Gales's Shop. — Letter to Aston. — Newspaper Statistics. — Letters to and from Samuel Roberts. — The Italian Language and Mr. Roscoe. — Sonnet	45
--	----

CHAP. XXVII.

1805.

Death of "Justice Wilkinson." — The "Snowdrop." — The "Ocean." — Imputed Disloyalty. — The Quaker's Placard. — The "Widow." — Letter to Aston. — Amusing Mistake — General Mack. — Threatened Prosecutions. — Death of Lord Nelson. — Chantrey, the Sculptor. — The "Grave." — The "Common Lot," and "Piping Bullfinches." — Gillilan's Remarks	58
---	----

CHAP. XXVIII.

1806.

First Appearance of the "Wanderer of Switzerland." — Plan of the Poem. — Its favourable Reception. — Dr. and Miss Aikin. — "Departed Days." — Notice of the "Wanderer" in the "Eclectic Review." — Correspondence between the Editor Daniel Parker, and the Poet. — Montgomery writes for the "Eclectic." — "Little's Poema." — Conversations. — Letters to Parker. — Death of Pitt and Fox. — Their Characters compared	79
--	----

CHAP. XXIX.

1806.

Carey and Chantrey. — Montgomery's Reviews long and interesting. — Letters to Parken. — Review of Moore's Poems. — Conversations. — Attention to religious Duties. — Methodist Class Meetings. — Change in his Habits. — Non-sectarian Piety. — Editorial Anxieties. — Success of the "Wanderer of Switzerland." — Woolli's Memoirs of Warton. — The "Dial." — "Harp of Sorrow." — <i>Jeu d'Esprit</i>	Page 103
--	-------------

CHAP. XXX.

1807.

Business Affairs. — Letter from Dr. Aikin. — Letter to Parken. — "Life of Colonel Hutchinson." — Edinburgh Review of the "Wanderer of Switzerland," written by Jeffrey. — <i>Vaticide</i> . — Miss Aikin's Verses. — Letter to Aston. — Proposed new Sheffield Newspaper. — Letters to Parken	126
---	-----

CHAP. XXXI.

1807.

Correspondence with Gardiner of Leicester. — Letters to Aston and Parken. — Sotheby's "Saul." — Text and Notes. — Letter to Ignatius Montgomery. — Mrs. Skepper and her poetical Friends. — Montgomery takes part in local benevolent Movements. — "Chimney-sweeper's Boy." — Bombardment of Copenhagen. — Methodist Preachers. — Spiritual Counsel — Conversations. — <i>Eupolis</i>	145
---	-----

CHAP. XXXII.

1807—1808.

Letter to Parken. — "Bolehill Trees." — The Mower Family. — "M. S." and her Friends. — Mrs. Le Noir. — The "Molehill," the "Cast-away Ship," and "Pope's Willow." — R. H. Cromek. — Namesake Children. — Spurious Poems. — "Pilgrimage to Canterbury." — <i>Animadver-</i>
--

	Page
mons on Cobbett's Advocacy of War — Heroic Self-Devotion — Review of Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads" — Conversation — Foster, the Essayist — Letters to Parken and Aston — Nightingale's "Portraiture of Methodism" — Walter Scott, Kirke White, and Thomas Dermody — Contrite Rapaciousness — "Maimion" — Lope de Vega — The "Senses" — The "Walk in Spring" — "Swiss Cowherd's Song" — Convention of Cintra — Address to the King	170

CHAP XXXIII

1808

Political Comments in the "Lis" — Spirited personal Controversy — Reclamation of poetical Credit — The Flax Flower — Visit to London — Interview with Friends — Parken, Dr Gregory, Jonah Conder, and Basil Montague — Dr Parr, his Pipe, and his Opinions — The Aikins — Letters from Bloomfield and Coleridge — Anonymous Epigrams — "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."	197
--	-----

CHAP XXXIV

1809.

The Slave Trade — Early Movements on the Subject — Disuse of Sugar — Progress of the Principles of the Abolitionists — Montgomery's Opinions — Parliamentary Proceedings — Abolition of the British Slave Trade. — Celebrations of the Event — Bowyer's Project — Poem of the "West Indies" — Its Character and Success — Mungo Park — Wilberforce and Las Casas — Cowper	216
---	-----

CHAP XXXV

1809

Review of Crabbe's "Poems" — Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming" — Burns' "Reliques" — Wordsworth's political Pamphlet — Correspondence with Mr Hoscoe — The Duke of York. — Sir John Moore — Death of Thomas Gains — Lancasterian School — Writing in Sunday Schools — The Jubilee	234
--	-----

CHAP. XXXVI.

1810.

	Page
Newspaper Writing.—The "Iris."—Wardle and Burdett.	
—Letters to and from Mr. Roscoe.—Letter to Miss Pearson.—Death of Dr. Browne.—"Anne and Jane."—Letters to Roscoe.—To Robert Montgomery.—Review of Barlow's "Columbiad."—Grahame's "British Georgics."	
—Visit to Harrogate.—Excursions.—Parks at Sheffield.	
—Thoughts about Matrimony.—Letters from Roscoe and Dr. Gregory.—From Montgomery to Mrs. Gregory	250

CHAP. XXXVII.

1811.

"World before the Flood."—Origin and Progress of the Poem.—Transmission of the MS. to Parken.—Enlargement of the Design recommended and adopted.—Opinions of various Friends.—Poetical Fiction.—Letter from Southey to Montgomery.—Robert Montgomery.—Editorship and Character of the "Eclectic Review."—Criticism anticipated.—Religious and Benevolent Institutions.—Montgomery's growing Interest in them.—Bible Society.—Aged Females.—Influence of personal Religion on official Duty.—Letter from Walter Scott.—To William Roscoe.—The "Valentine Wreath."—Birthday Verses.—The Comet.—Letter to Robert Montgomery.—Complimentary Lines to Montgomery	290
---	-----

CHAP. XXXVIII.

1812.

Letter from Southey.—From Roscoe and Montgomery.—Provincial Disturbances.—Editorial Responsibilities.—Political Spies.—Rioting in Sheffield.—Montgomery in a Mob.—Letter from Southey.—Ignatius Montgomery and his Family.—The Poet in the Metropolis.—May Meetings.—Lectures by Campbell and Coleridge.—Miss Benger.—Conversation.—Exhibition of the Royal Academy.—Chantry.—"Ode on Education."—The "Mediterranean."—Sonnet from Petrarch	319
---	-----

XXXIX.

1812.

	Page
Letters to Parken.—His Death and Character.—Letter to Mr. and Mrs. Ignatius Montgomery.—Letter ■ Aston. —Montgomery's Visit to Buxton.—The "Peak ■■■■■ tains."—Letter to ■■■ Rev. Ignatius Montgomery.—Let- ■ from Southey.—Lord Milton at Sheffield.—Letter to ■■■ - - - - - ■■■	

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS JAMES MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1800—1801.

STATE OF ENGLISH POETRY AT THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—MONTGOMERY'S WRITINGS AND THE "FARM."—MRS. HINDSON.—NEW FEATURES OF THE "FARM."—SERIES OF GRAPHS.—THE AFFAIRS OF SWITZERLAND.—"ON EDWIN AND BECCA," AND "ON A TOWTH"—THE "SUFFERING FRAGMENT," "FRAGMENT."

THE year of the eighteenth century devolved upon political journalists the painful duty of describing, and upon government and benevolent individuals the more important obligation of mitigating, the evils of a general scarcity of food. The popular apprehension of famine, however, did not quench the poetical ardour of Montgomery and others, who were destined to adorn that golden age of verse which extended through the ensuing thirty years, and which already than dawned—indeed, of the bards, who specially distinguished it, Rogers and Campbell, already published their masterpieces of while the sober

of "Pleasures of Memory," the animating charm "Pleasures of Hope," were a delightful prelude to that improved style which the tender but unaffected genius of Cowper had in a great measure suggested; and although Wordsworth's striking "Lyrical Ballads," Southey's startling "six weeks' epic," "Joan of Arc," were earnest of a disregard of formal precedent, the prouder of Scott and Byron had yet appeared in connection with the earliest of those original works through which they ultimately attained an unprecedented degree of popularity, and, as a consequence, exercised a large influence on the metrical literature of the country.

Montgomery himself has divided modern English literature into three periods. The first he takes as that extending from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the close of the Protectorate: the second, from Dryden to Cowper, whose death occurred in the course of the year: while from Cowper he deduces the third great era, in which he and his numerous contemporaries so strikingly figured. "Cowper's first volume, partly from the grave character of his longer pieces, the purposely rugged, rambling, slipshod versification, was long neglected, till the 'Task,' the noblest of his poems, composed under the inspiration of cheerfulness, hope, and love, unbosoming the whole soul of his affections, intelligence, and piety, once made his countrymen feel that neither the genius of poetry had fled from our isle, nor had the heart for it in the breasts of the inhabitants. The 'Task' was the longest poem from the close of Churchill's time, but it was that which awoke wonder, sympathy, and delight, by its own ineffable excellence, and made the reading people of England. The 'happy hour' of that birth could not but quicken

many a drooping mind, which, without a present evidence of genuine song and the genuine of the previous apathy species of literature, would hardly have ventured brood own conceptions in solitude and obscurity, till they too warmed into life, uttered voices, put forth wings, and took their flight up to the 'highest heaven of invention.'* Montgomery has doubtless here described—whether intentionally or not—the influences which moulded his genius, especially his period; for although he had yet entirely him from the temptation to imitate the “ludicrous centricities of Peter Pindar,” there are many evidences of the dawn of a chaste and original style by which he subsequently distinguished, in “*Amusements*,” and so in of exquisite lyric compositions to which we shall presently have occasion to advert.

The following Address was written by Montgomery, spoken at the theatre, April 7th, on occasion of the performance of “*Jew*,” for the benefit of the poor, by the gentleman of the Thespian Society:—

“In mid-winter’s melancholy reign,
When desolation scowls along the plain,
When the wild spirit of the gloomy north
Unchains his storms, and bids them sally forth;
Fierce as the mad barbarian clans of yore,
O’er the soft south the angry demons pour,
Deflower the seasons in their rash career,
And blast the glory of the British year,
Till streams in icy sleep forget to flow,
And nature seems a wilderness of snow;
Then from the grove, on shivering wings, repair
The poor unsheltered wanderers of air;

* Lectures on Poetry, p. 368.

- sweet home the little suppliants throng,
 And claim a pittance for their summer song.—
 No hand so cruel, and no heart so cold,
 That claims to spurn—that pittance to
- “If thus the fowls of heaven you deign to bless,
 Shall human sufferings move your bowels less?
 Shall humbled poverty in dust complain?
 And dumb affliction look her wants in vain?
 Ah, no — while pale and terrible at hand,
 The spectre famine threatens through land,
 Where'er sons of sorrow mourn, you fly
 ardent bosom, consoling eye,
 hungry feed, the fallen raise, and
 The oil of gladness o’er fainting head!
- “Go — like gracious heaven your gifts bestow,
 Let every fountain of compassion flow;
 Pure the light the tide of comfort run,
 Broad as the day, and bounteous as sun!”

This the fourth and last Address which Montgomery wrote for the theatre, the amusements and tendency of which he henceforth discountenanced on principle; not, of course, because he was either insensible to the powers of our great dramatic writers, or that he wanted the to relish superior acting. In the year before this, when the celebrated “Tragic Queen” appeared on the stage at Sheffield, the editor of the “Iris” observed, “Were it in our power to bestow laurels that flourish round her brows, we should be proud of the opportunity; but our pen is too feeble to do so.” On another occasion, in a livelier mood, the poet introduced the following rhyming compliment, as a parenthesis, into one of his poems which we have :—

- “As when majestic Siddons wooed,
 In thrilling tones, the Tragic Muse;

Like guardian sylphs around the fair,
 The hovering Passions swim in air ;
 [redacted] sway, at her controul,
 The tide of feeling in the soul :
 The ghastly family of Fears,
 The tender sisterhood of Tears,
 Ambition, Vengeance, Frensy, Hate,
 Watch her [redacted] eye,— the eye of Fate !
 She frowns like Jove, in awful pride ;
 She loves, like Juno when a bride :
 The Boxes droop, as beds of flowers
 Charged with [redacted] weight of thunder showers ;
 [redacted] Pit assumes a sterner form,
 Moved like the forest in a storm ;
 While Gallery critics look so wise,
 They seem to listen with their eyes."

In the early part of this year, Montgomery announced his intention of introducing a novel [redacted] into [redacted] newspaper : —

"The [redacted] of the 'Iris' [redacted] in [redacted] sketch
 ■ recapitulation of [redacted] principal [redacted] plausible
 rumours of the week. It shall be his study to render this
 article, in point of style, as simple, brief, and comprehensible
 as possible. How far the plan, which he does not [redacted]
 ■ [redacted] attempted ■ any other [redacted] may gratify
 the public, he has ■ other means of proving than by trying
 ■ experiment. Confident of [redacted] utility, [redacted]
 ■ of a judicious compiler—doubtful of [redacted] capacity
 ■ execute the office with precision and propriety, he [redacted]
 ■ with [redacted] to [redacted] candour of the public, whose
 opinion shall be decisive ■ its fate."

This recapitulation consisted usually of about a [redacted]
 ■ paragraphs, in the composition of [redacted] he ex-
 celled.* [redacted] generally pointed, often witty,

■ ■ was with the management of a *corps d'esprit* of this kind

■■■ occasionally very spirited. They ■■■ well calculated ■■■ political small-talkers, by enabling them ■■ retail ■■■ news of the week ■■■ labour, ■■■ where they had the ability, of selecting ■■ epitomising for themselves. As specimens of ■■■ style of ■■■ articles, and ■■ steps that led eventually ■■ an important development of Montgomery's poetical character, ■■■ here give the commencement of the series relative ■■ Helvetic affairs, which attracted and excited so much ■■■ attention of Europe ■■ ■■■ period:—

"*Switzerland*, once the chosen haunt of liberty, ■■■ 'Mountain Nymph,' ■■ again in the pangs of a new revolution."—*April 25.*

"Bonaparte extinguished ■■■ revolution ■■ ■■■ as soon as ■■ was lighted, by declaring that he would recognise no other authority there but ■■■ of the executive commission."—*May 8.*

"The passage of Bonaparte with his army and artillery over ■■■ Great St. Bernard, was an astonishing example of persevering enterprise, and worthy of the all-daring genius ■■ ■■ a man who would scale the battlements of the moon to gather a leaf of laurel."—*June 12.*

"He (the chief consul) has again revolutionised *Switzerland* with the breath of his nostrils: ■■■ bubble of a constitution broke ■■ his command; another rose in ■■■ at his word, and will glitter or perish at ■■■ pleasure."—*August 28.*

"The Cisalpine and Helvetic republics have just received from the first maker ■■ Paris, a pair of new constitutions of the latest fashion; but as they are too fine to be worn on the work-days ■■ ■■■ they are laid by for ■■■ sabbath ■■ peace."—*September 18.*

that he was principally intrusted, under Mr. Gales, who used to exclaim, "What beautiful little paragraphs you young man writes!"

In a letter to Aston, dated July 17., he says:—

"What think you of politics? The Seven Wonders of the World, long ago dead and buried, have surely risen from their graves, and, under new forms, are astonishing mankind. I would rather have been led by you over the rocks of Kinderhook, than by Bonaparte over Mount St. . . . The glory of a conqueror is more my abhorrence than my envy: I would not wear a laurel dipt in blood. But surely the pause of carnage is now arrived. May the war either die utterly, or sink into a state of suspended animation! and cursed be the man that uses the means recommended by the Infamous Society to revive the powerless monster!"

Some readers of English verse are unacquainted with the affecting story of "Edwin and Emma," though the fact that it was founded on a local story of two persons, each about twenty years of age, really "died of love," under circumstances analogous to those described by the poet, has been much more generally known. In the present year a project was entertained for erecting a memorial to the memory of the "faithful pair," in the churchyard of Bowes, Yorkshire, where they were buried; and Montgomery, being applied to by Mr. E. Newstead, composed the following epitaph, which, however, was never used, as the design of a memorial was, for some reason, abandoned.

* This "labour of love" was ultimately performed in a zealous and appropriate manner by Dr. Dinwiddie, of Leamington, who, in 1849, published an edition of Mallet's ballad with notes and illustrations; and also placed at the west end of the church at Bowes a tablet with the following inscription, which is a verbatim copy of the entry in the burial register of the parish:—"Rodger Wrightson, junr., and Martha Railton, both of Bowes, in one grave. He died in a fever, and upon tolling his passing bell she cried out, 'My heart is broke,' and in a few hours expired, purely through love, March 18. 1744."

" Here dust to dust, to ashes ashes laid,
 Sleep the cold relics of a youth and maid,
 Love, exquisite, condemned to
 Those bosom-pangs, which Death alone can heal :
 Death came ;—and weeping as he struck their doom,
 Sealed an eternal marriage in the tomb :
 While scattered o'er their bridal biers
 Sweet flowers of verse, for ever fresh with tears.
 Hence parents learn, that hearts to love awake,
 Must beat together, or together break !
 Hence be warned, nor prove, them, too late,
 Love's arrows, winged with hope, are barbed with

" Sheffield, Sept. 18. 1800."

This epitaph is the earliest dated specimen of any of compositions to which Montgomery added than any poet of his age—with what success, the reader will ultimately be enabled to judge. They in every instance, involuntary exercises of his ingenuity—Did any poet write an epitaph otherwise?—concessions to importunities often urgent in the inverse ratio of any claim gratification. Few of these inscriptions give a more perfect example than these "monitory rhymes" than the following:—

" On a Youth of Fifteen.

" Here sleeps in peace a lovely youth :
 his praise?—he loved the truth.
 He feared not death :—what hope had he?—
 Hope full of immortality.
 Reader, thy day of grace is now !
 What praise is thine? what hope hast thou?"

will probably not be displeased with the following verses,—the production of Ignatius Montgomery, the younger brother of the poet. They appeared in the "Iris" in November this year, with the

signature of "I. Y."; which would [REDACTED] [REDACTED] an identification of the author. They belong [REDACTED] [REDACTED] "old school" of English rhyme:—

"The Suffering Peasant."

- "To toils accustomed, but by griefs worn down,
The meagre victim of sad want I see;
Nor broken limb, nor age's wrinkled frown,
Demands yon crutch, that bears his misery.
- "Poor friendless wretch!—or if a [REDACTED] [REDACTED] knows,
[REDACTED] friend, like him, must beg what pity gives:—
Poor friendless wretch! half clothed in rags [REDACTED] goes,
And all in sickness, scarce in hope, he lives.
- "Each trembling limb to pampered ease would cry
A death to all enjoyment, and the orb
[REDACTED] [REDACTED] day, so late [REDACTED] high,
In black despondency's wild wave absorb.
- "Yet cheerless, he must grieve and feel the sting
[REDACTED] inward pining, oft the marked [REDACTED]
Of [REDACTED] equals borne on fortune's wing,
And racked disease, and slow consuming pain.
- "That [REDACTED] unbroken, in the flush of morn
I knew: a vigorous stem, whose strength sustained
A lovely tendril, blooming like the thorn,
While in its shade a soft companion reigned.
- "He never longed for cumbrous wealth; his care,
His aim, the duty household wants require,
His pleasure Home, the soft enjoyments there
Were all he sought to fan his humble fire.
- "Lamented fate! his peace for ever flown,
O! ask not how—for see through all the land
The sordid demon hearts, whom softer stone
Would grudge to own, or link [REDACTED] kindred band.

" Where, once, at eve, the cottage smoke was seen
 Slow winding ■ a column through the vale,
 One fragment chimney, clothed in mossy green,
 In solitary sadness tells the tale.

" He reared the cottage now in ruins laid,
 His hands were all the implements employed,
 And long-earned profits from his busy spade
 Were spent in stock, and for a cow beside.

" ■ ■ ■ whose steady worth he knew,
 And she their equal likeness soon returned ;
 Long time to duty and each other true,
 They lived content, nor aught disastrous mourned.

" But ah, too glowing was their bliss to last !
 The big-charged cloud of deep affliction rose,
 And poured a torrent through oppression's blast,
 That left no vestige but the poor man's woes.

" His ■ ■ ■ driven from the fenceless heath,
 The rich enclosure where still the poor have right ;
 ■ ■ ■ his means, it sunk his soul beneath,
 Though still he hoped, ■ ■ ■ shut his boding sight.

" His infant missed the customary beverage mild,
 And cherished pining appetite in vain.
 It fell diseased—his hope, his darling child :—
 The mother grieved with inward fatal pain.

" The shelf no more with weekly savings rung,
 The little stock already there, was drained ;
 The kettle seldom o'er the embers sung,
 Their health was waning while their wants remained.

" The harvest proved what greedy pilferers call
 ■ scanty crop, and bread grew scarce and dear :
 This closed the scene, obscured his prospects all,
 And stretched his famished partner on a bier.

" Thus have I seen the bounteous Spring array,
Too soon some luckless firstling of the flock,
When wayward Winter, yet ungorged with [redacted]
Hath laid it cold along the herbless rock."

The [redacted] which [redacted] [redacted] begin-
ning [redacted] 1800, continued [redacted] [redacted] close; and [redacted] [redacted]
night in December, two thousand people assembled
in a field, just [redacted] the [redacted] of Sheffield, " [redacted]
[redacted] the [redacted] arising [redacted] the high price of pro-
visions." [redacted] may well [redacted] supposed the proceedings of
such a meeting would [redacted] sufficient [redacted] for
aggravating [redacted] to an editor who [redacted] disposed
so [redacted] them. But Montgomery had [redacted] only been
taught to [redacted] cautious "through suffering;" but he
conscientiously [redacted] and acknowledged the duty of rather
furthering the practical measures taken [redacted] mitigate
the immediate pressure of local suffering, [redacted] to spec-
ulate [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] Hence [redacted] zealously ad-
vocated and otherwise liberally aided the public sub-
scription which [redacted] [redacted] a-foot in the town; and such
was the [redacted] of money raised, and such [redacted] des-
titution of the inhabitants, that in March, 1801, up-
[redacted] of [redacted] thousand persons thankfully partook [redacted]
[redacted] casual local charity.

Without date, but apparently written about [redacted]
time, we find [redacted] following lines, entitled—

"A Fragment."

" [redacted] Contemplation's mournful eye is cast
O'er the dim wilderness of ages past,
Time's hoary ruins, scattered round the scene,
Stretch their broad shadows o'er the wastes between;
Wastes,—where proud nations, once the heirs of fame,
Lie low in dust, extinguished even in name;
Ruins,—where prouder states, with madness fired,

In vain to Immortality aspired.—
 They perished, ~~and~~ the wrecks they left behind
 Record the crimes and sufferings of mankind.
 I sing those ruins. Time! thy course renew,
 And make the past the present to my view :—
 A sudden whirlwind mingles earth and skies,
 The ruins tremble, and the dead arise!
 Along the valley of departed years,
 A melancholy appears;
 half-remembered dreams the swim,
 twilight vision, venerably dim.
 They high o'er the undistinguished throng,
 The giant ghost of Babel towers along;
 In hieroglyphic majesty sublime,
 Old Egypt frowns, the eldest-born of Time;
 Pale through the gloom the tribes of Israel rise,
 Like the sweet Pleiades in wintry skies;
 Voluptuous Persia glimmers in the storm,
 A feeble, lingering, evanescent form;
 Greece, like resplendent Pallas, springs to light,
 A martial maiden, beautiful and bright;
 Carthage, a gaunt and sullen spectre, mocks
 The north-wind with her seaweed-woven locks;
 In stern defiance, lowering round the tomb,
 Glares the fierce spirit of Imperial Rome;
 Black in the rear Barbarian clans came forth,
 Wild as the trumpets of their native north;
 They rush to battle.—Darkness o'er my head
 Breaks like the Day of Judgment!—All is fled!"

CHAP. XXIV.

1801—1803.

"HANNAH"—MONTGOMERY ~~WROTE~~ ~~THE~~ ~~POEM~~ ~~ON~~ ~~THE~~ ~~POET~~ ~~CLAIMS~~—ADOPTS
 THE ~~POEM~~ ~~ON~~ ~~"ALCEUS"~~—THE "LYRE"—BLANK VERSE.—
 THE "PORTUGAL REGISTER," AND THEN "ANNUAL REVIEW,"—DR. ARNOLD.
 —THE PRIZE OF ~~POETRY~~ ~~AWARDED~~ ~~TO~~ ~~ASTON~~ ~~AND~~ ~~TO~~ ~~MONTGOMERY~~
 MARY.—THE "PILLOW," ~~THE~~ ~~"STORM,"~~ ~~AND~~ ~~THE~~ ~~"JOY~~
~~OF~~ ~~GRIEF,"~~—CHATTERTON.—POLITICAL ~~POETRY~~—~~THE~~ ~~"WANDERER~~
~~OF~~ ~~SWITZERLAND."~~

IN the "Iris" of August ~~1807~~ appeared—but without
 any signature—a poem with the title, "Sacred to the
 Memory of Her who is dead to Me." This piece,
 which was much admired for its taste and ten-
 derness, and for the strong impress it bore of ~~the~~
~~poet's~~ a fictitious significance, ~~was~~ not generally identi-
 fied with the ~~poem~~, much less interpreted ~~as~~ part of the
 history of Montgomery, till ~~it~~ ~~was~~ reprinted under its
 present well known title of "Hannah," ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~1807~~
 edition of ~~the~~ "Wanderer of Switzerland."* The
~~poem~~ ~~is~~ ~~at~~ ~~least~~, as we have already intimated, ~~the~~ ~~work~~
~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~person~~ ~~well~~ ~~known~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~poet~~ ~~during~~ ~~his~~ ~~residence~~
~~at~~ ~~Wath~~: and ~~it~~ is not likely that he would ~~so~~ long
 afterwards have thus formally and feelingly have ~~been~~
~~reminded~~ such a remembrance of one of ~~his~~ fair ~~and~~ ~~bad~~
~~ly~~ merely regarded her with a passing admiration, in

* In ~~the~~ "Athenaeum" (Feb. 1807, p. 166.), Dr. ~~Arnold~~ pub-
 lished ten stanzas from his own pen under the title of ~~the~~ "Sequel
 to Hannah:" they do not, however, even by reflection, exhibit any
 of the ~~character~~ of Montgomery's tender verse.

common with the [redacted] of the village maidens to whom [redacted] became known. On the other hand, [redacted] have no evidence [redacted] [redacted] existed anything [redacted] [redacted] avowed [redacted] mutually recognised attachment between the parties: assuredly the verses, sweet and suggestive [redacted] they are, must [redacted] be taken as a circumstantial history in detail. Frequently, indeed, amidst that unfettered freedom of social intercourse which our beloved friend permitted us [redacted] indulge, [redacted] have adverted [redacted] "Hannah," and have sometimes [redacted] from him a response, [redacted] [redacted] less intelligible, on the subject; but nothing [redacted] nor were other persons commonly [redacted] successful.*

To [redacted] valued friend, who inquired directly and formally, the poet tendered an explanation, which drew from [redacted] friend the following remarks:—

"Your story of the real Hannah, though [redacted] quite so conformable to the poetical one as [redacted] [redacted] imagined, is romantic [redacted] interesting. I cannot [redacted] you for making [redacted]

* Hannah Turner, the [redacted] heroine of the poem, was, as we have [redacted] stated, the daughter of a respectable yeoman, who lived at Swathe Hall, near Barnsley, and was, during Montgomery's sojourn [redacted] Wath, a frequent visitor at [redacted] pleasant village. About the period of the date of the poem, May 26, she was married [redacted] [redacted] Mr. William Mansell, a gamekeeper [redacted] [redacted] Duke of Rutland, at [redacted] Castle, but whose residence [redacted] [redacted] the neighbouring village of Woolthorpe. Mansell died suddenly at Bumper Castle, in Yorkshire, August 18. 1811, and was buried at Hornby, near Thirsk. His wife, who was near her confinement at the time, on hearing of the death of her husband, presently gave birth to a son,—who, [redacted] believe, now fills [redacted] situation formerly held by his father,—and in three or four days afterwards she died, and was buried at Woolthorpe. Montgomery never saw "Hannah" but once, or at most twice, after he came [redacted] reside in Sheffield. In August 1846, Mr. Holland [redacted] the facts stated in [redacted] note to the poet, who assented to their correctness; [redacted] the same time expressing his surprise at [redacted] "driest curiosity" [redacted] had evoked them.

bolder efforts to 'marry her to your despair,' and I am glad that your heart received no incurable wound from the disappointment. why you play faint-hearted lover? I should not suppose that within the sphere of your acquaintance there is any female that would be disposed to look upon Mr. Montgomery with disdain; and if the sweetest of all social ties is your serious object, why should you lose time, and run the hazard of another failure? But I venture not to touch more closely upon a topic round which you have thrown the veil of mystery."

Ignatius Montgomery once said to Mr. Everett, "I have repeatedly sounded my brother about 'Hannah,' but I could learn anything more than the verses themselves reveal."

In the of this year, Montgomery ventured to extend those poetical claims which had hitherto been confined almost entirely to the readers of his own newspaper, or the limited circulation of "Prison Amusements." The genuineness and originality of his talents were not only apparent to his friends, but were recognised by strangers: he invested vigorous and fanciful, as tender and pathetic thoughts, in chasteness of diction, and adorned them with smoothness of versification, which showed how thoroughly appreciated and understood those treasures of admirable English verse, which he was now beginning to enlarge. "We expect," he, this period, in rhyme, "in every poetical effusion, meet with 'the thoughts that breathe, words that burn:' but recommend common ideas, there required delicate and charming of expression, resembling exquisite ripe fruit, newly plucked, which even more delightful to the eye than the pulp to the palate. This magic felicity of language, which, like

“Venus, homeliness beauty, without beauty homely.”

Having adopted the elegant and appropriate signa-
 of “ALCÆUS,”* he transcribed the “Remonstrance
 to Winter,” the “Lyre,”† and the “Battle of Alex-

* We believe it was rather from the euphony of this name than from anything like a fancied resemblance between his own writings or character and those of the Greek poet, that Montgomery adopted Alcæus was the contemporary, countryman, and, according to some accounts, also a favoured admirer of the poetess Sappho, who flourished B.C. He is described by the ancients as a warrior, a patriot, a lover of books, and a poet; being commended in the latter character for the union of “magnificence with brevity, of strength of expression, of the use of figure and metaphor with perspicuity.”—*Blond's Anthology* (Merivale edit.), p.

† is worthy of notice that the first sketch of this poem, one of the most admired of Montgomery's earlier lyrics, was composed in blank verse—his only recorded attempt of that kind before the composition of the “Pelican Island.” The fragment exists in his handwriting: poetical student, at least, will be glad to have an opportunity of comparing it with the highly finished stanzas ultimately given to the public:—

“The weary moon was wandering through the sky,
 An angry sky, deformed with hideous clouds,
 That rode tempestuous on the northern blast.
 Forth from his mournful dwelling strayed a youth,
 Whom brave Ambition in the spring of life
 Had worn away into a wintry shadow.
 Down the drear valley, by a haunted stream,
 That moaned along its melancholy channel,
 He took his way. A pale mysterious gloom
 Eclipsed the dawning lustre of his eye,
 And shed untimely twilight o'er his features.
 Light on his arm a lyre suspended hung;
 And oft he paused to wipe the twinkling tear
 That dimmed his path, and ease his painful bosom
 Of the big sigh, that would not be repressed.

“On the bleak summit of an awful rock
 Whose shadow hooded o'er a sullen lake,

andria,” from the “Iris,” and them the editor of the “Poetical Register.” These pieces are decidedly among the best in the volume*, and only

An ancient oak in hoary grandeur rose,
Which rooted firm as Nature on her centre,
Broad to the winds displayed its giant arms,
And bade them spend their idle indignation.
The youth ascended. In the trunk, which time
Had hollowed, with that slow and secret hand,
Which crumbles nations, and unthrones their kings,
He chose his seat; and tuned his magic harp
To the rough music of the wilderness,
The dashing waters and the yelling winds;
A pitch of dreadful harmony that well
Accorded with the tenor of his soul.
He raised his voice—a voice so sweetly wild,
Which touched his lyre—a lyre so finely strung,
That darkness, all enamoured of the strain,
Smiled on his brow, and melted into smiles:
The savage tempest, charmed to silence, closed
By soft degrees his undulating wings:
Bright broke the moon between the sailing clouds,
And poured a flood of splendour down the valley,
While Echo, startled from her tranquil dream,
Pursued the flying notes from hill to hill.
And thus he sang:—

“O, lyre my dear companion!
Repose for ever on the friendly bough
Of this romantic oak, beneath whose shade,
Thy music oft, at peep of early morn,
In noon’s resplendent hour, at eventide,
And by the smiling moon’s delicious beams,
Hath sweetly warbled down the listening valley.
Fled is the golden age of infancy,
When, first my sportive fingers wooed thy strings,
And tempted wild notes from thee; the days
When, bolder grown, my boyish hand essayed
A strain sublimer, struck thy awful chords
With such determined fury, that the sounds” —

* Volume I. 1801, but not published till 1803.

excited considerable attention, but none of them were from "Sheffield," the authorship was also, in some degree, indicated. Dr. Aikin, at this period a person of considerable influence in the circles of criticism, and a dispenser of literary honours, was much pleased with these poems; and in the "Annual Review," of which he was editor, thus notices "Alceus," with whose real name he was, as yet, unacquainted:—"One very spirited poem, entitled the 'Battle of Alexandria,' and signed 'Alceus,' was perused with great pleasure, and I am sorry that its length precludes our selection. Another piece, with the same signature, gives a very flattering specimen of the work." Then follows "Remonstrance to Winter."

This, we believe, the first instance of Montgomery's compositions being noticed by a reviewer: and to have one of them thus selected as "*a very flattering specimen*" of the contents of a work comprising many pieces of undeniable poetical merit, must have been an incident at least gratifying to the poet as well as honourable to the critic.

The new year opened amidst conflicting hopes and fears, occasioned by that ominous pause in the great European struggle, called the "Peace of Amiens," and which hardly lasted longer than the period which elapsed between the signing of the preliminaries and the publication in London of the so-called "definitive treaty." Pending the issue of this hollow truce, Montgomery reiterated his favourite watch-words, "Peace! Peace!" evidently with more confidence in its desirableness than the prospect of a realisation of his hopes. Nor did he affect to impeach the good faith of either the government or the people of Great Britain in their profession of pacific senti-

ments; ■■■■ constantly recurring indications of the restless ambition of Bonaparte augured ■ speedy termination ■ the neutral policy of the threatened nations. On these topics ■■■ "paragraphs" ■ the "Iris" ■ occasionally assumed the length and character of ordinary "leaders."

The following letter, which ■■■■ to have puzzled the person to whom it was addressed, by the writer's reiterated sighs ■■■■ a deep "rooted sorrow," will be perfectly understood by those who know what it ■■■■ "minister ■ ■ mind diseased" with ■ malady that admits but ■ ■■ effectual remedy—the "balm of Gilead."

James Montgomery to Joseph Aston.

— Sheffield, ■■■■ 3, 1807.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

" . . . I ■■■■ be ■■ entertaining correspondent ; and I am determined never to attempt it again : ■ future, as hitherto, I ■■■ dip my pen in my heart, and pour ■■■■ feelings ■ ■■ ■■■■ I ■■■ you ■ Sheffield, I have experienced ■■■■ severe conflicts of mind. I believe my ■■■ letter, ■ ■■■■ ■ your inestimable favour, ■■■■ gloomy. ■ ■■ in clouds ■■■■ ; ■ long night of ■■■■ ensued, ■■■ the morning of the present effusion is ■■■ likely to be more cheerful than the evening of the last. If any part of ■■■■ ■■■■ you uneasiness, ■ ■■■■ sincerely ■■■■ deeply regret ■ ■■■■ affectionate and consoling letter which you ■■■■ in reply lies before ■■■■ I have been reading it again, as I had done many times before, with renewed and yet un- ■■■■ interest. You say ' A person ■■■■ help believing what ■■■■ does believe, so that if we do ■■■■ duty, by inquiring what is truth? in ■ conscientious manner, it ■■■■ be of but little consequence, whether ■■■■ believe accurately or ■■■■ in all ■■■■ minutiae of religion.' My dear friend, ■■■■ ■ danger of misapprehending this doctrine. . . . We may think that ■■■■ are seeking truth when ■■■■ are wilfully and perseveringly embracing ■■■■ The Christian religion ■■■■ ■■■■

to require ~~_____~~ simplicity, ~~_____~~ purity of heart, ~~_____~~ singleness of mind, that when I contemplate it calmly, I despair of ~~_____~~ approaching its standard. ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ renounce ~~_____~~ world, and ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ pleasures which ~~_____~~ world deems not only innocent, but useful and commendable; and yet, methinks that Christianity requires the sacrifice of them. For my own part, I cannot, ~~_____~~ present, ~~_____~~ up my ~~_____~~ and follow the despised ~~_____~~ rejected ~~_____~~ of Sorrows through poverty, reproach, ~~_____~~ tribulation: and yet—you will ~~_____~~ it is a strange confession—I carry a heavier cross and bear a deeper ignominy in my own upbraiding conscience. I feel the Christian's sufferings without ~~_____~~ Christian's hope of ~~_____~~ eternal weight of glory which ~~_____~~ reward them. My mind ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ deeply laden with crimes; but ~~_____~~—~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ unbelief from which I cannot deliver myself—hangs heavy on my heart, and outweighs all those ~~_____~~ joys, for ~~_____~~ I ~~_____~~ unwilling ~~_____~~ relinquish the world. I am sometimes sunk in such deplorable despondency, ~~_____~~ I ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ the ~~_____~~ of a victim, under sentence of eternal damnation, without ~~_____~~ salutary conviction ~~_____~~ the reality of my danger, which might compel me to ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ the wrath ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ I am ~~_____~~ always thus, though I have ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ lately ~~_____~~ usual, occasioned by a circumstance which I ~~_____~~ presently explain. Sometimes a cheering ray of hope—of Christian hope—breaks through the ~~_____~~ darkness of my mind, ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ heaven to my desiring view. O, then, my friend, how does my heart expand, my soul aspire! . . . Do ~~_____~~ be frightened ~~_____~~ this picture of your ~~_____~~; ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ faithful, but ~~_____~~ drawn in ~~_____~~ hour of bitterness; ~~_____~~ if I had delayed until to-morrow, I might have sketched a picture more pleasing, yet ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ I have ~~_____~~ good qualities—a ~~_____~~ heart, a weak head, a ~~_____~~ despotic imagination. . . . Some cruel disappointments in life, which have preyed, and ~~_____~~ continue ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ my heart, have aggravated ~~_____~~ natural melancholy. ~~_____~~ education I received, independently of all these, has for ~~_____~~ incapacitated ~~_____~~ from being contented and happy under any other form of religion ~~_____~~ that which I imbibed with my mother's milk: ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~

time, my [redacted] and imaginative mind [redacted] my wild [redacted] ungovernable imagination have long [redacted] broken loose from [redacted] faith, [redacted] have been driven, the sport of winds [redacted] waves, [redacted] of doubts, round which every [redacted] defended with [redacted] rocks of despair that forbid me [redacted] harbour in view." [He then describes, [redacted] great length, how [redacted] old workman of his, after having lain [redacted] ill in bed, got up [redacted] a [redacted] of delirium—walked into the river—and perished!] "I [redacted] in my life [redacted] more shaken through every [redacted] of my system; and am [redacted] yet recovered from [redacted] stupefaction into which I [redacted] thrown by [redacted] awful event. Forgive [redacted] then, if [redacted] should prove [redacted] unwelcome letter, for I am [redacted] will [redacted] your affectionate heart. But I must conclude.

"I am, [redacted] sincerely and affectionately,

"Your faithful friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mr. Aston, [redacted]

The following letter [redacted] equally creditable [redacted] the writer and [redacted] the receiver:—

Joseph [redacted] to James Montgomery.

"*Raleigh, May 7. [redacted]*

"DEAR MONTGOMERY,

"I [redacted] glad [redacted] hear from you, what I [redacted] along [redacted] from what they have hinted, [redacted] [redacted] from others, that my sisters are doing pretty well. Accept, my good friend, of my [redacted] cordial thanks for your friendly attentions to them. [redacted] to them still, [redacted] you have in [redacted] good degree been, [redacted] brother [redacted] my [redacted] who [redacted] lost [redacted] them. And also suffer me to [redacted] you—though [redacted] am [redacted] entreaty is unnecessary—to continue to show [redacted] the good old folks, my aged parents. I fear they have [redacted] greatly on my account. O, [redacted] I could soothe [redacted] them as they sink into [redacted] grave! [redacted] this is [redacted] O, do it for me, my dear Montgomery, [redacted] you [redacted] opportunity!

"The number which you inform me you print in the 'Iris' is small, but I have a respectable number of advertisements, which, together with your printing business, I trust, will only enable you to live comfortably, and when you get [borrowed capital] removed, you will be able to acquire a competency for the remainder of advanced years. So far, I am thinking the 'Iris' 'stupid,' I think you show a great portion of spirit, tempered with prudence without being long printed in England.

"And now let me request you to let me know I omitted to charge my friends with—to my remembrances to my friends, whom you know better than I do—because

"Yours sincerely,

"JOSEPH GALEA.

"Montgomery, England."

Three or four little poems, each of them in his best vein, printed in the "Iris" this year, viz., the "Pillow*," the "Thunder Storm†," and the "Joy and Grief," a title taken from Ossian.‡ The much admired little poem first named, certainly not read with less interest because it was known to be, in fact, the poet's description of himself. It has been very justly said, that "the question, whether concerning whom a biographical work is written, ever in love, is an important feature in his history, if any light be thrown upon it."§ As elucidatory of this question in reference to Montgomery, may

* Works, p. 286.

† p. 271.

‡ p. 286. There is in the British Museum a composition by the poet Gascoigne, entitled the "Grief of Joy;" it is supposed to be the identical copy which was presented to Queen Elizabeth by the author of "Princely" of Kenilworth," during her Majesty's visit to that place.—Amos's *Trial of Somerset*, p. 535.

§ Burton's *Life of Hume*, vol. i. p. 231.

perhaps have little besides poetical evidence ■ offer—proof sufficient ■ ■ time, ■ his affections, ■ well ■ ■ spirit, were deeply exercised, "sacking ■ and finding none." The ■ on "Hannah," ■ example, may be ■ ■ a response to the following invocation of ■ "Pillow :"—

"Yet other secret griefs ■ he,
O, Pillow ! only told to thee :
Say, ■ ■ hopeless love intrude
■ ■ poor bosom's solitude ?
Perhaps ■ thy ■ lap reclined,
In ■ the cruel Fair was kind,
That more intensely he might know
The bitterness of waking woe."

The few graceful stanzas, entitled "Chatterton,"* though they may recal, ■ fairly be compared with Coleridge's more elaborate "Monody" on the death of the "Marvellous Boy," except that both poets may perhaps be said to have owed much of their sympathetic sensibility for the fate of genius in another, to the concurrent sadness of their own minds : but each expresses himself in character—Montgomery, in lamenting the fate of the "■ Minstrel," moralises his song ; Coleridge, with more ardour, and no less sincerity, suspends his strain, "lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom"—promising also, ■ raise a solemn cenotaph to the memory ■ ■ minstrel, "where Susquehannah ■ her untamed stream." Poor Chatterton ! the mystery of ■ genius ■ hardly yet unveiled.

We ■ the series of paragraphs relative ■ Switzerland, the unprovoked ■ which, by ■ French, ■ denounced ■ for ■ infamy ■ ■

impolicy by many persons in England, who had ■
 ■ their admiration of the revolutionary
 government. ■ James Mackintosh indignantly de-
 clared, ■ "the invasion and destruction of Switzer-
 land ■ ■ in comparison with which all the deeds
 of rapine and blood perpetrated in the world are in-
 nocence itself."*

"The ■ of Berne, which has been sitting ■ many
 months ■ hatch a new constitution for Switzerland, ■
 been suddenly frightened from its nest, and ■ broken
 ■ ■ The former legislative authorities have ■
 ■ exercise ■ their functions."—*November 19. 1801.*

■ Among the ■ petty ■ overwhelmed by ■
 deluge of ■ French revolution, every friend of human hap-
 piness would rejoice ■ see ■ mountains of Switzerland
 emerging from ■ subsiding ■ and the simple ark of
 ■ ancient constitution resting on their heights. It would
 ■ worthy of the magnanimity of Bonaparte ■ to
 ■ poor ■ quiet independence."—*February 4.*
 1777

■ ■ convulsed with factions. Her neighbours
 threaten ■ ■ against her to preserve ■ peace of
 Europe; —and ■ ■ the end is an infallible peace-maker."
 —*June 10. ■*

"It ■ understood that ■ government have determined
 ■ remonstrate against the interference of France: and ■
 to call upon the continental powers to second their efforts to
 conciliate ■ difference with Switzerland."—*October 21.*
 ■

"The Swiss patriots have answered ■ Proclamation of
 Bonaparte in a ■ worthy of their ancestors. They
 avow that they have no other object in view ■ 'the right
 ■ Switzerland ■ of giving herself a central ■

cantonal constitution, suited her situation and necessities, — a right, which the Consul guaranteed her by the treaty of Luneville.' They the members of their country to the members of the Helvetic government, 'obscure metaphysicians, who obstinately attached themselves to theories as erroneous as they were expensive.' There is more of courtly *fineries* than of publican simplicity in the following paragraph; and perhaps the delicate address of this passage that conquered Bonaparte. 'General First Consul, all Europe admires in you the head of an immense empire, which without doubt, under your influence, will be directed to the good of humanity: your magnanimity assures us, that you will not exercise your power against a people, who only desire what you have made them to hope, who only wish what they believe themselves authorised by yourself!' We have only on this subject, that Bonaparte has consented to receive deputies from all the cantons of Switzerland, in form, under a constitution for their country." — November 4.

"Citizen Haunterive, the renowned arithmetician, preparing a new constitution for the Swiss. In compliment to the consuls, he is doing it by the 'Rule of Three.'" — December.

James Montgomery to Joseph Aston.

Sheffield, Jan.

"The success which you assign for your unfrequent visits to Sheffield, gives me sincere and cordial pleasure. The prospect of competence, honourably obtained, of the delightful visions of futurity, of that futurity which may be present and may be past. I congratulate you on the prospect of success in your new business, and more in the success given you in the year: may you increase in wealth and in happiness! I have no hope for myself of either the one or the other: I have no industry ever to obtain wealth, and much ingratitude towards Providence for the blessings which I daily receive, to my happiness. Shall

I [redacted] you [redacted] I have not an object of [redacted] or pursuit in [redacted] world?—I mean, [redacted] inextinguishable desire, [redacted] unceasing pursuit: [redacted] clouds that vary with [redacted] wind are [redacted] [redacted] than my hopes, [redacted] [redacted] substantial than my enjoyments; [redacted] [redacted] cares of [redacted] perplex, [redacted] sometimes [redacted] profits of [redacted] stimulate me [redacted] exertion. [redacted] dream of fame and immortality in [redacted] world; and I spurn the [redacted] of both [redacted] unworthy of [redacted] being destined to immortality in another world. [redacted] [redacted] I [redacted] from wave to wave, [redacted] squander away life [redacted] liberty and peace, without [redacted] to myself or advantage [redacted] others. . . . I [redacted] indeed like [redacted] pay a visit [redacted] Manchester, and [redacted] Moravian settlement [redacted] Fairfield, in the neighbourhood: there [redacted] [redacted] there who [redacted] my companions for many years [redacted] school, and [redacted] who have been my teachers. But I [redacted] spare very little time from home—I steal a few days [redacted] a year to visit Fulneck, where I [redacted] educated; the dearest place to [redacted] on earth!”

To conclude the paragraphs relative to Switzerland:—

“In his letter to the Swiss deputies, Bonaparte demands an entire sacrifice of [redacted] their factious and [redacted] passions, and in [redacted] same breath he sets them a noble example of disinterested moderation, by peremptorily declaring [redacted] he will [redacted] permit the establishment of any government in [redacted] cantons, which may [redacted] hostile to his own, for [redacted] must in future be ‘*the open frontier of France*!’ [redacted] had previously converted the Pays de Vaud [redacted] ‘*a highway*’ between [redacted] dominions; and [redacted] may already anticipate [redacted] seizure of [redacted] dykes of [redacted] [redacted] supply [redacted] [redacted] with frogs.”—*January 13. 1797*

“Bonaparte [redacted] pronounced [redacted] *fiat* concerning Switzerland [redacted] a constitution has been recommended [redacted] the Helvetic Consulta, [redacted] embraced by them with becoming humility. It was received, discussed, and adopted [redacted] a day. Since

A deputation has been despatched to Paris, from the cantons, to beseech the First Consul to inclose 'the open France,' and annex it to the integrity of the 'Great Nation.' Why does not Bonaparte send a general inclosure bill, and take in all the [] in Europe,—has he not a common right to them all?"—*January 11.*

"The heart of Switzerland is broken! and liberty has been driven from the only sanctuary which [] on the continent. But [] unconquered and unconquerable [] spring of Tell, disdaining [] slaves in the [] where they [] born free, [] emigrating [] America. There, [] some region remote and romantic, where [] never seen the face of man, nor silence been startled by his voice since [] hour of creation, [] the illustrious [] find another Switzerland, another country rendered [] by [] presence [] liberty! [] even there, amidst mountains [] awful, and forests more sombre than his own, when [] of the wilderness shall be awakened by [] en- [] of that song, which no Swiss in a foreign clime [] heard, without fondly recalling the land [] nativity, [] weeping with affection,—how will [] of the [] be wrung with home sickness! and, O! what a sick- [] of [] be which arises not from 'hope de- layed,' [] from hope extinguished—yet [] /"

—*February 17.*

The foregoing citations—the records of passing events at the time when they were written.—have long since become history: and the intensity of a contemporary sympathy felt with the parties immediately concerned has yielded [] the calm interest of a general retrospect of the issues of the conflict. But [] this day, few persons of strong sensibility will [] be affected by a perusal of the [] of these brief articles, in which, while the writer, with a glow of enthusiasm, a tender []

romantic pathos, bewails the expiration of liberty in the land where she had been cradled, adored, and defended centuries, anticipates the of the exile, and brings before our imagination the expatriated Switzer, and his dishonoured and forsaken birth-place,—"the land of the mountain, the vale, and the flood."

But there are who will not have failed to discover, in the above concentrated sentiments, something of the spirit and the poetry of the "Wanderer of Switzerland;" and who will be gratified to learn that in the interest excited by the above paragraph originated that celebrated poem. "I wrote that article," said Montgomery to Mr. Holland, "with the feeling and sincerity; for I sympathised with the Switzer from my very soul!" He uttered these words with a violence of emotion that seemed to reanimate original sensations on the subject. "I reflected especially," he added, "upon the mournful interest with which the exiled patriot would hear and sing his favourite '*Ranz vaches*,' in a foreign land. Among others, my friend, Mr. Rhodes, was exceedingly pleased with what I had said, and when we next met, he observed, that the fate of Switzerland would be an interesting subject for a poem; and pressed me to undertake it. 'Well,' I replied, 'I will make a poem of it.'"

Montgomery immediately commenced the composition of the poem: his whole soul was presently absorbed by his subject. An undertaking which was expected to end in producing only a ballad, became a serious affair, and terminated in a production which was to become the foundation of the future fame of the author. Mr. Rhodes not only suggested the subject, but encouraged the poet in his task, and

celerated, by ■ ■ ■ persuasions, the publication of the poem; ■ ■ ■ little did Montgomery himself calculate upon ■ ■ ■ immediate and subsequent celebrity of his work, that almost three years were suffered to elapse between the date of the above paragraph and the appearance of the "Wanderer of Switzerland."

CHAP. XXV.

1803—1804.

THREATENED FRANCE — GREAT BRITAIN. — VOLUNTEER CORPS. — FIRING OF A YORKSHIRE BRACON, AND CONSEQUENT ALARM — MONTGOMERY ENDEAVOURS TO COUNTERACT THE GENERAL PANIC — HOSTILE PREPARATIONS BY THE ENEMY. — "ODE TO THE VOLUNTEERS." — "VERSES IN MEMORY OF JOSEPH BROWN." — ADAM — RELIGIOUS VIEWS AND FEELINGS. — COCKENY'S REVIEW OF HIS OWN CHARACTER AND POSITION AT THIS — PERSONAL FRIENDS. — LETTER TO HIS BROTHER IG-NATIUS. — LETTER FROM MISS SARAH GALE.

THE contemporary annals of this period are chiefly distinguished by the notices of alarm excited in consequence of the threatened invasion of Great Britain by the French: immense naval operations are reported to be carrying on by our enemies on the opposite side of the Channel, while nothing was witnessed at home but busy preparations to repel the invaders. The spirit of loyalty and patriotism manifested on this occasion, through all ranks of the community, is highly honourable to the character of Englishmen, proving, as it did, that, whatever differences might agitate or divide them on general political questions, they could be agreed when the salvation of their country required unanimity.

It has been justly remarked that the organisation of volunteer corps in the country, is an example previously unknown in the annals of any or any other empire, of an entire population arming themselves of their own free will, in defence of their native land, with-

pay, or any other motive than mere patriotism.* At the period here referred to, corps were raised, not only in all the large towns, but were also drawn from every village in the kingdom: military bustle and martial spirit appeared on every side, and presented a gratifying spectacle to those who only contemplated in it the expression of the national character, of determined resistance to the national enemy. Week after week the alarming rumours circulated of the progress made in building and manning the flotilla which was intended to land the French troops on our shores; and week after week did the newspapers record the increase in number, the improvement in discipline, of our brave volunteers.

To facilitate the intelligence of any sudden eruption of the enemy on our coast, beacons were placed on the elevated situations, commanding one another, so that a communication with telegraphic celerity might be effected throughout the island. One of these beacons was erected on the head of Grenno-wood, Wharncliffe, whence it could be distinctly seen from Sheffield, at a distance of about six miles. This signal was an object of terror and anxiety, and of courage and patriotism, to Montgomery's townspeople; for while many of them, including husbands and fathers, really wished for an opportunity of distinguishing themselves in defence of their country and their families, more than an equal number of wives and children, not less deeply interested in the issue, trembled at the apprehension of immediate consequences.

* Early in the morning of August 16. 1805, a WARNING FIRE blazed, the bugles sounded, and the drums beat. The preparation which pervaded every part of the country, presented a most animated and martial

* Mackintosh's History of Civilisation, 3rd edit., vol. i. p. 282.

To the honour of the volunteers, their march was rapidly completed, and the march was never known to have been more complete.

"In the morning the roads were covered with military waggons; and groups of soldiers, infantry, and cavalry, were moving from different places, to the one appointed [for their rendezvous]. Many an eminence, between this place and Doncaster, the alternate glimpse and disappearance of the troops as they moved along the lanes and woody defiles, had a novel and impressive effect. The day was peculiarly bright. Their ranks gleamed with the rays of the sun as bright and as cloudless as the sky shone, and their colours waved in a soft breeze which blew. The mingled sound of their drums, their bugles, and their trumpets, and the military bands by which they were accompanied, occasionally strong upon the ear. Sometimes, softened by distance, they were distinctly heard; then, gradually dying away, they sunk sweetly to a close: again, after a short interval of silence, they came more strongly upon the breeze, like ascending strains of a harp. It is hardly possible to imagine a more truly imposing than one I have so imperfectly described.

"On the day's march, some of fifteen, some of twenty miles, it was ascertained that an accidental fire, kindled on some high stubble land, had been mistaken for the deceitful light of the beacon of Grenno-wood; and that this originated a mistake, which, as far as its influence extended, had been turned into action a highly honourable spirit." *

This quotation anticipates a period of about eighteen months, during which, notwithstanding the prevalence of the alarming rumours of invasion, and the most active preparations for repelling the enemy, Montgomery could not be brought to believe that the country was in actual danger, nor if indeed the enemy seriously considered a descent practicable.

* From a "Walk to Wharcliffe," by E. Rhodes.

"We hear," says he, "of immense inconceivable preparations for the destruction of this island, along the shores of France and Holland. . . . Innumerable armies may be on the opposite coast; but the armies are uninvincible whereby they might be transported across the Channel, and it is not probable that those very armies are collecting to repel invasion, than to carry it against the shores of Britain. It is true that we read of prodigious contributions for the building of gun-boats in almost every town and village of France; but we may as soon expect to see those towns and villages themselves put to sea, as the gun-boats which the inhabitants have subscribed their money. Where, how, and when are they to be equipped without being discovered, and if discovered blocked up and destroyed in their cradles, in the very docks where they are launched, by British frigates, that fear not to enter into the mouth of our enemy and draw his teeth? Bonaparte may seriously contemplate an invasion of England, but our gun-boats and our hundred thousand men can easily be put in a nutshell, and cross the sea in a minute; and verily, our navy will be a larger, or a longer than its present, we cannot imagine by the dexterity of blundering politicians could permit it to escape from harbour, or, if it did, to escape destruction."—*Iris, August 1804*

In another place he says:—

"Although we have hitherto placed as much confidence in French threats of destruction as we have done in French promises of protection, we are now compelled to confess, that our incredulity on this head has been considerably shaken, since we have been positively informed that several thousand ship-carpenters are indefatigably and unremittingly employed in the construction of vessels for our merciless enemies; and that by dint of incomprehensible labour they have already launched one entire gun-boat at Brussels. And yet our fears are more disinterested than might be imagined—they are for ourselves than for posterity; for the tremendous scale of preparation, it is

probable that towards the latter end of the present century (a period of calamity which we sincerely live to see) this invincible armada may actually be ready for sailing, provided the French can invent a pickle for preserving their finished vessels; otherwise they will as quickly decay as they are slowly completed, and the vessel which is to carry Bonaparte the vengeance and the destinies of France upon the of Britain, will consist of more than two boats, one building and the other rotting."—*Iris*, Sept.

In another paper, after mentioning the dexterity with which the French had been observed to use their flat-bottomed boats, &c., he says:—

"Every soldier loaded with his accoutrements and provisions for three days, which will probably be as much as he will be as long as he lives he the misfortune to succeed in landing on our shores."—*Nov.* 3.

Again —

"A corps of guides and interpreters, who speak the language, forming a modulation of the army of England. May the interpreters speak the jargon of the confound the enemies with their tongues! May the guides be 'blind leaders of the blind,' and may they 'both fall into the ditch' between Dover!"—*Nov.*

The following is a still more amusing specimen of that peculiar felicity with which the editor of the "*Iris*" adapted whimsical similes to the discountenancing of absurd rumours:—

"After confessing the failure of the insurrection which they attempted to excite in France last week, the editors of the * * * gravely subjoin 'We are not without hopes, however, report but the forerunner of GREAT MOMENTOUS REALITY!' And so indeed it may be; having read in a child's halfpenny book, adorned

have denied—that national safety may have in some degree depended upon the conduct of those who had much of that spirit.

He did not publish any poem of considerable length during this year; indeed, apart from politics, he was mainly occupied on his "Wanderer of Switzerland," and with the revision of "Loss of the Locks." Notwithstanding, as we have observed, he discountenanced the violent and absurd rumours, that an enemy without a moment was just ready to assault our ports; yet, lover of peace as he was, he voluntarily endeavoured, by the inspiration of his song, to stimulate his countrymen to courage and to arms. The spirit of patriotism that he breathed over his lyre on this occasion, could hardly fail to draw forth its deepest and its sublimest strains, and perhaps there is hardly to be found in his works a more animated and elegant composition than that well-timed "Ode to the Volunteers*," which we now refer, and which was at that time printed in the "Iris." It is an elaborate specimen of the spirit and versification of that patriotic poem, which has presently become the basis of his rising reputation. We have already alluded to that little band of Quakers, who were Montgomery's fellow prisoners in York Castle, having been prosecuted in the Court of Exchequer for the accumulated tithes of many years, by the Rev. G. Markham, vicar of Carlton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, when a decree was obtained by the prosecutor for costs of suit, in default of the payment of which the defendants were incarcerated.

* Works, p. 271. A string of ludicrous verses, provoked by Montgomery's compliment to the Volunteers, and understood to have been written by one of the officers of a regular regiment at that time lying in Sheffield, appeared in Cobbett's "Register."

of the [redacted] closed [redacted] in prison, after a confinement [redacted] years: of the rest, who, [redacted] have seen, [redacted] subsequently liberated, Joseph Brown, "a thoughtful, humble-minded man, who occasionally [redacted] laced himself with writing 'Prison Amusements' in verse," died on the 28th of June. [redacted] been a minister in the Society, much esteemed by Friends [redacted] others — his life and conversation exemplifying the doctrines which he preached. Montgomery recorded [redacted] death in the "Iris," in which also appeared "Verses [redacted] the Memory of Joseph Brown, of Lothoradale"; by one who [redacted] been [redacted] Fellow Prisoner."† The verses [redacted] titled "The Glowworm‡" were also written this year.

In the "Annual Review§" for this year, the [redacted] tributions of Montgomery [redacted] "Poetical Register" again called forth the encomiums of Dr. Aikin. "Most of the pieces of distinguished merit," says the Doctor, "which adorn this collection, are signed with [redacted] names of writers already known [redacted] public. We observed, however, both in the last volume and in the present, some pieces with [redacted] signature of 'Alcæus,' which were excelled by [redacted] of the others in spirit, originality, and [redacted] poetic fire. As an encouragement [redacted] merit, [redacted] swell [redacted] article by copying the following:" viz., the "Ode [redacted] the Volunteers," [redacted] "Sheffield, August [redacted] 1847"

* Of this good man, who died at the age of 52, after having been a minister among the Friends upwards of 20 years, some [redacted] may be [redacted] in the "Life of [redacted] Bulman," published [redacted] 1851, by James Backhouse. Although of Quaker parentage, he took such courses in youth as to cause [redacted] to be "cut off from the Society:" one striking phase of his heresy was, [redacted] seems, of a vocal character, [redacted] he said he could at one time "sing threescore and [redacted] vain songs!"

† Works, p. [redacted]

‡ Ibid. p. 284.

§ Vol. II. p. [redacted]

In the course of this year Montgomery wrote several letters to Mr. Aston: they are mostly occupied with descriptions of his melancholy, and with arguments of religious consolation to him in sickness. Among other things, the poet recommends Longmans wholesale booksellers to Aston, who entered into the stationery business in Manchester; adding—"Towards me and my little volume they acted with great spirit and liberality: they printing an edition of it of 1000 copies, at 5s. each, at their own expense and hazard; and I am to have half of the profits, still retaining the copyright." July 22., he says, "Mr. Adam Clarke called on me; I was delighted with him in private, and astonished at him in public when I heard him preach. He spoke most favourably of you, and desired his kindest remembrance."

The Methodist preacher, afterwards so well known as Dr. Adam Clarke, was at this time stationed in Manchester, where he had just taken a leading part in the formation of a Philosophical Society, of which Mr. Aston was a member. Frank, warm-hearted, pious, and learned as the stranger was,—if stranger he may be called,—Montgomery felt with his spirit and his sentiments a kind and degree of sympathy arising from other sources than those contemplated by their common friend. The fact was, the poet had then begun to seek, by a stated attendance at the little Wesleyan chapel in Garden Street, that religious peace of mind the loss or lack of which formed a topic of allusion in his letters at that period; a topic which was however, curiously expressed, as a correspondent happened to be a person more or less likely to understand "the things of the Spirit" in an evangelical sense. We pause on this subject, because of the religious character of the people among whom he

fell, and the devotional spirit which he unaffectedly refreshingly imbibed, presently produced that remarkable change in his heart, his writings, and general conduct which characterised his whole after-life.

Generally speaking, however, his intimate friends at this time were Unitarians, or at least persons who knew little and cared less about vital godliness: nor did they intend either to impeach his religious sincerity, or abate claims of gratitude created by the zealous friendship of the parties in question: it was no disparagement to them that Montgomery was allowed to remain the "old folks" without frequent and strenuous endeavours to convince him that he was wrong; nor is it otherwise than creditable to him that he always retained his respect for and maintained at least occasional intercourse with every one of these early friends. Alluding, many years afterwards, to this unhappy period of his history, Montgomery said —

"During this dreary interval I had but one friend and counsellor at home, Mr. Ebenezer Rhodes, and another at Manchester, Mr. Joseph Aston, with whom I frequently corresponded. To these two I confided my schemes, projects, and miscarriages; and they, so far as they could, comforted me with anticipations of a favourable change in the taste of the times, or a luckier application of my talents, to such productions as mine might be acceptable to the public. About the year 1803, I wrote, in my usual vein of seriousness (being sickened of buffoonery and extravagance), a lyric poem [the 'Lyre,'] which appeared in the 'Iris,' and a signature not likely to betray me. Such were the unexpected applauses bestowed upon this piece (especially by the friends I have named), that, forward, I returned to my true muses, abjured my eccentricities, and myself,

" 'Give me fame, or give me none.'—POPE.

"Though I made a vow to purport, yet I have since endeavoured to — though such — were upon — and I do — that no person — rise up — contradict — One occasional lay after another, — reformed spirit, — issued in the course of — following years. I then began to collect — series into a volume for publication. While this — slowly proceeding through my own press, a gentleman of high talent — skill — poetry and painting, Mr. — Carey, made several visits — Sheffield; and with him I — became so well acquainted, that I freely communicated — him my plans — my projects. With zeal, intrepidity, and perseverance — exemplary, he took up my cause, — only recommended the unknown poet in distant parts of — kingdom which he visited professionally, but made me better known as such even — home, where for a long period I — principally celebrated as the writer of a weekly — ticle, entitled 'Facts and Rumours,' in my — paper."*

Mr. Carey, whose personal kindness Montgomery has gratefully acknowledged, had, — we shall find, other claims to be remembered in connection with Sheffield. He died in 1841†, having been — one period the most voluminous, if not the — entertaining of — poet's correspondents; many of his letters, which — recollect to have seen, bearing a similar — lation in size to — ordinary post sheet, which the "Times" newspaper of *this* bore to the "Iris" of — day. While, with the combined ardour of a skilful connoisseur and a practised dealer, "he — of your Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff," — friend — tively listened and duly profited; and — less when the subject of writing or conversation was the character and reputation of ancient, or contemporary poets.

* *Iris*, Nov. —

† *Gentleman's Magazine*, Feb. 1842, p. 129. \

These observations have carried me rather beyond the period which the subjoined letter strictly belongs to; but it will not be read with interest on account:—

James Montgomery *Ignatius Montgomery.*

" Sept. 1844

" BROTHER,

" I take up my pen to write you, though I have scarcely a word to say, except to thank you for your last affectionate letter. I truth, I only write for you of my employment. Mr. Rhodes is in London, and I have a friend who smoke a pipe with this evening, I have determined to spend a few minutes of it with you. Before your letter arrived, I was anxious to hear how you and your company fared on your journey to Fulneck, and since your return:—it you have had one of the visitations of humanity to remind you, after six weeks of enjoyment, that you are mortal; till your mortality be concluded, I pray that you may meet with no severer . . . I feel something kinder than indifference towards the children at Fulneck from this neighbourhood; for I consider myself, in respect, the passive cause of their being thither, I am unconcerned for their answering the expectations of their friends. Eternal consequences often seem to us what we consider trifling things. My residence in this neighbourhood may have already stamped the colour and character of their whole future lives, and of their everlasting state, by having thrown them into a situation of which I might have heard, I have been known to them. May my visit to Fulneck prove a call to happiness hereafter!

" Dear brother, you see how I am apt to look on before me—much further, indeed, than I am; my heart so often, I hardly knows any other of apprehension, despondency. I outlived my hopes in this world—I my

worldly hopes. It comes it, brother, seldom, perhaps never, seriously turn our thoughts to eternity till we have become disgusted with our vanity, and sickened by the disappointments of time? Why cannot we embrace both the world and the next at once? Is the enjoyment of the one incompatible with the other? Am I to lead a life of self-denial and suffering, so cruel—and, I verily believe, so unprofitable—as the mortifications of a hermit, for the sake or, rather, as an indispensable condition of salvation? You mistake me here, and imagine that I mean by the enjoyment of the world an indulgence in criminal pleasures. I mean only those pleasures which are of strictly moral and conscientious minds think innocent, but against which the methodists inveigh with a bitterness and bigotry which makes them sometimes imagine that religion is, indeed, a burden which professors of religion condemned to linger out their lives in agonies; but I do not expatiate on this subject, for I have been betrayed into impiety of speech which almost turns my brain to contemplate. Yet all I think I could be content to forego for the sake of communion with God which they profess to feel, and which I am almost an utter stranger to. I have no confidence in him, except what all the world have, — a confidence that he is good, and that what he does is right, whether I comprehend it or not; and that he will convince me of my everlasting and unspeakable misery, and will convince me that I have deserved it; and that, consistently with his infinite mercy and infinite power, he could mitigate my punishment. But why do I tormenting you with these sorrows? I know what you would say to all this. I know what way you would point out to me to escape present and future sufferings! I dare tell you that I do not lay hold of that salvation which you preach, lest I should be guilty of lying against the Spirit of God; but indeed, brother, I do not lay hold of it. Farewell.

“Your sincerely brother,
“J. MONTGOMERY.

“Mr. Ignatius Montgomery, Fulneck, near Leeds.”

This letter large scope for comment, and every reader of it who, like writer, has been buffeted with doubts the turning point of spiritual life, will make it for himself. We need only remark, how gratifying it is to find one brother thus unreservedly pouring out the sad secrets of soul into the sympathising bosom of another; and how one who painfully felt the need of, and earnestly sought for, salvation, to it.

Hereditarily connected with the choir of Eckington church, of the members of old Mr. Gales's family evinced a taste, if not a talent, for music, which not entirely confined the singing-loft Sundays. Village concerts were sometimes got up; and most of the performers resided in the adjacent hamlets, and as Thomas Gales was not only "the father of those who could handle the harp[sichord] and the organ," but himself played well on the violoncello, their ancient house at "Nun's Bridge" often resounded with "the concord of sweet sounds," vocal and instrumental. To these it occasionally Montgomery's luck listen, comparing them, not always tacitly, with what he remembered at Fulneck: but he was compelled to admit that what they might lack of science, more than made up by earnestness; while Mason, a better judge than himself, had often heard and commended the strains. These remarks will explain a passage in the close of the following letter:—

Miss Gales to James Montgomery.

"Nun's Bridge [Eckington], Nov. 14.

"DEAR JAMES,

"Have goodness send me (though so much out of date that it may probably of print also) of all histories—the "History of

CHAP. XXVI.

1804.

AMBITION AND PRESUMPTION OF BONAPARTE. — GESSLER AND TELL. —
 THE [REDACTED] STUDY IN THE [REDACTED] ON EXTERNAL
 [REDACTED] GALE'S [REDACTED] ON [REDACTED] NEWSPAPER
 [REDACTED] — [REDACTED] IN THE [REDACTED] ROBERTS. — THE
 [REDACTED] LANGUAGE AND [REDACTED]

THE subject which, next to the rumours of invasion, at this time employed the pen of Montgomery, [REDACTED] the preparation which the First Consul of France [REDACTED] making to place [REDACTED] his own head the crown of Charlemagne, and consummate his [REDACTED] of ambition by [REDACTED] self-investiture with the imperial purple. Blinded by the dazzle of Bonaparte's victories, and reconciled by a species of infatuation not peculiar to themselves, the French people presented at this period the phenomenon of [REDACTED] nation of republicans rejoicing to behold an individual who had started from their own ranks, about [REDACTED] assume that regal authority which they had so lately sacrificed hundreds of thousands of lives and shed [REDACTED] of blood to abrogate.

Few political writers longer [REDACTED] perseveringly pursued [REDACTED] track, [REDACTED] more diligently [REDACTED] dispassionately reported the progress of Napoleon than Montgomery. Pen in hand, for thirty years, [REDACTED] was [REDACTED] fortune [REDACTED] record [REDACTED] ambition, the [REDACTED] and, finally, the signal

of that "great, bad man," as he called him.

While, on the other hand, the editor of the "Iris" reprobated the ambition of Bonaparte, and deplored the military ravages which marked his career, he, on the other hand, differed from those politicians who sought to make him the scape-goat of all the evils which the abettors and agents of war had, in his opinion, brought upon all the countries of Europe. On this point he created against himself enemies amongst those who only believed the emperor to be capable of every atrocity, but who were ready to exult whenever some of wickedness could be laid at his door. He was, for instance, keenly attacked for having presumed to question the legitimacy of a report of cruelties imputed to Bonaparte, by calling it a "bastard brother" to those stories of poisoning the sick, and shooting the prisoners, which had been given to the public by Robert Wilson. Charged with casting an imputation on the facts of these horrible murders, and, consequently, on the veracity of the reporters of them, he replied in this manly independent manner:—

"They [the reports in question] were mentioned, they might express an unqualified abhorrence of the 'abominable delight' with which the champions of everlasting warfare have so frequently expiated upon them, if they rejoiced—not in the success themselves—but that the enemy of their country had been guilty of them! Against this spirit—a spirit of irreconcilable enmity—an evil lying spirit, which would persuade two nations to their mutual destruction together in the world was impossible, and that in the present state of the world the other spirit was utterly thrown—against this spirit, this spirit alone, was the sting of the paragraph directed: the explanation

[REDACTED] will be offended, except [REDACTED] (if there be any [REDACTED] proved) who would lament to hear it proved, [REDACTED] the crimes charged upon Bonaparte in Syria [REDACTED]. We have [REDACTED] the advocates of that [REDACTED] if [REDACTED] subject more than on all others we have exposed ourselves to calumny and invective, [REDACTED] have suffered from a description of persons, the very *antipodes* of our present accusers, the most violent and acrimonious reproaches for [REDACTED] continual [REDACTED] consistent reprobation of the tyranny and ambition [REDACTED] the First Consul of France."

The following paragraph propounds a whimsical question [REDACTED] the consciences and the casuistry of his readers. After describing, in conformity with [REDACTED] in the French papers, a portable wooden house, which [REDACTED] this time fitted up for [REDACTED] convenience of Bonaparte, as his temporary field lodge when he should reach the British shores, the editor of the "Itis" observes:—

"There [REDACTED] another kind of "*portable wooden house*" [REDACTED] carried [REDACTED] men's shoulders, of smaller size, [REDACTED] commodious form, which one day will probably [REDACTED] him also for '*a field lodge*' under ground, and in [REDACTED] chamber imprison the man whom the world [REDACTED] little [REDACTED] hold! Which of these '*portable wooden houses*' may an honest [REDACTED] side of [REDACTED] Channel innocently wish [REDACTED] Chief Consul [REDACTED] inhabit?"

We know not how we might have replied [REDACTED] this question at the time. But the event has passed! Bonaparte's earthly [REDACTED] has long been consummated: he [REDACTED] occupies that "*narrow chamber*" [REDACTED] to: and [REDACTED] cannot transcribe [REDACTED] paragraph without a passing reflection [REDACTED] that strange series of events by which he who, [REDACTED] the period in question, directed [REDACTED] destinies of Europe [REDACTED] afterwards made the prisoner of [REDACTED] soli-

tary rock, which became for a time his grave ■■■ monument : and, after resting there, in his " ■■■ lodge under ground," surrounded by the ocean, thousands of leagues from the scenes of his splendour, and the theatre of ■■■ ambition, was finally borne in his " portable wooden house" from the island of St. Helena, ■■■ the "narrow chamber" of a sumptuous mausoleum in the capital of "la belle France!"

But ■■■ return to the "Iris," and the imperial ■■■ nation.

"The mayors of *thirty-six cities*," says ■■■ editor, "are summoned ■■■ assist on the occasion, but in what ■■■ know not, unless they ■■■ to lie down in his path, that the emperor may walk over their necks to the altar in token of the abasement of *thirty-six millions* of human beings, whose lives ■■■ liberties his Majesty ■■■ that day trample under foot. That day, however, is not yet fixed; but the ■■■ is fixed,—and so fixed on his head, that the Count de Lille (as the 'Moniteur' styles Louis XVIII.) may ■■■ reasonably hope to protest that head from ■■■ shoulders ■■■ that ■■■ from ■■■ head." *—*July 19. 1814.*

For the sake of connection, we shall here introduce another quotation ■■■ this subject, although it properly belongs ■■■ the year following:—

"The ■■■ of ■■■ Emperor Napoleon ■■■ been erected (to borrow the phrase as we find it) in ■■■ bosom of the legislative body; in the place ■■■ presume where there *ought* ■■■ have been a heart ■■■ repel such a bugbear. The Paris ■■■ on this occasion ■■■ crowded with descriptions of ■■■ idolatrous ceremonies and festivities at ■■■ inauguration of ■■■ 'image of the beast' which all France worshippeth, ■■■ whose

* And yet the least probable of these two most unlikely things *did* come to pass!

mark—the [] of slavery—is branded [] every forehead in the empire. We recollect [] time when Bonaparte [] the citizens of Paris that he would permit [] statue to be erected [] honour [] living, but [] when dead, [] they [] thought [] memory deserved it, they might [] animate him in marble or brass. Whence [] it, [] his mind is so suddenly changed? Is it to gratify his own eyes, [] those of [] people, that he permits this pagod [] be [] up in the arrogant security of his power, and in mockery of their servitude? Switzerland might perhaps have suffered and submitted for another century [] German oppression, [] not Gessler, the tyrant, fixed [] upon a pole [] worshipped by the poor mountaineers. The fate of Gessler may soon be that of Bonaparte, and the fortune [] Switzerland that of France. The emperor has endeavoured to revive the days of *Charlemagne*: [] who shall bring back [] Tell?"—February 7. 1805.

[] mention of [] Tell, like [] echo from Montgomery's study, recalls us from the coronation of Bonaparte [] the progress of the "Wanderer of Switzerland," which, although as yet unpublished, [] believe, not unwritten. The poet was now elaborating for the press his exquisite [] of imagery and sentiment, and imbuing the subject which he had selected for their display with that patriotic fervour and romantic love of freedom which distinguished the unfortunate Swissers. A few remarks [] the locality and aspect of Montgomery's study may not be uninteresting here. It [] a small back room of a large building in the centre of the town, and looking immediately upon [] of the [] of dead brick walls in Sheffield: from [] windows he could [] of the fine scenery in the neighbourhood, that might [] remind him in [] of pastoral Alpine landscapes, or in winter of falling avalanches,—of the cottages, the

lakes, or the waterfalls of Switzerland any opinions have been held on the comparative advantages of *situation* for study; many persons have disputed the utility of an author being enabled, during the process of composition, to lift the eye from any subject that is expanding his mind his manuscript, the actual contemplation of a fine prospect beheld through his window. This process of immediate inspection and examination is essential to a landscape painter, who would be faithful in details, though it is not, by any means, necessary in the position of a *descriptive* poem, whether the leading features be spirited and general, the faithful transcripts of grand impressions, as in the *Seasons* of Thomson's "Seasons," or when comprising minute particulars, as in Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy." The general impressions of climate, scenery, and local associations—the heart, the memory, the imagination of a poet,—as affecting the vividness and truth of his conceptions, and influencing his style, are, of course, universally admitted. They illustrate that philosophy of poetry which makes poets who "penned a stanza"—or where they are yet uncivilised, without any regular literature, or even a written language.

Mr. Everett one day remarked to Montgomery that Matlock would be a fine situation for the permanent residence of a poet, the beauty and variety of the scenery, according to the current opinion, would induce sublime thoughts. He partly exploded the notion; observing that he should have lamented for that situation, if it was so. "From the room in which I sit and write," said Montgomery, "and where some of my happiest pieces have been produced—the I think which are most popular,—all pro-

spect I have is a confined yard, where there are some miserable walls and the roofs of houses, which present to the eye neither beauty, variety, nor anything else calculated to inspire a single thought, except concerning the rough surface of the bricks, the corners of which have either been chipped off by violence, or fretted away by the weather. No; as a general rule, whatever of poetry is to be derived from scenery, must be secured before one sits down to compose—the impressions must be made already, and the mind must be abstracted from surrounding objects. It will not do to be expatiating abroad in observation, when one should be at home in concentration of thought."

Places and things, in themselves insignificant it may be, sometimes become, as they were, consecrated, when connected with great or good men, as the history of memorable deeds. Dr. Johnson, it may be recollected, has recorded, in a striking passage on the ruins of Icolmkill, his testimony to the truth of this principle: and surely the individual who could visit the residence of any of our more eminent English poets, and stand in the room in which each studied and wrote, without emotion, would not be envied for his apathy. The apartment above referred to, and which had been Montgomery's study for many years, was pulled down in 1819, and a more convenient room, with better ingress to the printing-office, erected on its site: the aspect, however, was the same. It was not without mingled feelings of regret and veneration that the writer of this paragraph paid a farewell visit to the little room during its dilapidation. At the commencement of Montgomery's editorial career, when he considered himself indispensable to appear *propria persona* to his friends, he commonly sat in a room separated by a ceiling from Miss Gales's shop, so that he could readily step out to receive

orders, advertisements, or other communications; but this apartment had the threefold inconvenience of being in the street; of exposing him to the necessity of overhearing whatever was said in the shop; and, more than all, of frequent interruption from unreasonable visitors.

The following letter, relating to it does to temporary business matters, is given, under the impression that the items of which it contains may be a little curious when compared with similar heads of outlay in the present altered scale of newspaper expenses: Aston had just commenced publishing the "Manchester Exchange Herald."

James Montgomery to Joseph Aston.

"Sheffield, Sept. 4. 1804.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

" . . . you are my brother now, as well as my friend, and I congratulate you and myself on our typographical relationship: it offers a prospect of frequent communication; we may meet each other in print every week! I am curious to know in what character you intend to appear. Will you rank among the gods as a Mercury, or among men as a Herald? Will you assume the shape of a comet, a star, or a broomstick? No matter; come in what person you may, my friend Joseph Aston will always be welcome. I have now business and your questions. I have 58s. for a quantity of 1000 stamps, such as I use; the duty on 1000, deducting the discount, amounts to 2s. 6d., and the cost of postage (which I am remitting due bills, am paying the discount, I am within a week) amounts to about 1s. a thousand carried by waggon to a thousand: the whole expense of a thousand stamps delivered in my office at these rates, is 15l. 5s. 9d.; the same when printed, each, 25l. I think a penny completely covers all my expenses

of delivery and [redacted] by bad debts, except when I am careless, [redacted] deserve [redacted] for my [redacted] inattention. [redacted] delivery of one part [redacted] impression (which is [redacted] very large) [redacted] nothing, [redacted] many papers are [redacted] in [redacted] shop [of [redacted] Gales] [redacted] by my apprentices [redacted] town: for another part I pay a newsman in [redacted] town and [redacted] neighbourhood a halfpenny a paper; [redacted] another, who delivers [redacted] in the villages adjacent, within four [redacted] five miles, a penny each. This latter expense is too high; but the man is an old servant; [redacted] bargain was inconsiderately made, and I [redacted] determined not to [redacted] it without a better reason than because it is a bad one. To the booksellers in other towns who sell the 'Iris' (*all at [redacted] own risk entirely, for I send not a paper on trial*) I allow 2s. [redacted] for fifty papers. [redacted] is very moderate; but many printers allow only a halfpenny a paper. I [redacted] no news- [redacted] above four or [redacted] off, as [redacted] neighbourhood [redacted] thinly peopled; [redacted] when [redacted] was formerly done, [redacted] [redacted] their [redacted] tails, [redacted] the men devoured through [redacted] very stamps themselves. It [redacted] a [redacted] unprofitable business, and, what [redacted] very wonderful, I [redacted] the wit [redacted] find it out, [redacted] the wisdom to [redacted] it. You will be placed in a different, and I hope more fortunate, [redacted]. I [redacted] going [redacted] say something very fine just here, but [redacted] length of my task, [redacted] the brevity of my paper deterred me, though I could have [redacted] [redacted] half the room I have occupied [redacted] saying [redacted] I would [redacted] it. I would [redacted] [redacted] of Jones [redacted] Leventhorpe [redacted] supply you [redacted] stamps. You must write, enclosing a bill due, [redacted] nearly so, [redacted] [redacted] thereabouts, of [redacted] quantity of paper and stamps [redacted] you choose to order at once: they will [redacted] [redacted] stamp office, [redacted] [redacted] stamping, and, in three days from the receipt of your letter, will send off the quantity by any conveyance you appoint. The [redacted] you [redacted] [redacted] print upon may cost 8s. or 10s. a thousand more than mine, —or perhaps more still, for I cannot [redacted] [redacted] price, never using any of [redacted] [redacted] house which [redacted] have named, I am sure will serve you as well and as low as any in London; but you must be rigidly exact in requiring them punctually

expeditiously forward stamps, which you may send by time—by threats and promises, necessary;—you know what I mean. You may mention my name in any manner you please; and when I see your authority, I will mention yours in them in such a manner as I shall think proper. Command me freely, and command me fully, in such and in every other respect wherein I may serve you. There is a type foundry in Glasgow, where, plain founts, you may be served, as well as in London (but I think much better) at prices 20 per cent. lower than in London—'Alexander Wilson and Sons.' Taylor and Newton have written to, soliciting their recommendation as advertisers. They send advertisements, in a great number, whom they please; you charge them according to your regular scale, and allow them such a commission; and you send a copy gratis, weekly, to be sent by them. This is very reasonable. Respecting purchase and exchange of newspapers, you may do as well as you can. I receive daily two London newspapers, which I pay for, and exchange with about eight or ten country printers. I allow them sixpence each on advertisements, and they send me bring, and are accountable for. I have answered several of your questions: ask again whenever you have occasion. You do not know the author of the *Black* [in the 'Iris'], for I am sure that I do. I am in the press in the shape of a foolscap octavo; but I have stuck fast ever since the October; for I never work for myself when I can find a better master, and no employment than printing miscellaneous poetry.

"Your friend,

"J. WATSON."

"Mr. Joseph Aston, Manchester."

He adds, in the next letter:—

"I give one man in my office 23s. per week, the others 20s.; and my pressman, who is a very poor hand, only 16s. I have Mr. Sheardown, of Doncaster, may give a little, but very little, more. At Wakefield and Leeds the wages

are nearly the same. I give 4½d. a thousand for piece-work; but as there is some occasion for overwork, I generally pay the compositors per hour for any time above the regular day's work. At Leeds and York, I believe, they only allow £1000 thousand. I am sorry to hear of the mutinous spirit among the Manchester printers; I fear the infection will spread."

Mr. Samuel Roberts, a respectable and benevolent master manufacturer, whose name will often occur in the latter portions of this work, having written for insertion in the "Iris" a ballad, entitled the "Two Orphans," which is frequently found in collections of poems for the young, asked Montgomery to let him have a few copies as separate slips. This will explain the meaning of the following somewhat characteristic notes, which we give merely as marking the progress of the intercourse, but as furnishing, with, perhaps, a single exception, afterwards to be noticed, the only specimen existing in the poet's hand of the frequent and long continued correspondence between the friends.

James Montgomery to Samuel Roberts

Hartlepool, Wednesday, 18th Dec. 1820.

Sir,

"I have a few copies of your interesting ballad, which you will please accept as a very slight acknowledgment of the affecting delight which I have repeatedly read it. I fear that there is an error in the first letter of your signature; but all my powers of deciphering were baffled by the search for it in the manuscript. I called twice yesterday at your warehouse to ask you concerning it, but you might have it correctly printed in these copies; but not meeting with you either time, the error, if it be one, remains.

"I am, respectfully,

Your obliged, and devoted servant,

J. Roberts

"Mr. Roberts

Samuel Roberts to James Montgomery.

"Byre Street, Dec. 14 1791

"Sir,

"I have received your polite and obliging letter of the 11th day. I trust that you will excuse my accepting your intended present, and that I should have any objections be laid under my obligations by one whom I so much esteem, and whose good opinion I so much value; but as I ordered them in the way of trade, I should in future on any occasion if I was asking a favour.

"I hope you will excuse the expense of a few copies of my account, which, when convenient, I shall be glad to have. The signature is correct. I used it when I was S. R., Jun. I am sorry you gave yourself much trouble in calling. I am sensible of the trifle which your politeness to me you commend to me as other merit of good intentions and a good moral tendency, which I sincerely hope I shall always keep steadily in view in all other works which I may hereafter send to the press; should I be careless otherwise, I shall always be grateful to you, or any friend, who will take the trouble of correcting me.

"Sir,

"I am respectfully yours,

"SAMUEL ROBERTS."

Montgomery, before he left school, had made some progress in the Italian language, the study of which he did not immediately afterwards abandon, though we have no indication of his progress in it till this year, when he published two or three of those "Imitations" of sonnets from Tuscan poets, which appear in his works. He thus became known as a distinguished author, whose familiarity with the muses and their patrons on the banks of the Arno has shed a lasting lustre around his name—William Roscoe, Esq., of Liverpool: they frequently exchanged books and letters. We know why the following sonnet on "Venice," from Bet-

tinelli, [redacted] been omitted from our author's collected works, except it [redacted] by accident:—

"Venice, [redacted] the [redacted] Gulf, was founded by refugees, in [redacted] century, [redacted] Italy [redacted] by Attila, king of [redacted] Huns."

"[redacted] terrible, for slaughter spread,
On wings that made a tempest of their way,
Down darting from the Alps, by vengeance led,
Th' Hungarian Falcon pounced upon [redacted] prey:

"From [redacted] rapine, trembling with dismay,
The Italian Doves before the Spoiler sped,
[redacted] o'er vales and mountains driven astray,
Far from their ravaged homes for ever [redacted].

"Then found the wiser Halcyon's lovely brood,
(Scared from their country, [redacted] and oppressed,)
A [redacted] asylum on the rolling flood:
By Worth upheld, by Liberty cared,
'Midst thrones in ashes, cities sunk in blood,
Ages [redacted] passed—behold [redacted] beautiful nest!

"ALCEUS.

"Sheffield, Dec 12. 1804"

CHAP. XXVII.

1805.

DEATH OF "JUSTICE WILKINSON." — THE "SNOWDROP." — THE
 "OCEAN." — IMPUTED JACOBINISM. — THE QUAKER'S
 THE "WIDOW." — LETTERS — PROSECUTIONS. — DEATH OF
 THE "GRAVE." — THE "COMMON LOT,"
 "BULLWORMS." — CHAPMAN'S REMARKS.

ON the 11th of January died, at Boroughbridge, aged 75, the Rev. James Wilkinson, vicar of Sheffield, and one of the justices of the peace, before whom Montgomery had been summoned and examined in the days of imputed Jacobinism. The worthy magistrate and our friend had, however, long stood the footing of good neighbourhood; and on the death of the former, the obituary of the "Iris" contained an ample testimony to the value of a life which had been pre-eminently distinguished by unaffected piety, inflexible integrity, and unwearied zeal in the service of the public during a period of half a century."

The earliest of Montgomery's pen in poetical vocation is to the "Snowdrop," in which the author's tendency to a constitutional melancholy is strongly indicated.

"There is a winter in my soul,
 The winter of despair;
 O when shall spring its rage controul?
 When shall the Snowdrop blossom there?"

■ ■ ■ gleams of comfort ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ dart
 A ■ ■ ■ of glory on my heart,
 ■ ■ ■ quickly ■ ■ ■ away:
 ■ ■ ■ Northern-lights ■ ■ ■ gloom adorn,
 And give the promise of a ■ ■ ■
 That never turns ■ ■ ■ day!"

We have ever esteemed ■ ■ ■ among the ■ ■ ■ spirited and elegant of ■ ■ ■ author's minor compositions the ■ ■ ■ entitled the "Ocean:" they ■ ■ ■ originally dated "Scarborough, Aug. 17. 1805," and ■ ■ ■ soon afterwards printed in the "Iris," with the favourite signature of "Alcæna." He had ■ ■ ■ previous occasions visited ■ ■ ■ place for the benefit of his health; and there he fully realised the description of Homer, in a well-known line concerning a very different personage — "■ ■ ■ δ' ἀκίων παρὰ θῆνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,"* — walking and meditating in solitude by the sea-side.

In the very midst of these cogitations ■ ■ ■ the poet, in sight and while listening ■ ■ ■ the sounds of the ocean from the ■ ■ ■ cliffs, intelligence arrived ■ ■ ■ Scarborough of ■ ■ ■ naval victory obtained by Sir Robert Calder ■ ■ ■ the French and Spanish ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ the ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ of Spain. ■ ■ ■ incident ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ the following apostrophe:—

"■ ■ ■ ■ ■ wielding ■ ■ ■ trident to-day,
 Consuming her foes in her ire,
 And hurling the ■ ■ ■ of absolute sway
 From her wave-ruling chariots of fire:—
 She triumphs;—the winds and the ■ ■ ■ conspire
 To spread her invincible ■ ■ ■;
 The universe rings ■ ■ ■ her fame;
 But the cries of the fatherless mix with her praise,
 And the tears of the widow are shed on her bays."

■ ■ ■ "Furlona, he ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ sounding shore."—Cowper's *Homer*, vol. i. ■ ■ ■

Ready as Montgomery ever was to deplore, and
 anxious to deprecate or avert the shedding of
 human blood, he failed to honour the prowess
 of his countrymen, and to defend the claims of Great
 Britain to her position of supremacy among the nations
 of the earth.

"For ages and ages, with barbarous foes,
 The Saxon, Norwegian, Gaul,
 We wrestled, were foiled, were cast down, but we rose
 with vigour, life from each fall;
By all we were conquered;—WE CONQUERED THEM ALL!

"The cruel, the cannibal mind,
 Softened, subdued, refined;
 Bears, wolves, and sea-monsters, they rushed from their
 den,
 We taught them, tamed them, turned them men."

This stanza exhibits a spirited epitome of the his-
 tory, the patriotism, the humanity, and the poetry of
 our country.

Everett: "Have you the current number of
 the 'Ladies' Monthly Museum?" *Montgomery*: "No,
 sir." *Everett*: "You will perceive from the editor's
 remarks on your poetry, that he has adopted the opinions
 of his leaders. . . . Now, you are with a
 critic who helped himself freely to what belongs
 to another?" *Montgomery*: "He certainly made
 very free; and, many other persons who either
 are or will not be for themselves, he contradicts
 close what he had asserted at the beginning of
 his remarks. He says, in reference to the ocean, which
 is 'dimpled with oars,' and 'dimpled with the
 gale,' that 'both the lines are almost and unnatural;
 but surely we never can keep the sea from the
 rock of Scarborough, or the English coast. Any observant

person, situated, perceive that the rise of a small boat, dropping into the water, *dimple* it, producing the time beautiful circles of eddies. This is perfectly distinct from the swelling and unbroken action of the larger waves, which, elevated by the gale, throw very distinct shadows the lesser billows, thus literally *darkening* them."

James Montgomery to Misses A. E. and S. C.

"Scarborough, Aug. 11 1838

"DEAR FRIENDS,

"You will be curious, if not anxious, to know how I come to the world of Scarborough. Since I last saw you I have outlived a whole generation of visitors to this house, and am now a kind of antediluvian patriarch of a whole fortnight's standing, in this place. I am venerable. In consequence of this, I have been, by the primogeniture, of the table, you are sure to honour I am reluctantly compelled to accept, and I am meekly. Hitherto I had good supporters and councillors about me in some of the ladies, who, and whom I like a rushlight among torches. They in carving, almost entirely me the trouble of talking, both which obligations I am truly their humble servant; but, except table, I am inflexibly shy, have never squire to any one of them yet, though more elderly gentlemen than I have been proud of accompanying them on their walks. My favourite, however, is morning; though weigh more than twenty stone, I shall feel a great loss of her. She was a lady from London, dressed magnificently as a duchess, and as jolly, handsome, and goodnatured a countenance as I saw, and always so to me. I should have liked her no if she had had only the weight and beauty which possessed. had a son with her, a spoiled young Oxonian, who, we understood here, was come speedily to enjoyment of 2000*l.* a-year. Against

goldfinch a spinster, who sat at my right hand, played off all the artillery of her eyes and her tongue. How I was surprised I cannot tell; but he is now dead, and the damsel, I doubt not, is as disconsolate for him as I am for my mother. There is a lady in my circle, who by her countenance, that I tremble to look at her; her talks, and laughs, and looks—no matter how—for positively I won't write another word of scandal in my epistle.

How you employ your time? you are ready to ask. I employ it so stupidly that I could very well lend six hours a day, on good security, to any lady or gentleman who would give me handsome interest for it. I sit and drink and walk all day, and try to sleep at night. I have in my life lived so long a time without sleep. It is a fact, that I have never been on fire in this house, nor been one in all Scarborough, except at the barber's shop, to the best of my recollection. There is self-denial with a vengeance for you! I only smoke one pipe at night, and sometimes I have several times been out in a small boat for a few miles in the bay. This is very pleasant; the sea-breezes are like gales from paradise; they revive my withered heart into life, and blow my mildewed cheeks into bloom. One evening I went out a-fishing, and had charming sport: for two hours, in a chill atmosphere, and a dark sky, I watched a cork floating, till my eyes ached and my brain was dizzy; and so intent and expert was I in the trade, that for a long time I was fishing with a hook, the rogues below having nibbled away the bait. I have often fished along the coast of Scarborough. However, on one memorable occasion I caught two fishes; but it was my fault—I could not help it—they hung themselves with my line, and I hope they forgave me with their dying breath; but they ought to have done, because I have freely forgiven their brethren who would not let me catch them.

One night was another tremendous storm of thunder and lightning.* I was in a very awkward situation, having taken

* For an account of the storm here alluded to, and a reference to that described in my letter, see "Pence by a Post," vol. ii. p. 73.

■ ■ ■ huge and desolate news-room, ■ ■ ■ apart-
 ■ ■ ■ Castle of Udolpho; it is on ■ ■ ■ sands; the sea
 ■ ■ ■ raging round ■ ■ ■ rocky foundation; the wind ■ ■ ■ loud,
 ■ ■ ■ rain ■ ■ ■ down in torrents, the lightning fall ■ ■ ■ floods
 on ■ ■ ■ water, ■ ■ ■ thunder ■ ■ ■ dreadfully round ■ ■ ■
 ■ ■ ■ I was alone; the evening ■ ■ ■ darker and darker,
 ■ ■ ■ storm wilder and wilder. I read newspapers, or
 rather ■ ■ ■ ■ them, ■ ■ ■ long as I ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■
 ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ with the reflection of ■ ■ ■ lightnings,
 and my ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ almost to splitting with the thunder.
 At length I got up ■ ■ ■ paced about the room, which ■ ■ ■ very
 large ■ ■ ■ miserably forlorn, having only a table, a few
 chairs, ■ ■ ■ a clock in it. In the midst of my alarm the
 ■ ■ ■ struck; it startled me, ■ ■ ■ I quaked ■ ■ ■ if ■ ■ ■ flags
 ■ ■ ■ descended ■ ■ ■ my feet. At length I turned out ■ ■ ■ ran
 along the shore to my lodgings. The heavens seemed in a
 blaze, the ■ ■ ■ in madness, and ■ ■ ■ mountains of the ■ ■ ■
 falling around ■ ■ ■ This ■ ■ ■ mighty fine, but, it ■ ■ ■ only
 poetical, you may think. You ■ ■ ■ mistaken; it ■ ■ ■ true.
 ■ ■ ■ you seen, ■ ■ ■ I have seen, a ■ ■ ■ of lightning ■ ■ ■
 ■ ■ ■ your head, and kill three of your fellow-creatures in a
 moment, you would not be ashamed, as I ■ ■ ■ not, to feel the
 ■ ■ ■ of such a storm shaking your soul almost to disso-
 lution. I have ■ ■ ■ heard of any mischief done on this ■ ■ ■
 ■ ■ ■ ; but I ■ ■ ■ quit ■ ■ ■ dreadful ■ ■ ■

I don't know what to say about my health; and as ■ ■ ■
 my spirits, they have been several times ■ ■ ■ agitated since I
 came hither, that, ■ ■ ■ the ■ ■ ■ after a storm, they will be a
 long ■ ■ ■ before they ■ ■ ■ rock themselves calm. Pray
 write to me soon; and don't, ■ ■ ■ any account, forget ■ ■ ■
 me how your dear and honoured parents ■ ■ ■ I ■ ■ ■ dream-
 ing last night with all my might about you altogether. Give
 my ■ ■ ■ remembrance ■ ■ ■ all ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ who ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ worth
 inquiring after. Have I ■ ■ ■ been very good ■ ■ ■ write three
 ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ Sheffield, and ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ inquire ■ ■ ■ my brute
 creation? Give my love ■ ■ ■ Bully [the bird], ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■
 [the dog], ■ ■ ■ what you please to Fuss. Tell ■ ■ ■ garden
 ■ ■ ■ I hope it ■ ■ ■ good health, and grows well in my ab-

Farewell, my dear, friends, of
grateful and affection of your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Gales, 1848"

It while Montgomery at Scarborough, dictating the patriotic lines on the "Ocean," that the alarm occasioned by the unaccountable firing of the Grenno-wood beacon occurred, already described: and we have heard him mention, as a curious proof how little his character was then known, the fact, that, in the midst of the local hubbub consequent the apprehended invasion and the mustering of the Sheffield Volunteers, a highly respectable lady pointed the absence of the editor of the "Iris" as a suspicious coincidence! We have, indeed, his printed testimony, that period and mischievous imputations his loyalty were not confined idle gossip. Having adverted to his prosecutions and imprisonment, he says:—"On other occasions I in danger of legal vengeance. In the first case, I had been merely the printer and publisher of a tract (or broadside) for a person of wealth and character, who, I admit, may possibly have been ignorant of the misery of fear and suspense in which he involved me; for a prosecution should actually commenced, I had determined to apply to him, and I never did." In this case, Montgomery employed by a generally respected and wealthy member of the Society of Friends to print for him a half-sheet foolscap circular, a hand-bill, entitled "The Soldier no Christian," containing arguments against similar those which afterwards so extensively circulated by the "Peace Societies" in England and America. Who was the immediate mover

of the attention paid to Montgomery on the printing of the paper, or what was the specific charge intended to be made—if there had appeared ground to sustain one—he never knew. But a meeting was held at the Cutlers' Hall, by a number of gentlemen, to consider the subject. It may be added, that although Montgomery never had any proof that the Quaker who employed him was actually aware of the peril in which he was placed, he entertained little doubt of it, as the matter was much talked about at the time. Amidst the movement, however, the Quaker called and paid for his tracts, without saying a word to, or hearing a word from, the threatened printer.

The following paragraph is from a very spirited and indignant article in the war movement:

"We do not know that the French have yet commenced on the continent; if they are delayed a month longer the collecting armies may be mustered on the field of battle just in time to go into winter quarters. Alas! not so: there will first be the march of their legions. That rides the "pale horse" through their encampments, and the blast of his lips they shall fall like the leaves of the forest to the winds of October; their winter quarters shall be in the dust."—*Iris*, Sept.

How powerfully does the above passage remind us of Lord Byron's well-known lines, written some time after its publication in the newspapers!—

"Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.
The angel spread his wings in the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he past,
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their breasts but once heaved, and for ever grew still."

We now make another extract:—

"Since the Almighty set his bow in the cloud, as a token of a covenant between himself and the earth, there has never been a summer [of harvest] more heart-gladdening than the present. While the great ones of the world are, on every side, conspiring against the peace, devoting its soil to desolation, and its inhabitants to death, our unchangeably-benevolent Father of the Universe raining down mercies from the clouds, and overflowing the earth with his benefits. There is a time when God is visible, when he is remembered than the joy of autumn. While Nature is offering up to her Creator the tribute of all her fruits, and the waves waving around in adoration of Him, rioting in abundance, the bounty of our Benefactor, claims every blessing as the product of his industry, or his inheritance by birth; forgetful of the hand that spreads the purple glory of the vintage on the hills, pours through the vallies the golden harvest: the hand that the anger put forth, could intercept the light of the sun, and the earth by shadow alone, with a curse of everlasting sterility."

This is a poetical composition by the "Widow; written at the request of a lady, who furnished several of the lines, and the plan of the whole." It was published in the "Iris," and afterwards in the "Poetical Register."* Montgomery's colleague in this little piece was Mrs. Skepper, of York, formerly Miss Benson, and who afterwards became the third wife of Basil Montague Esq. One of the earliest, liveliest, and most interesting correspondents of her was that his yet unexpanded reputation procured for him. In a letter addressed to the poet before she had seen him, she pleasantly threatens him with a pilgrimage to Sheffield†,

* Poetical Register, vol. v. p. 17. 1805.

† She did call upon the poet in the following year, and was much gratified with the interview, in the course of which she per-

If he would [redacted] upon her [redacted] York on his way to Scarborough; adding, [redacted] apology for her importunity, "You will allow that some deference [redacted] due [redacted] my [redacted] as well as to my sex, for I was married on the very day on which you [redacted] born!" The poet kept up a [redacted] spondence with Mrs. Montague and her husband during their lifetime. The little piece above mentioned [redacted] not comprised in any volume published by [redacted] author previous to the collection of his poems in 1841. He thus explained the omission:—

"The widow, who, I have [redacted] doubt, [redacted] a sincere [redacted] since then become the [redacted] of a gentleman, who himself had [redacted] twice married, and [redacted] children by [redacted] his former wives. The daughter, too, of my once disconsolate [redacted] [redacted] (1822) arrived at womanhood, [redacted] [redacted] married to a poet*, and [redacted] no longer, I hope, the subject of grief on any ground. Under [redacted] circumstances, I thought it would hardly [redacted] decorous to revive [redacted] associations."

Time, which first created [redacted] difficulty, appears, in twenty years more, [redacted] have removed it. The [redacted] received some delicate revisions in the transcription: for instance, the concluding lines originally stood:—

"And still, a father, fondly kind,
Loves [redacted] dear pledge he left behind;
Behold that pledge! then cease thy tears to flow,
And in [redacted] mother's love, forget the widow's woe."

sueded him to give her a copy of the "Loss of the Locks," which, as she afterwards remarked, exhibited "a great deal of imagination, and many very beautiful thoughts." The letter which conveyed this compliment contained also the following:—"I do [redacted] know of any antidote to your melancholy: you have fortunately a powerful spell at your own fire-side in the perpetual sunshine of [redacted] Grand countenance—which I cannot recollect without pleasure—and [redacted] the animated society of her sister."

* Mr. Proctor, poetically known as "Barry Corwall."

In the corrected edition they [REDACTED] follows: —

" And [REDACTED] a father, fondly kind,
 Eyes the dear pledge he left behind:
 So love may deem, and death may prove it so;
 In heaven, [REDACTED] least, there is no widow's woe;
 Thither, in following him, with thy [REDACTED] go."*

Such [REDACTED] sometimes the vicissitudes of a poetical composition!

There [REDACTED] another widow, residing [REDACTED] Sheffield, whose [REDACTED] has already been mentioned, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] ing whom a line [REDACTED] two will be in place here. In the month of May [REDACTED] published a volume [REDACTED] "Poems, by Barbara Hoole," with an almost unprecedented list of subscribers — their names filling more than forty pages! The book [REDACTED] [REDACTED] only printed at Montgomery's [REDACTED] but every article in it [REDACTED] the benefit [REDACTED] his revision; [REDACTED] many a pleasant interview took place between the good-natured poet and [REDACTED] ingenious young widow, during the composition of [REDACTED] of her [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] two preceding years. On one occasion he [REDACTED] her a pocket-book, [REDACTED] a New Year's gift, containing the following inscription: —

" Reviewing Time's perennial flight,
 We mark [REDACTED] lovely hours;
 Like [REDACTED] in dark December's night,
 Or winter-blooming flowers:

" Such [REDACTED] amid the dreary past,
 Your happiest days appear,
 Such — but improving [REDACTED] [REDACTED] last,
 [REDACTED] all in [REDACTED] [REDACTED] year.

" J. M.

* December. [REDACTED] *

At this period, the old principle of high prices and long credit had given way to the system of modern competition: — Montgomery, a comparatively young tradesman without capital, as yet in a position to allow his customers to defer payment of their debts till the Statute of Limitations barred his claim by law. He was therefore, sometimes riding forth to a considerable distance to collect what was due to him from subscribers to his newspaper. On one of these occasions he rode to Knottingly, near Pontefract, where he intended to rest and dine, and dismounted, opposite the sign of the "Dog." He opened the house door, entered, told one of the inmates to take charge of his horse, which was done; and seeing the family at dinner, the poet said he would just sit down with them, and take part of what they had. He took his place at table, and helped to a plate of meat, and commenced operations very satisfactorily. A suspicion, however, somehow arose in his mind, and a question fell from his lips, to which a single syllable in reply, kindly enough uttered by his host, explained to the uninvited and abashed, but an unwelcome visitor that he had unwittingly entered, and was dining with a private family in the door to the Inn! The parties had some suspicion as to who their guest might be, until the mistake was discovered: — but a slight mitigation of the awkwardness of the misadventure, — Montgomery had, as it happened, the name of his involuntary entertainer in his book as a debtor.

In a letter of October 19. 1805, Montgomery thanks Aston for the compliment which he and other subscribers had paid him by electing him a member of the Philological Society. He adds:—

"I am neither at time nor inclination of mind to attempt to introduce myself to you."

body, the thoughts of it : be misunderstood—it is not has prevented doing this: I day, if I have courage enough, steal half from other and vexations to write a letter; I never write for the public in a hurry (except my newspaper, I am flogged regularly every Wednesday), because I make it a rule always my very best, whatever the subject, whether prose. When I address my thoughts to the public, I always endeavour to write as if I were writing for posterity: and this is a precious secret, which I would not communicate profane vulgar:—it is the secret of *learning* write well. I will, however, pledge myself time between now Christmas furnish the Society with an of some I very busy with my fugitive poems, a small volume out by Christmas; and these exhaust my thinking powers, I polish and perfect them as much as possible."

It not till the month of April 1806, that Montgomery forwarded the promised essay:—

"It is," says he, "a ramble of thoughts in a very strange of speculation; I have bewildered myself, and shall lose my readers in it: but if I did not think that is a subject peculiarly worthy of the consideration of the Philological Society, I would not have ventured to recommend it them."

On the memorable 1st of October, year, the gallant Nelson conquered and in the service of country; and the intelligence of his victory and death every heart in the kingdom with the force suddenness of an electric shock. Contemporary with the decisive naval action at Cape Trafalgar was exhibited the widely spectacle of General with Austrians laying down their of Ulm. Some strictures the campaign in Germany, which issued in event, in which incapacity looked so like

military treachery that the unfortunate general was imprisoned in the citadel of Spielberg, in Bohemia—a stronghold identified with the names of Pellico and the renowned Baron Trenck—was very nearly involved Montgomery once in a government prosecution! The menace was formidable: “I knew,” said he, “how my blow missed me, for it aimed with a cordiality that meant no repetition of the stroke. I had made up my mind to meet it, ‘as the anvil to the hammer’—to the sentiments, and stand or fall by them without any other defence than the simple plea of ‘Not Guilty.’ The death of Lord Nelson probably saved me; for in the next ‘Iris,’ having to that lamentable event, I did it in such a strain of patriotism (in the best sense of the word), that my former week’s disloyalty was thereafter looked at.” I have sometimes thought that I was indebted for my escape to the good sense of a gentleman in authority, who countenanced the conspiracy against me.” I believe Hugh Parker, Esq., the magistrate, is here meant; and it may be mentioned to the credit of Mr. Robert Hadfield, a respectable merchant, that, immediately on hearing of the threatened prosecution, he sent for Montgomery, and told him to be under no uneasiness with respect to pecuniary consequences, as he would bear any expenses that might be incurred. But to the newspaper expiation alluded to:—

“While cowardly Mack,” Montgomery†, “surrendering himself alive into the hands of Bonaparte, the noble and lamented Lord Nelson, once more, and for the last time, fought and conquered his foes

* It will be recollected that “Ulm and Trafalgar” was the title of one of the few serious poems written by Canning.

† Iris, Nov. 14.

of the country: he fell in the meridian of victory,—and in one moment became immortal in both worlds! . . . Lord Nelson's career of services has been long, but it was only in the middle of the last war that he came into the eye of the public as a luminary of the first magnitude. At the battle of Aboukir, he rose like the sun in the east; he was the sun too, after a summer's day of glory, he was in the zenith at the close of Trafalgar, leaving the world in a blaze. He went down, and in darkness when he had been the sun. In 1805, when the stranger who visits this island, shall inquire for the Monument of Nelson, the answer will be, "He saved his country, and he saved."

The monument, however, was not thought sufficient by the countrymen of the hero, to record their gratitude and his exploits; a strong feeling was manifested throughout the kingdom in simultaneous resolutions to erect pillars, obelisks, &c., to the memory of the victorious, but fallen, commander. Sheffield, amongst other places, participated in this national emotion; and although eventually a memorial was erected there, yet the discussion of the subject furnished the editor of the "Iris" an occasion for recommending to the notice of a young artist, at that time without fame or patronage, but who afterwards rose to a position of the very highest eminence in his profession,—a profession in which more than any other we are indebted for the existence and preservation of the noblest imaginary or actual forms of antiquity; the embodiment of a sublime, it may be a momentary, idea in imperishable marble.

Montgomery usually mentioned with great complacency the fact, that Francis Leggit Chantrey* was

* So his friends wrote the name in full at this period—so we have seen it written by himself. "Leggit," however, which was his mother's maiden name, he afterwards dropped, on discovering

only introduced to the public through the medium of the "Iris," but some of his notices of his ability which appeared in that journal were singularly prophetic of his future. In the preceding year, Chantrey had visited Sheffield during the session of the Royal Academy, at which time he advertised his intention of employing his vacation in painting portraits, or modelling features, of his townsmen; but, notwithstanding the cheapness and the novelty of this temptation, he painted few portraits, and only executed three busts at this time.

The articles in which we have referred to the subject of Chantrey's talents were mostly written by William Carey, already mentioned; a dealer and connoisseur of considerable experience in works of art, and not quite unknown in the circles of literature. In these essays, Chantrey was recommended as the fittest person to undertake the statue of Lord Nelson, which it was intended should adorn the contemplated local monument: and for a time it appeared as if the public were willing to give a practical effect to the scheme.

"The Corporation of Sheffield," says the writer, "have manifested a public-spirited eagerness to contribute liberally to the erection of a dignified monument in their town, to the memory of their great defender. Fortunately they possess in the Abbey quarries a hard and durable stone, and in Mr. Chantrey a sculptor every way capable of fulfilling their intentions of reflecting credit on their choice. This young artist, whose modesty and zeal for improvement are equal to his talents, was born so immediately in the vicinity of Sheffield, that its Corporation will probably in no distant period be proud to claim him as a native of their town. The power of his hand in executing he

that he was not included in the record of his baptism in the parish register at Norton.

and the readiness of his eye in catching a likeness, are exemplified in admirable busts of Rev. J. Wilkinson and of Dr. Younge."

In another paper, Mr. Carey, after strongly advocating the merits of Chantrey, says—"Should this young artist be chosen to execute the bust and monument of Lord Nelson, THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY in this bust involuntarily cries aloud that the work will equally commemorate the taste and spirit of Sheffield, the talents of the artist, the victories of the immortal hero of Aboukir, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar." We have printed in italics the words which we find underscored by the editor's pen in a copy of "Iris" before us, which appended the following note, in the handwriting of Montgomery:—"This is a prophetic letter. Chantrey was then scarcely known, even in Sheffield; and as a sculptor had executed nothing except the two alluded to, another of Mr. Hunt, a painter, and those only in clay. He painted half portraits in oil, the size of life, four guineas each!"

It is this period that Chantrey painted the excellent likeness of Montgomery, from which the engraving prefixed to the volume of these Memoirs of the Poet was taken.

This year* appeared the "Grave,"† and the "Common Lot;"† the latter was written on the 4th Nov.,

* In a "Notice to Correspondents," in the "Iris" of Nov. 28., the editor says:—"We have never before seen the 'Lines said to have been written by a LUNATIC with a tobacco pipe on the wall of a prison.' From the manner in which they are sent to us, we cannot tell whether they are genuine or even original. We care not who was the author, we will speak frankly of them. The first verses are of no extraordinary merit, and are very ob-

the poet's birth-day, was, in fact, originally published as a "Birth-day Contemplation." Much of these have been admired and quoted, perhaps one of the unexpected testimonies to the universality of their generic significance is that of Thomas Hood, who, speaking of the peculiarities of his character in his "Literary Reminiscences," says, "Lamb, being applied for a memoir of himself, made that it would go into an epigram; and I really believe that I could compress my own into that baker's dozen of lines called a sonnet. Montgomery, indeed, has fore- greater part of it in his striking poem the 'Common Lot.'"

It could hardly appear surprising that the "Grave" should have become the subject of meditations, even a theme of invocation to his muse, when we recollect that it was a well known poem on this subject which first awakened in Montgomery's bosom

sentiment; but we are neither ashamed nor afraid to declare, that, in the whole compass of English poetry, there is not to be found a passage more truly, more divinely, sublime than the concluding stanza of this little piece. It is like the arch of Heaven, more majestic in simplicity than all the mountains that it covers in their magnificent variety:—

"Tell them I AM," JEHOVAH said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread;
And smitten to the heart,
At once, above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, 'O LORD! THOU ART.'"

Montgomery soon learned, directly from the widow of the author, what every student of English verse every day knows, that the foregoing is one of a series of stanzas on "David," written by the unfortunate Christopher Smart. The reader may compare the opinion cited in the above note relative to the merit of these lines with that which preceded the transcription of the same passage twenty years afterwards in the "Christian Poet."

the feelings of poetry; but the fact was, this popular poem originated in a circumstance, enough in itself, but curious as connected with the history of the verses in question. Montgomery had a favourite English bullfinch, which he purchased from a poor man at Norton, who had taught it to whistle the tune of an air called "Jockey to the Fair," as well as parts of many others. Its notes were exceedingly soft and varied; "not," he observed, "like those of certain wire-throated birds, but rather like the sweet tones of a flute; and when Bully sang, he seemed not so much to communicate with his bill, but the manner of song was in general, but, as it were, to produce the sounds from his belly in the manner of a ventriloquist." This feathered favourite died, after having been Montgomery's entertaining companion for five years; and the two stanzas at the commencement of the "Grave" were actually written for the purpose of being buried with the bullfinch, and the copy of them was laid aside, and out of sight, a considerable time. Turning them up one day casually, "I thought," said he, "they were too good to be buried; I therefore pursued the train of thought which they elicited, and thus originated the poem." "How do you dispose of the dead bird?" Montgomery: "I sealed him up in a paper coffin, with a copy of the verses, and buried him in Cook Wood. There was one stanza in the original poem particularly lamenting the bullfinch, which of course did not appear in the 'Grave' as published. I do not now recollect it." He seemed to speak of this favourite bird with pleasure. Mr. Gales pointed to the hook from which the cage used to be suspended. "Yes," said he, "he used to hang in my ear, when my little study was a part of the shop, and I sometimes brought him into the parlour here, to be more safe from the cat." *Holland:*

"Cowper, you know, some the death of Lady Throgmorton's bullfinch, which he terminated very happily a simile might easily have become ridiculous." *Montgomery*: "Nobody but Cowper would have managed it as well as has done." Our friend this period sometimes took up "merry flageolet," and amused himself with recalling the whistled by the bullfinch, in order to teach them another bird: in this task, however, he succeeded. the *Edinburgh Reviewer* been of these circumstances, as connected with the origin of the poem of the "Grave," they might have sharpened the keen edge of his ill-nature.

The reader of these will not, we trust, be sorry to receive this account of incident which led to the composition of one of the most touching popular little pieces in the language. In this, as in every other theme, the poet soon turned from mere external suggestives of his theme to the deep experience and hallowed sympathies of his heart. A withered flower, a dead bird, a passing cloud, caught his fancy a moment; but it was only the key emotions which, being disclosed by the poet, every of his readers recognised as part and parcel of his own humanity. The "Grave" must have made a lasting impression on the mind of Lord Byron, who adopted more than the form and cadence of the in what Captain Medwin has published the "Last Lines" posed by his lordship, and dated his "thirty-sixth birthday, at Missolonghi, Jan. 22. 1824:—

"If thou regret thy youth, why live?
The land of honourable death
Is here — to the field, and give
Away thy breath.

" Seek out—less often sought than found—
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest."

Montgomery coincided in **MR** opinion, adding, when the resemblance between these **STanzas** and his **own** was pointed out, "I wish I could find the letter addressed **to me** by Mrs. Burton, in which she mentions **my** eagerness with which, to her **own** knowledge, Lord Byron **sent** the volume containing the 'Grave.'"^{*}

* In 1838 appeared a little publication of forty-two verses, and printed at Selby, entitled an "Answer to Montgomery's **unpublished** Poem of the 'Grave,' by Robert Pleydell Wilson." The "Grave" has, indeed, **been** an universal favourite with the admirers of Montgomery's poetry; perhaps there is hardly a **stanza** in **the** whole range **of** English metre that has been more frequently **quoted** appropriately quoted in the pulpit than that which is comprised in the following extract from an article on the Sheffield Poet, by Robert Gilfillan, author of a "Gallery of Literary Portraits:"—"We will not soon forget the sabbath evening—it was a golden summer-tide—when we first heard his [Montgomery's] 'Grave' repeated, and wept as we heard it. **It** seemed to come, as it professed to come, from the grave itself—a still, small voice of comfort and of hope, even from that stern abyss. **It** was a fine **and** bold idea to turn the great enemy into a comforter, and elicit such a reply, so tender and so submissive, **to** **the** challenge, 'O grave, where is thy victory?' Triumphant in prospect over the sun himself, **the** 'Grave' proclaims the superiority and immunity of the soul:—

" 'The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky;
 The SOUL! immortal as its sire,
 Shall never die.'

"Surely no well in the wilderness ever sparkled out to the thirsty traveller a voice more musical, **more** tender, **more** cheering, than this which Montgomery educes from the jaws of the narrow house."—*Tail's Mag.*, Sept. 1846, p. 546.

CHAP. XXVIII.

1806.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE "WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND,"—PLAN OF THE POEM,—ITS FAVOURABLE RECEPTION.—DR. AND MISS Aikin.—"DEPARTED DAY"—NOTION OF THE "WANDERER" IN THE "BOLESTIC REVIEW."—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE EDITOR, DANIEL PARKER, AND THE POET.—MONTGOMERY WRITES FOR THE "BOLESTIC."—"LITTLE'S POEM"—CONVERSATIONS.—LETTERS TO PARKER.—URATE ■■ PITT AND FOX.—THEIR CHARACTERS ■■

THIS year is memorable ■■ the ■■ of Montgomery, ■■ the ■■ of the publication of ■■ "Wanderer of Switzerland," the work with which ■■ ■■ is ■■ familiarly associated, ■■ that which, almost immediately ■■ ■■ first appearance, decided the author's title ■■ ■■ place among the genuine poets of ■■ country.

■■ little, however, did he foresee the reputation that awaited him, and so negligent ■■ he of the security of his own success, that he suffered the volume, ■■ already intimated, to be three years in passing through his ■■ press, where it ■■ first printed in ■■ edition of five hundred copies. The progress of this work, ■■ important in ■■ poetical and literary history of the author, will justify ■■ somewhat circumstantial detail of facts.

We have before mentioned how it happened that Montgomery ■■ led to adopt the political catastrophe of Switzerland ■■ the ground-work ■■ what was ■■ ■■ ■■ be merely a ballad. Whether or ■■

the subject was a fortunate one, — the manner in which he resolved to pursue a well chosen, and questions — may perhaps be allowed to say, have been determined in the affirmative by the success of the experiment. Nevertheless, Montgomery himself was always willing to admit that a variety of circumstances extrinsic to the merit of the poem contributed, in a slight degree, to its early popularity. In his own words, in a letter to Mr. Holland, are ingenuous. "The original plan," says he, "of a dramatic narrative, for a poem of any length beyond a ballad, was radically wrong; and nothing, perhaps, but a little novelty and the peculiar interest of the subject (at once romantic and familiar to our earliest feelings and prepossessions in favour of liberty, simplicity, the pastoral life, the innocence of the olden times) could have secured such a piece any amount of popularity." But to the publication.

It was first advertised in the "Iris" of January 1807 year; and in the course of a few weeks, a copy was obtained. By the advice of Verner and Hood, London publishers, a second edition of five hundred copies was printed at a metropolitan press: it was announced in July, with a flattering list of reviews, &c., in which the work was favourably noticed.* At this

* The Annual, General, Eclectic, and Anti-Jacobin Reviews; Ladies' Museum; Mirror; Universal, and Monthly Magazines, and others. Several copies of verses appeared in commendation of the poem. Among the rest, an elegant tribute of this kind which, not being of a laudatory character, Montgomery copied into the "Iris," from the "Belfast Chronicle." Of these stanzas, he observed in a heading—"If their own merit be not a sufficient commendation, the editor of the 'Iris' is inexcusable for publishing them." They had, however, another recommendation—that of having been written by the accomplished wife of the Rev. Ignatius Montgomery, and a grand-daughter of the Rev. John

time, Mr. Taylor, a spirited young bookseller, just commencing business, wrote, and offered one hundred pounds for the copyright of the work. Montgomery thankfully acknowledged the liberality of the proposal, but fancying the hazard great the part of his correspondent, he politely declined the offer. Meanwhile Dr. Aikin, who had reprinted, with much commendation, several of Montgomery's pieces in the "Poetical Register," more than charmed with the "Wanderer of Switzerland," and having ferreted out the author, by means of a letter to the Rev. H. H. Piper, of Norton*, determined to seek him. To this end he not only addressed to him a complimentary notice in the "Monthly Magazine,"† but recommended him to Longman and Co., the publishers. This respectable firm immediately applied to the Sheffield poet, offering to take the outstanding copies, and forthwith issue a new and superior edition of a thousand, allowing the author half profits. This arrangement was readily acceded to, much to the satisfaction of all parties; and especially of Mrs. Lucy Aikin, who, as she said, was "delighted that the loved *Alceus* was at last found out,"

Gambold, one of the bishops in the Moravian Church. Some complimentary rhymes also appeared in the "Morning Post," by a writer signing "Hafex," better known from the couplet and stanza in which he is commemorated by Lord Byron, among "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," under his real name of Stott. We only recollect one couplet:—

"Sheffield, with all its works of smoke and fire,
Has nought produced superior to thy lyre."

"But if," said Montgomery's brother Ignatius, "the poet's lyre had been iron, and fabricated by one of the Sheffield artisans, like their celebrated outlery, by means of the anvil and the file!"

* To whom, on the birth of his first child, Montgomery afterwards addressed the "Rosa."—*Works*, p. 200.

† Vol. XX. p. 145.

Among the various periodicals in which the "Wanderer of Switzerland" was first noticed, we must more particularly mention the "Eclectic Review," because the critique which appeared there was written with greater ability, or more of a more laudatory character, than any of the others, but because it was actually productive of a new and interesting phase in Montgomery's literary life. Dr. Styles, in a memoir of Daniel Parken, Esq.*, says, in reference to this review, and the connections which it led, "The intimate, as well as the distinguished, friend whom Parken gained in a very early period of his editorial career was James Montgomery. The first publication of this child of sensibility and poet of nature was placed under dissection on the critic's table. The author was unknown, and the modest, unimposing form of the volume seemed rather to implore protection than to provoke severity. The perusal of a few pages awakened in the youthful censor [Parken] admiration and delight. He therefore determined to gratify his feelings by writing a notice which should introduce the work to the readers of the 'Eclectic.' In discharging this pleasing task he proved how well he was able to appreciate the genius of the poet, and how sympathise with the sorrows of the man, which the pensive sadness of the poems evidently revealed. As this critique was introductory to a friendship between minds peculiarly congenial, and which continued with unabated warmth and tenderness till interrupted by death, I will enrich my pages with a few lines from it." The Doctor then quotes as follows:—

"There are few names," says Parken, "so deeply interesting as that of Switzerland. It is a sound which wakes many a sleeper, and is a source of sensibility. It is that

* Early Blossoms, p. 111.

There is more forcibly an attention to rural and simple scenes, an admiration of natural beauty and sublimity, a love of freedom and of the country, which protects it, a detestation of cruelty, and a horror of oppression. The reader who is tenderly sensible to these feelings will be impatient of the poems of Mr. Montgomery, when he is aware that he has done justice to such a subject.

“The ‘Wanderer of Switzerland,’” says Mr. M., ‘the longest poem in the collection, has a peculiar claim on the liberality of criticism. Whatever may be its character, it is written in the spirit nor after the manner of any preceding poet. An heroic subject is celebrated in a lyric poem, on a dramatic plan. To unite with the majesty of epic song the fire, rapidity, and compression of the ode, and give us both the grace and variety of impassioned conversation, would be an enlargement of the boundaries of Parnassus. In such an adventure, it is consecrated by the boldness of its first attempt. Under these circumstances, the “Wanderer of Switzerland” will be hospitably received by every lover of the Muses: and, though the poet may have been as unfortunate as his hero, the infirmities of both will be forgiven for the courage which each has displayed.’—*Pref.* pp. 5, 6.

“His envy and steadiness of eye that discern mistakes in such a poet as Mr. Montgomery. The principal faults in his lyro-drama seem to arise from his very strength. The power of his writer and the feeling of his reader sometimes languish for a few moments; how could it be otherwise?—since languor necessarily follows an excess of pleasure and mental exertion. The metre of the poem is confined and monotonous for its length; its conclusion partakes scarcely enough of the catastrophe, to gratify the interest and curiosity which are excited by its beginning and singular merit.

“The degree of merit which will be attributed to Mr. M. will differ according to the respective tastes of his readers. He is not so successful for brilliancy of expression as for warmth of sentiment: his visions are not cold, feeble, in-

meteors; phantoms in gaudy and incongruous colours. He not only animates: images appear in simplicity to the eye, but with impassioned tenderness and sublimity. Those especially cherish the softer feelings cheerfully Mr. M. our best contemporary poets, presenting the homage grateful to his muse, — the emotions of sympathy.

"We had once before an occasion to condemn that morbid sensibility which in his own person as highly prejudicial to the performance of active duties. We have exposed the impiety of those writers who seem to every sufferer on earth a curse, and a blast in heaven. In Mr. M.'s poem of the 'Grave,' a mourner is introduced with pathetic resignation to the earth, and waiting the approach of that hour to terminate his wretchedness. The 'Grave' is personified, and introduced to warn him of his folly and danger, him to 'live, repent, pray.' As these have already appeared in print, though perhaps surreptitiously, we only notice and recommend the

"We are very happy to recognise Mr. Montgomery the *Alceus* of the lyre who often delighted. Several of his productions, here inserted, appeared some since the 'Poetical Register.' Among them we remember the 'Thunderstorm,' the 'Battle of Alexandria,' and the 'Ad- Volunteers,' with particular pleasure. Some of the in the latter strongly remind us of Collins's beautiful lines, 'How sleep Brave,' &c. Whether some particulars Mr. M. excelled, or only equalled charming lyricist, the reader decide. He displays a rich romantic fancy, a heart, a copious active command of imagery and language, an irresistible influence over the feelings. At the same time he has set an example, in some important particulars, which writers will do well to imitate; we allude to the of his rhymes, and his exclusion of heathen mythology from

compositions. The shorter poems are elegant and full; some of them are highly poetical and interesting; they assume a degree of cheerfulness, yet very much softened by an air of tender melancholy. It is in the higher spheres that he touches the chords with the hand of a master.

"From every page in this volume we perceive, and indeed hope, that Mr. M. has the real source of grief, and that he has not assumed a show of melancholy, as he might a black coat, from an idea that it was fashionable or becoming.

"We perceive, with no small pleasure, that his heart is full of religious sentiment: we hope that his religion is genuine, as well as warm, is a feeling merely, not a habit; and that his fine talents are devoted to the service of Him 'who giveth the garment of praise to the spirit of heaviness.' We leave these impressions, we leave, cordially wishing him permanent happiness, though we may at the expense of our gratification of poetical celebrity."

Such warm, but discreet, praise as the foregoing — anonymous as it was — and following, as it did, the "brightest smile of welcome," and the cheering voice of encouragement from Dr. Aikin and others, could not satisfy Montgomery of the legitimacy of his poetical call, even if he had entertained doubts on the subject.

"The appearance of the article in the 'Eclectic,' Parken," says Dr. Styles, "prompted a letter to Mr. Montgomery, requesting his assistance as a writer in that publication. This brought on a correspondence of most interesting and delightful nature; and, long parties were personally known to each other, there was a perfect intimacy.

"Mr. Montgomery's style as a writer was singularly

characteristic; he displayed once a very high degree of power and principle. The writer of the *Review* must not forget the enthusiasm with which, in the interview, Parken expatiated on the merits of his new auxiliary. It was in the early period of their intercourse that he had placed him in his 'heart of hearts.' He loved the man, revered the Christian, and admired the writer.

"The article which inspired him with such sentiments was a review of 'Epistles, Odes, and other Poems,' by an author, at that time, only known to the public by the prostitution of a fine genius to the service of immorality. He was just the subject to draw out the varied excellencies of Montgomery's talents and sentiments, and enabled his new correspondent to form a proper estimate of his moral worth."*

The circumstances which gave birth to the "Eclectic Review" have repeatedly been noticed in the published lives of one and another of its founders and original supporters. All, therefore, that need be said on the subject in this place is that it was intended to occupy, with articles having an evangelical character and bearing, the ground mostly void on such subjects by its earlier contemporaries; and although Montgomery was one of the founders of, or first contributors to, the work, his connection with it belonged to that "palmy period" of its existence when the names of such men as Robert Hall, Adam Clarke, Olinthus Gregory, and John Foster, were associated with his own on the editor's muster-roll.

Daniel Parken, whom we are henceforward to regard as one of the intimate and most endeared friends of Montgomery, was born at Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, and educated for the bar; in 1791 he succeeded the Rev. Samuel Gresham in the editorship of the "Eclectic Review." There was a considerable disparity

* Early Blossoms, p. 178.

between [] and that of [] correspondent ; for, more than twelve months after [] period, Dr. Styles expresses surprise, on [] interview with Parken, at the youthful appearance of [] friend, stating that he [] beyond measure delighted with his pleasing manners and interesting conversation,—Montgomery and his works forming the prominent subjects of [] course. But what Parken lacked in years, he more than realised in talent; he well deserved and warmly cherished the friendship of the poet.

Aware that Montgomery [] written for the "Eclectic Review," he [] interrogated particularly [] the subject. *Everett*: "Dr. Styles, in [] 'Early Blossoms,' which Mr. Holland has just shown to me, refers [] the [] of your career [] a reviewer." *Montgomery*: "The Doctor is incorrect in [] statement. 'Cumberland's Memoire' were reviewed by me prior [] the article he notices, [] this was before Parken had any knowledge of the writer. At that time I [] known [] none but Dr. John Pye Smith; [] let out the secret, and I [] then solicited to furnish other articles. My friend Parken, Mr. Foster, and myself, had nearly the whole of the Review in [] hands [] period; [] least, [] the chief contributors. But after Parken's death [] became [] shy, and [] very little for it. The Rev. Robert Hall wrote the critique [] Foster's Essays." *Everett*: "By the way, [] you ever in company with Mr. Foster or Mr. Hall?" *Montgomery*: "Never, with either of them." Mr. Cottle†, when I [] a visit [] Bristol, drove me

* [] was his reply at the time; but some years afterwards he spent an afternoon with Hall, and more than once heard him preach.

† Author of "Alfred," the [] of Cambria," &c., and [] early friend of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge.

in a gig at the village where Mr. Foster resided, but we were disappointed of seeing him. He was present at some of my lectures in that city, but did not attend himself." *Everett*: "Did the 'Eclectic' remunerate the proprietors?" *Montgomery*: "The proprietors, I believe, lost considerably by it. Dr. James Clarke was one of them." *Everett*: "Will you favour me with a list of the articles which you reviewed?" *Montgomery*: "With all my heart." He then enumerated some from memory, which I noted down before him: and, after ruminating and trying to recollect the remainder, he said, "There are others, but I will give you a written list of the whole some day." Accordingly he furnished a list of *sixteen* more, observing, "I was really astonished however I found time to write so much during my short connection with the work, and amidst my other pressing engagements."

The earliest letter from Parken to Montgomery, which, we have seen, is dated June 17. 1806, but from an allusion in it to "a draft for friendly services," and other internal evidence, it is clearly not the first which passed between them.

James Montgomery to Daniel Parken.

"Sheffield, July 21. 1806.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am exceedingly gratified by the receipt of your favour dated July 18. Your ready compliance with my request of an acknowledgment of the receipt of my scripts is a greater kindness than you imagine, for I have so much business in stage-coaches, that I cannot spare a mis-carriage of one or both of the parcels as an event very probable, and by no means desirable; for though the matter is written in the public eye, under favour of yours, I certainly shall have been dreadfully affected if they had

thieves, and the subject of private
 I was therefore in hot till I received
 of their arrival. I should not have
 half so vexed if you had rejected them as if they had pe-
 rished by the way. it was the frankness and spirit
 which your last letter was written that charmed me,
 added to the discovery that you are as much a brother poet
 to me as I am a brother critic to you. I shall be impatient
 I see—not what you say I escaped on Thursday morning
 —but your sweetest your choicest theme, what-
 ever it may be. Concerning my 'Prison Amusements,' I
 you, in the first place, they were written when
 I was very young and very foolish, but very vain very
 Our friend, Mr. J. P. Smith, can inform you
 why I was twice to prison in the course of twelve
 months, you will probably think that I very well de-
 served the disgrace and punishment, though I have yet
 been to persuade myself notwithstanding my
 pride been very much since then, I could
 submit with more patience I could
 time to unmerited opprobrium. The volume
 printed published under every disadvantage. It
 hardly advertised at all in London; and in each of the re-
 views it received cold praise which is the passport to
 oblivion. He is a critic in this leaden age who dare,
 like the writer in the 'Eclectic Review' or the 'Times'
 of Switzerland,' sound the praise of a strange before
 the public voice consecrated it. Our reviewers, in
 general, hardly encourage a rising author,
 till he has no need of their cowardly plaudits — only be-
 stowed when there is no merit in giving them, and some
 credit to themselves only to be gained by them. I am
 very willing to acknowledge that they me
 as liberally as I deserved, for there are many passages
 pieces in the volume which my judg-
 unmercifully condemns; though there certainly
 are others of which I neither am nor ought to be ashamed.

I printed 500 copies: 100 were in London, only about 20 copies left, so that even I were disposed to hold up my hand at your critical bar, it would be in vain for you to be severe, for your censure would injure my sale, and equally in vain would your approbation be, for it would not benefit me. I sometimes thought of reprinting the part of the volume, 'Prison Amusements,' two or three pieces, with a few corrections, perhaps some other of my youthful follies, but I fear it would answer no profitable purpose; the credit which I have lately obtained might be lost. You complain justly of my long critiques and letters—one misfortune has been the occasion of both; I have no time to abridge the one or lengthen the other. I live in a tumult of trifles, that harass and worry me on every side; even in writing this scrawl, I have been interrupted for more than an hour by a requisition to attend in a part of town, finding something that turned out to be nothing, and nothing of any purpose. I will endeavour in future to mend; but, owing to imperative engagements which I cannot put off, I request you to expect nothing from me next month, except a few paragraphs on the poems of 'Home,' 'Human Life,' and Charlotte Richardson's. . . . On Monday week I was favoured with a call by Adam Clarke; I was as much delighted with him in private as I had been in his preceding evening in the pulpit. I wish I had an opportunity of a more intimate acquaintance with him.

"I am very truly your obliged friend,

"J. [unclear]."

"P.S. Pray name me as a critic at Longman's."

August Parken wrote to Montgomery, sending him for review a "dear book," written, he, "by Moore, Anacreon, Anacreon, whom you will;" adding, that "no language be so severe" as reprobation of the disgrace of "such [unclear] by such

delinquencies" — those [redacted] by the poet. [redacted] then adverts [redacted] the article in the "Edinburgh Review," where the book is dealt with "rather as a political than as a moral nuisance."^o

[redacted] Montgomery to Daniel Parker.

"Sheffield, Aug. 14. [redacted]"

"DEAR SIR,

"I [redacted] you some remarks [redacted] 'Home' [redacted] 'Human Life;' I [redacted] the volumes. [redacted] 'Human Life' you [redacted] [redacted] you please; you may [redacted] [redacted] away by any [redacted] in your power, [redacted] bury it beneath the epitaph which I have written for it, or you [redacted] consign [redacted] epitaph with it [redacted] immortal oblivion; but spare 'Home;' it is a charming poem, and deserves more [redacted] I have said in praise of it. [redacted] a favour, if you adopt them [redacted] all, pray insert my observations upon it with [redacted] abridgment, or amendment, [redacted] your better judgment [redacted] allow. I do not ask this because my critique does [redacted] need correction, but because I think it almost incorrigible; and I [redacted] afraid if you improve [redacted] part you may ruin another by exposing [redacted] baldness. This, however, I [redacted] resign [redacted] your mercy; nay, even [redacted] your justice. Whatever you do, don't make me speak Greek, as [redacted] of your learned brethren [redacted] in [redacted] 'Memoirs of Cumberland;' [redacted] you do put [redacted] words into my mouth I am determined to make Welsh [redacted] them, and spatter them [redacted] [redacted] ungraciously. It [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] at school, in three years, I learned more Greek than I have been [redacted] to forget in five times three, though I have [redacted] diligently neglected it, and never looked into a [redacted] book, with [redacted] view of finding meaning in it, during [redacted] term;

[redacted] This, it will be recollected, was the review which [redacted] to [redacted] hostile meeting between Jeffrey and Moore, and which was rendered memorable by Lord Byron's allusion to it in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," as well as by the subsequent friendship of the parties to which it led.

but as I yet know so much as to be able to say that I know nothing of it, I hope you will [REDACTED] future excuse [REDACTED] from making a false display of learning to which I have [REDACTED] pretension. [REDACTED] I am a little better acquainted; that is, I am a [REDACTED] [REDACTED] ignorant of Virgil [REDACTED] Cicero than I [REDACTED] of Homer [REDACTED] Demosthenes, [REDACTED] that when [REDACTED] temptation is irresistible, you may sing in a quotation in [REDACTED] tongue, as you [REDACTED] very happily into my 'Groan Extraordinary.' By the by, I never was pleased with that 'Groan,' till I [REDACTED] yours, [REDACTED] which you have [REDACTED] triumphantly [REDACTED] me; but I [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] merit of it, because my [REDACTED] example provoked you [REDACTED] a good [REDACTED]. Your printers [REDACTED] [REDACTED] to [REDACTED] [REDACTED] mine, I perceive. I much approve [REDACTED] [REDACTED] enlargement of your review, and congratulate you [REDACTED] the ability with which, in my opinion, the articles in general are written. I have returned Mrs. Richardson's poems, and beg to decline making any [REDACTED] upon them. As poetry, they [REDACTED] very insignificant; but they breathe [REDACTED] [REDACTED] humble spirit of pure Christianity. I think the fourth and [REDACTED] [REDACTED] in the "Prayer for my afflicted Child" are [REDACTED] affecting [REDACTED] anything I [REDACTED] read in much superior strains. I truly regret that Mrs. Cappe [REDACTED] mingled her sentiments with those of [REDACTED] Richardson, between which there [REDACTED] be [REDACTED] fellowship; but if the latter [REDACTED] be condemned for the sin of the former, indeed, indeed, I have [REDACTED] the heart [REDACTED] pronounce [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. I deliver [REDACTED] [REDACTED] unfortunate culprit [REDACTED] a graver [REDACTED] [REDACTED] judge than I [REDACTED] be, even if I were to see more danger than I do from [REDACTED] Cappe's insinuated principles, which [REDACTED] so frigid and [REDACTED] in comparison with the [REDACTED] and glowing religion of her friend, [REDACTED] I [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] nothing from [REDACTED]. I [REDACTED] clear [REDACTED] [REDACTED] conscience that I am not prejudiced in [REDACTED] degree whatever by [REDACTED] Richardson's having [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] imitate a very stiff poem of mine, [REDACTED] I [REDACTED] [REDACTED] request of a lady [REDACTED] York, from whom Mrs. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] have [REDACTED] it, [REDACTED] my poem [REDACTED] never published, except [REDACTED] my [REDACTED] [REDACTED] as far as I know [REDACTED] with

R. herself I have not the most distant direct or in- acquaintance. I not offend you by asking you forgive frankness of mine, because I know you approve it. I ill qualified to play the sycophant hypocrite, you would despise and detest me you me either the one or the other. I your good opinion; I have the happiness it, and I endeavour keep by deserving it.

"I, very truly,

"Your obliged friend and servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

Montgomery Perken.

"Sheffield, Sept. 1.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have taken the earliest opportunity return Thomas Moore's poems, as few remarks I possibly on them, though you probably think too many; but if you knew how I have what I had written, and how much more I have write all, which occurred to my mind, and begged for admission as evidence against him, you would give me great credit for forbearance. However, your discretion how far this article must be further abridged. It has been the difficult task which you have yet me, for as I restricted, and very justly too, from making extracts, I obliged to myself very general remarks, and as guarded as possible in expression of them not to provoke evil imaginations, while I was endeavouring repress them. The subject that touched without defilement: ; publication cannot slightly passed over by ('Kelectic' Reviewers), defenders of that revelation which requires purity of heart in all of conversation. Besides, the work is of mon genius; cannot be denied; nay, it be conceded, lest world say you honesty 'to give due.' Under considerations, I can only

assure you ~~that~~ I have done my best—that is my worst—to ~~make~~ this profligate volume according ~~to~~ ~~the~~ strictest justice, which ~~neither~~ ask ~~nor~~ give ~~any~~ grain of allowance, for in this cause I felt it ~~my~~ duty neither to take nor grant any quarter. I therefore endeavoured ~~to~~ admit ~~the~~ full ~~use~~ of ~~the~~ author's talents, ~~which~~ I ~~did~~ ~~and~~ ~~gave~~ ~~me~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~advantage~~ ~~as~~ ~~a~~ ~~matter~~ ~~of~~ ~~principle~~, ~~and~~ ~~a~~ ~~matter~~ ~~of~~ ~~practice~~. I ~~am~~ so exceedingly depressed in spirit ~~on~~ day, ~~that~~ I ~~am~~ hardly ~~able~~ straightforward, much ~~less~~ write clearly.

"I ~~am~~ very truly, your obliged ~~friend~~ ~~and~~ servant,

"J. ~~Montgomery~~ ~~to~~ ~~Mr. D. Parker~~ ~~London~~."

"Mr. D. Parker, London."

James Montgomery to Joseph Aston.

"~~London~~, Sept. 6. ~~1841~~."

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

" . . . We ~~have~~ now been correspondents more than twelve years; and in ~~the~~ ~~time~~ you have ~~had~~ many ~~an~~ opportunity of forgiving me for inexcusable offences against the laws of friendship,—but ~~they~~ were sins of omission only, ~~whereas~~ others require trouble to commit them, which, I am not ~~inclined~~ ~~to~~ say, I ~~am~~ too idle indeed to take. . . . You ~~are~~ now, with an unincumbered mind, ~~and~~ ~~being~~ disengaged, yoke freely to your ~~own~~ doubled-wheeled ~~carriage~~ ~~gon~~ (printing and bookselling), and drag ~~it~~ up ~~the~~ 'Hill Difficulty,' with might and main; ~~and~~ if you reach ~~the~~ 'Palace ~~of~~ Beautiful,' at the top, tell ~~the~~ ~~five~~ damsels who dwell there, 'Faith, Hope, and Charity,' ~~and~~ a fellow-pilgrim of yours, ~~the~~ Christian of yore, weary ~~of~~ climbing, ~~and~~ into ~~the~~ 'Arbour of Ease,' ~~and~~ asleep, and, in spite ~~of~~ ~~all~~ your ~~efforts~~ ~~to~~ awake him, ~~he~~ continues slumbering ~~and~~ dreaming ~~away~~ ~~the~~ time, though ~~the~~ 'lions' are un-~~der~~ ~~neath~~ and ranging about ~~the~~ mountain, 'seeking whom they ~~may~~ devour.' If you do not perfectly comprehend ~~the~~ fine-spun similitude, ~~consult~~ ~~John~~ ~~Bunyan's~~ 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I ~~am~~ ~~the~~ sleeper, who will ~~never~~ ~~awake~~ ~~the~~ 'Palace ~~of~~ Beautiful,'—unless I happen ~~to~~ walk ~~in~~ my

sleep that way, into lion's belly! I you your zealous concern for my poor 'Wanderer,' through of the Reviews, been civilly treated by the severest. Monthly Reviewer has praised my poems as little as he could for of him; yet commendation, cold as it is, will not do me any harm; and much a poet without a name expect. But I surprised delighted with Critical Reviewer, this month, who, though found that I a party politician, who have been imprisoned for my 'imprudences,' and 'a fanatic in religion,' theless, with truly Christian charity, taken great pains display merits of my 'Wanderer,' yet guard against any encroachment on epic poetry in my experiments. He certainly done both himself and credit by his liberal attention to my talents—whatever they may be; and I will, therefore, freely forgive his loyalty, and orthodoxy, though he has levelled his blunderbuss mine. The critique in the 'Annual Review' indeed a warm and glowing one; and I the more pleased with it when I learned from Dr. Aikin himself that he had no hand in it; but that from it, I might I had one other friend as zealous as he has been. Indeed, I under deep obligations to his kindness—and pure kindness it is him, for I was entire stranger. Yet sought when I was unpatronised, and unknown the world him, recommended my work through the wide circle his literary friends. This, you acknowledge, more than could have been expected of any but for a critic—the first critic in country—to is a precious example of the virtue for which are distinguished,—generosity. I have more room to you

"I affectionately, your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mr. Aston, Deanago, "

The progress of the present year by

■ of two individuals, whose names ■ oftener ■ the lips of political partisans than ■ of any other person, Bonaparte scarcely excepted. For wherever ■ might ■ actually raging, ■ on whichever side victory by the sword might be won, ■ destinies of Europe were dependent on the decisions of the British senate, where Pitt and Fox were fighting ■ and peace with ■ generalship ■ surpassed by the leaders of the armies in the field. The great questions which have subsequently occupied the attention of Parliament, have not been less important, nor the talents of the leaders less conspicuous, than those ■ which ■ have previously adverted ; but ■ later ministry ■ so entirely impressed its opinions ■ the ■ of its chief ■ a party, or ■ nearly divided ■ influence of the ■ so long ■ period. Pittite and Foxite ■ terms ■ sufficiently indicated ■ political opinions of the persons ■ whom they were applied, whether in ■ of Parliament. It ■ us, in ■ place, ■ pronounce any decision ■ the claims of ■ conflicting parties to exclusive patriotism. The adherents of both sides, who ■ yet alive, have ■ least yielded their ■ to the softening influence of time. Many of them have ■ reason, on other grounds, ■ revise their old opinions. Neither "All the Blocks" nor "All the Talents" were ■ side, whatever the political partisans of either faction may have said ■ sung ■ the contrary.*

The Right Hon. ■ Pitt ■ the ■ of

* One of the authors alluded to surely attributed too little influence to democratic literature, when he said—"■ every French author had written against a revolution, he could not have averted one. If every English author had written in favour of a revolution, he could not have caused one."—*Preface to "All the Talents,"* p. xii.

January, 1806, and the [redacted] reached [redacted] three days afterwards. Montgomery, who [redacted] been through-
[redacted] [redacted] political [redacted] an anti-Pittite, [redacted] [redacted] more deeply impressed by the tidings of the decease of the great minister at such a crisis, than elevated by the immediate prospect of seeing a government formed in conjunction with the Whig leader of the House of Commons. In his next "Iris" he wrote—

"Mr. [redacted] is dead! [redacted] to his ashes, and [redacted] to [redacted] soul! We shall [redacted] sit in judgment on [redacted] character; he is no longer accountable [redacted] man for his actions, though man [redacted] [redacted] the influence of those actions for [redacted] [redacted] But low in the darkness [redacted] silence of the dust to [redacted] [redacted] gone down, [redacted] will [redacted] as [redacted] [redacted] voice of panegyric [redacted] of censure [redacted] his bones [redacted] [redacted] insensible [redacted] the warmth [redacted] sun [redacted] shines upon [redacted] grave, [redacted] [redacted] fury of [redacted] tempest [redacted] [redacted] over it. Though we have condemned, [redacted] deliberately and conscientiously, the general policy of the departed Minister during the last twelve years of his authority, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] reproach [redacted] memory, [redacted] a time when [redacted] fall, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] fate of ten thousand of [redacted] multitude, proclaims [redacted] value and uncertainty of life. It is by extinguishing in [redacted] instant the luminaries of the world, [redacted] [redacted] whose [redacted] have ruled [redacted] counsels of kings, whose [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] the reins of government, whose [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] the moving spirit of nations—it is by extinguishing these in [redacted] instant that death makes his power universally known,—it is by piercing a heart like Mr. Pitt's, whose pulsation [redacted] felt over [redacted] [redacted] land through millions of bosoms, that he discovers [redacted] each of [redacted] the [redacted] which [redacted] launched from his bow at the moment of [redacted] birth, [redacted] which pursues [redacted] with steady, unerring, unceasing decision, through every turning of life, increasing in speed as we fail in strength, till it reaches the mark, and we [redacted] [redacted] twinkling [redacted] an eye, [redacted] if [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] been.*

* This is a very striking and poetical thought; and [redacted] seems [redacted]

A few hours ago, every nation in the civilised world living interest of Mr. Pitt; five hundred of fellow-creatures—the population of Europe, America, West and East Indies—perhaps was one, whether roaming on the banks of the Ganges or mining in the of Peru, who could say, '*I am out of the power of man.*' Now, the poorest cipher the millions, Mr. is than of night. great, true, transcendently great; and, in and death, a eminent example how greatness is. But we must expatiate here: we have chosen rather to view Mr. Pitt as a splendid beacon of mortality end, than invidiously to scrutinise deeds, and dishonour his . In the grave of Lord Nelson, his interment, deposited the colours of the 'Victory' under which he fought and fell, and yet conquered; in the grave of Mr. Pitt, at his interment, he deposited the banners

dwelt the author's mind; for thirteen years afterwards met with it in the following unpublished lines, entitled—

"A Fragment.

"The arrow that shall lay me low,
Was shot from Death's unerring bow
The moment of my breath;
And every footstep I proceed
It tracks me with unceasing speed:
I turn — meets me: — Death
Has given such instinct to that dart,
points for ever at my heart.

"And soon of me it must be said,
That I have lived,— that I am dead; —
Of all I leave behind,
A few may weep a little while,
Then bless my memory with a smile —
O my immortal mind!
When life and death no more shall be,
Where wilt thou spend ETERNITY?

"J. MONTGOMERY, 1819."

of the party under which he fought and fell, but not conquer; and them, too, for ever he consigned to the standards of opposition, and all the sufferings of Englishmen."—*Iris*, Jan. 1806.

Of the difference between the old and the new, or, it may then be considered, the late and the present ministry, the editor of the "*Iris*" gave the following just and elegant illustration:—

"The late and present administrations exhibit a most extraordinary contrast: in the former there was one great figure, many ciphers; in the latter there is scarcely a cipher, but many great figures. Mr. Pitt and his numerous companions may be compared to the constellation of the Great Dog, in which there is only one star of superior lustre, and that the most splendid in the hemisphere; when it shines a beacon in the sky, all its followers are dimly distinguished by the reflection of their own light. On the other hand, the coalition of genius, now risen upon us, may be compared to the neighbouring constellation of Orion, glowing with innumerable stars of every order, of beauty, of magnitude, forming the most glorious assemblage of luminaries in the heavens. We are unwilling to press the simile, for the malign and maddening influence of the Dog is more felt by the poets, than the tempestuous aspect of Orion."—*Iris*, Feb. 20. 1806.

Hardly, however, had the new ministry been in existence six months, when the Honourable Charles James Fox followed his political rival to the grave; dying on the 13th of September, 1806. The same day reached the British shores when two illustrious individuals, who had just carried out, they in turn occupied the throne of England, the leading principles of the two great rival parties, the Prince of Wales and the Duke

of Clarence — were privately visiting the town, and examining the manufactories, &c.

"The **DEATH** of **MR. FOX**," Montgomery observes, "is one of those events in which the whole human race seems interested, as he **WAS** placed on an eminence from which he was conspicuous **TO** the world. These islands, however, **HAVE** peculiar cause to mourn his removal **AT** a time when he was negotiating for that peace which they have **SO** long and so unavailingly desired. We **WERE** **CONVINCED** of **THE** **NECESSITY** of **PEACE** **AND** **WELL-KNOWN** **THE** **IMAGINED** **RUIN** **OF** **THE** **COUNTRY** depended **ON** **MR. FOX**, **MR. FITT**, or any other man, however elevated by rank, **AND** distinguished by talents, but, under Providence, **ON** the public spirit of **THE** **PEOPLE** **THEMSELVES**. **THE** **OPINION** **SHOULD** remain, and, much **AS** we wished **FOR** **THE** life, **WE** **DEEPLY** **DO** deplore the death of this transcendently great man, **AND** fear **FOR** Britain; those on whose conduct **THE** welfare depends still live, and will continue **TO** live **AS** long **AS** the **SEAS** shall encircle her shores. Kings, heroes, **AND** statesmen, — Edwards, Henries, Marlboroughs, Nelsons, Pitts, and Foxes, — from time **TO** **TIME** arise, flourish, and **RE** appear. The people **SHOULD** die! Then let them know their **OWN** dignity; let them depend on their own virtue; let them endeavour, **AND** **THEY** **SHOULD** deserve to be free **AND** invincible: and till their sea can be dried up, and their rocks crumbled, they shall **NEVER** be conquered **OR** enslaved." — *Frederick*, Sept. **1793**.

CHAP. XXIX.

1811

CAREY AND CHANTREY.—MONTGOMERY'S IMPROVED BOOK AND INTERESTING—ATTENTION TO BUSINESS—DUTIES.—METHODIST CLASS MEETINGS.—TRAVEL IN THE NORTH.—MONTGOMERY FORTY.—EDITORIAL REMARKS.—OF THE "WANDERER IN SWITZERLAND."—WOOLL'S MEMOIRS OF WARTON.—THE "DIAL."—"HAPPY AND SORROW."—JEU D'ESPRIT.

THE project of a local monument to Nelson by Chantrey was, as we have stated, not carried out; but neither Montgomery nor his friend Carey once gave up the project. "The moment," says the latter, in a letter dated May 19., "I had read your last, I wrote Chantrey to obtain the information which you required, and I have just received his answer. He says, 'The expense of a bronze figure eight feet high will be about £100 independent of the other appendages, which cannot be estimated until a model is made.' He expects to be in London in five or six weeks, to put up Wilkinson's monument. This is all I say upon the subject, except adding my recommendation to you to pursue whatever interest you can in favour of Chantrey. I have been of your zeal in his behalf, and am indeed thankful for it; and as to your kind request to print it, I will write upon the subject. I fairly confess I know not what to say or sing to the good people of London. How strikingly does the

above estimate for a large bronze statue with the sums received by the artist for similar works in after years!

Parker tells my friend that if his critiques have any fault, it is that they are "too long; and," he adds, "they are at the same time so interesting that I cannot mutilate them."

James Montgomery to Daniel Parker.

"Sheffield, Oct. 1 1844

"DEAR FRIEND,

"Take the worst I have to tell you. I have written a line about Wool's Warton, but I will do my very best to send you the article in ten days, so that, instead of Monday next, do not expect it before Monday se'night. If you can forgive this, read forward; if not, throw this letter into the fire, and write me as scolding an answer as you please. I am so sure that it be charged with treble postage: I will not loose it at the post-office, if it be an angry one, and less than three full sheets. Now I hold you in defiance; you will cool before you have written one page of hard words against so poor an offender as I am, and the moment you cool I shall be pardoned and received into your gracious favour than ever. Now as I see you are a much more reasonable being than you seem, I will send you lines in my apology,—may you never feel it! During the whole of the month I have been sinking in despondency, till I have hardly the spirit to languish through my ordinary drudgery of business, much less to read Wool's dull narrative and stupid criticism, which are both so wretchedly neutral, that they can no more provoke than they can delight me, and, unless I am in a rapture in my own thoughts, I have no language to employ for or against an author. I do not think the public how very humbly I think of this huge quarto, which is as flat and as unmeaning to me as a gravestone with no inscription than, 'Here Joseph Warton, D.D.'"

"I cannot furnish you with any work in the I named, because I have go into Derbyshire beginning of week, which will me away for days. But I will endeavour you in the course of the month by sending you a few 'Life of Colonel Hutchinson,' which fell like a judgment upon afternoon having dispatched I received a parcel before from you only half because reminded of my transgression, and a new penance me, at a when I am very ill qualified bear any of 'the miseries of human life.' I will you of my newspapers by post You will in the last of it a few melancholy stanzas, breathed, or rather *groaned* (in the language of Timothy Testy—that is, you, when you read letter, —and Samuel Sensitive, —that is, while I writing it) in bitterness almost of despair, and which have truth than poetry in them. There subjects which my is continually rolling, that forbid me to hope for peace on earth, because I tempted my gloomy to think that I can find rest for my soul in the consolations of the Gospel, for I can forget threatenings: on Mount Calvary I thunders of Sinai. But I will wound your on tremendous theme. By the by, have you the 'Critical Review' of August? It praises my little volume unmercifully; but it that I am a Jacobin politica, a fanatic in religion. As first sation, I know how to despise it: and for second, the reproach of the Cross, would to God that I were worthy of —I am glad you highly of 'Homs.' You are right respecting disposition to depreciate merits of living poets. I don't choose to my volume here, for very ought not 'Eclectic Review' example of independent judgment, boldly praise living merit, and public opinion, to after it, as most of our reviewers do; who wait to world about author, whom they

suspect there may be merit, though they dare not declare it, the peril of all their critical reputation, till every body else acknowledged it. My observations on 'Home' were written without seeing a remark of any body ~~on~~ it, without being acquainted with a human being myself who ~~had~~ it. This, my dear sir, you may rely upon, I ~~shall~~ always write my own judgment, whether ~~it~~ your adoption or no; but I shall always subject your curtailments, nay even your rejection, ~~which~~ you totally disapprove, as long as I have ~~the~~ unbiassed independence of your own judgment; I will nor can ~~write~~ write to the prejudices or the private ~~interests~~ of any party whatever. Your ~~kind~~ information respecting the ~~contents~~ of my critique on Dermody gives a little encouragement: but pray hide my name in the ~~inner~~ part of your breast, where you conceal your best deeds from every human eye. I have scribbled this as hastily as possible and put you in ~~of~~ of pain respecting Wool's Warton. My time ~~is~~ expired.

"Farewell. I am truly your affectionate friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mr D. Parker"

Montgomery's review of Moore's meretricious ~~poem~~ —seasonably and justly severe as it was—gave very great satisfaction to the readers of the "Eclectic." And ~~at~~ the least so, an allusion in the opening paragraph to the recent duel between the irate poet and one of ~~the~~ critics:—

"Thomas Moore, *ci-devant* Thomas Little, ~~an~~ Anacreon, holds the strange opinion that reviewers are 'accountable beings,' though ~~he~~ writes as if ~~he~~ accountable neither to God ~~nor~~ to man. Our readers know what a tremendous risk ~~he~~ of ~~the~~ most formidable of ~~the~~ incurred, by presuming to reprobate ~~the~~ publication of ~~his~~ poems,—less indeed as a personal crime than as a public nuisance. Unawed, however, by ~~his~~ a warning,

and daring ■ deprecating ■ ■ ■ displeasure, we shall speak ■ freely of ■ ■ volume ■ ■ ■ author ■ ■ ■ neither a ■ of honour nor ■ gentleman, ■ ■ as sincere a coward as the writer of this article has the courage to ■ himself." ■

There is, perhaps, less of the *critic* than the *moralist* in this review, and for this every reader will find ■ satisfactory ■ in the subject. The warning voice of the *preacher* becomes ■ audible ■ ■ proceed, that it seems ■ drown almost every other consideration, and ■ lose sight of every other object except the odiousness of moral evil, and the guilt of those persons who furnish incentives to it. He draws from his arsenal those dread materials which formed the thunder that the prophets and apostles wielded over ■ unrepenting world : and we cannot but thence infer the faithful character which his ministry would have borne, had it pleased the Divine Being ■ have given him a frame of might ■ discharge its functions, and had he himself been as fully convinced of ■ duty to enter into the sacred office, as his teachers ■ intent ■ fitting him for it.

Indeed, when it ■ observed to him that the ■ view ■ ■ much in the language of the preacher ■ the critic, he replied, "It is properly ■ moral essay ■ the immoral character of Moore's poetry, ■ exhibited in that volume ; in this I ■ as I ■ requested, and I have ■ quoted ■ line of his verse." "Your omission of poetical extracts," it was rejoined, "includes ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ any of the ■ things you have written." Of the genius of Moore, as afterwards ■ legitimately exercised, Montgomery ■ always ready to speak ■ highly as any ■

"Have I told you yet," writes Parker, "that Moore out-
 does all former outdoings? Every person of every species
 and order of intellect singles out that article, and pesters me
 with questions about the author. I tell them I know not, and
 they always guess some man whose name they know is
 supereminent. For instance—a lady of exquisite taste,
 and an old friend, took upon herself to interrogate me
 of the company: and, first, was it myself?—of course, a compliment; was it
 John Foster, the author of 'Essays?' No; it was by an unknown somebody, whom I
 should be proud to know, because I flattered myself I might
 be my friend; but I was interdicted, and was
 perfectly silent."

James Montgomery to Daniel Parker.

"Sheffield, Oct. 14, 1834."

"DEAR FRIEND,

"If your letter had been less dearly interesting to
 me I should have answered it sooner, with an apology for not
 being able to prepare a critique on 'Wool's Memoirs' within
 the time appointed by myself; but I could not send a cold
 formal letter of business only (and I have truly had no time
 to write any other) in reply to one of the most
 welcome epistles I ever received in my life. But I must
 despatch business first. My journey into Derbyshire has
 been postponed on account of the illness of an old gentleman
 whom I was going to see, so that I as well as you made the
 journey in spirit only;—really I should like to know what our
 spirits would do to each other when they met on the high moors,
 how they passed their time together, and with what senti-
 ments they parted. I wish I had been present ourselves
 with you; we have heard your conversation, and enjoyed
 their communion of thought. This is so romantic an idea,
 and so much to the mind so pleasing a one, that I indulged in
 the hurry and vexation of business at home, on
 Monday and Tuesday last week; but I have no room to
 patiate in the vision of friendship longer. Now

apology can I offer ■■■ not threshing out the 'Memoirs of Warton,' since I remained at home all the week? A very strange ■■■ I have ■■■ revising ■■■ volume of poems for a *third* edition, which is called for immediately. Neither I nor my booksellers, I believe, had any hope of the second edition being disposed of at the ■■■ before midsummer next. It has been almost entirely sold in little ■■■ than two months—1000 copies! There ■■■ a time when ■■■ unexpected ■■■ in that path in which I have been long seeking immortality on earth ■■■ of immortality in heaven, would have transported ■■■ hopes into the paradise of fools, and raised me in ■■■ own imagination ■■■ height of vanity, at which ■■■ grows giddy, and all creation seems to turn round it, as if that poor crazy pate were ■■■ of gravitation, the axle-tree of ■■■ universe—and ■■■ a mere humming-top, itself spinning quickest when ■■■ most at rest. I am ■■■ sure ■■■ you ■■■ clearly comprehend this fine simile, because I am ■■■ certain ■■■ I ■■■ myself, though I have a ■■■ guess ■■■ what I ought ■■■ But I ■■■ going ■■■ add, ■■■ though ■■■ my present low ■■■ ■■■ body ■■■ will not turn ■■■ brain ■■■ it would once have done, yet it has quickened my pulse a little, and ■■■ ■■■ withered hopes blossom from ■■■ I ■■■ heart mortified and insensible ■■■ to every ■■■ feeling, if it ■■■ glowed ■■■ unwonted emotion ■■■ such unexpected good tidings, ■■■ I ■■■ my ■■■ poems which have ■■■ received with ■■■ great favour will afford none but innocent pleasure ■■■ reader, ■■■ therefore may be allowed ■■■ afford ■■■ gratification ■■■ writer. However, the tumult ■■■ ■■■ subsided, ■■■ I believe I ■■■ nearly ■■■ again; and I take the first lucid interval of reason to write to you, who, I know, will rejoice in this event, for ■■■ will see by ■■■ that you are not entirely singular in your ■■■ my ■■■ though I verily ■■■ ■■■ love her with more sincere and romantic ■■■ I ■■■ consequently been pretty closely employed in ■■■ spare

hours in revising, and here and there correcting the copy for [REDACTED] new edition; but I have sent it away, [REDACTED] hope to hear no more about [REDACTED] till the book makes its third appearance in the course of one year, 1806. I am sure that I could not offer [REDACTED] excuse for neglecting your work, which you would more cheerfully admit; but I have another, without which this, imperative and urgent as it was, would [REDACTED] have been satisfactory to [REDACTED] own mind,—you were so indulgent as [REDACTED] say that you [REDACTED] not absolutely require it even [REDACTED] the time which [REDACTED] had limited. But I will now pledge myself [REDACTED]. You shall certainly have it in [REDACTED] course of [REDACTED] present month, for I [REDACTED] begin [REDACTED] it immediately [REDACTED] my next newspaper: [REDACTED] Colonel Hutchinson shall march as soon afterwards as I can equip him. I have not room [REDACTED] another word [REDACTED] business; [REDACTED] [REDACTED] with gratitude to [REDACTED] [REDACTED] deeply interesting parts of your letter, on which, however, I must [REDACTED] much [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I [REDACTED] [REDACTED] very deep despondency when your [REDACTED] [REDACTED] came,—sudden I call it, for it [REDACTED] like an arrow from your [REDACTED] into mine. [REDACTED] roused, it warmed, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] arrived, and [REDACTED] read it just as I was going to chapel [REDACTED] Sunday morning, and [REDACTED] prepared my mind [REDACTED] receiving a consoling sermon. In the afternoon I was obliged [REDACTED] stay at home. I took [REDACTED] a volume of Cennick's [REDACTED] simple, but truly evangelical, sermons, and opened [REDACTED] a discourse on the very text which you had sent as the [REDACTED] of your arrow, and which had sunk into my soul,—viz., 1 Tim. i. 15. I read it over most eagerly [REDACTED] earnestly, and I was much refreshed and comforted by it. I mention [REDACTED] happy coincidence, because [REDACTED] am sure it [REDACTED] delight you, [REDACTED] you were made on this occasion the messenger of good tidings to [REDACTED]. I am sure that I am not superstitious, but as I am deeply conscious of the omniscience and omnipresence of God, I can [REDACTED] believe that he is an [REDACTED] spectator of [REDACTED] thoughts, words, actions, and accidents of his [REDACTED]. In what manner he interferes with any or with all of these is [REDACTED] yond my comprehension, but that he does sometimes rule them I am compelled to believe; and as [REDACTED] are taught that

every good and perfect gift comes from him, the means through which I am appointed and influenced by him. I then, I do attribute it to his grace, that those apparent accidents concurred to relieve me, and encourage me to hope in his mercy for deliverance from one of the sins that so easily besets me—despair; for it is a sin to despair when God proclaims himself to be Love,—despair gives him no lie. You will, notwithstanding my avowal of what many would call *fanaticism*, understand I am a Calvinist: make me a Christian! I am those that would so pride themselves in being the followers of men! Among all who preach *Christ crucified* the disciples of Jesus to be found; they are confined to none; they are excluded from none, at I

“Indeed, my dear friend, I have no Methodistical hymns to send you: when I was at school, I wrote many, I have seldom dared to touch holy things since then. My lips and heart want purifying with a coal from an altar. Send me some of yours, I beseech you, or of your other poetry. Farewell!

“JAMES MONTGOMERY.

“N.B.—Did you receive the ‘Harp of Sorrow?’

“P.S.—Your letter was delightfully confidential; I have in return transcribed a page of my heart.”

In a letter to Parken, dated Nov. 1806, Montgomery says,—

“I have this moment written the last words of my on Col. Hutchinson; but have not time to revise my language so carefully as I ought: but under the very circumstances I have done my best to please you. Indeed, I have hardly a quarter of an hour in a day for these subjects, I am compelled to the present to resist every ordinary temptation you are. The victims yet left for execution in my hands brought justice the course of four or five weeks; send me no at present. I for three or four

devote my principal attention to money matters. I woefully in reviewing my ledgers, day books, other entertaining works of my composition, and the the road,—the day of the year, and I am unprepared for judgment. When I have half an hour good, is sure, I will write to you at greater length. not confine eight pages, or you ruin him and I was never afraid to look into any book before, and better pleased in the result. I had him six weeks I believe before I read beyond preface. It is a work of worth, abounding with of thought that begets thought. It not be judged by its size, for times as big a book as it seems to the eye.

"I very truly, your sincerely obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

The following minutes of conversation refer period, though they did take place till long afterwards:—*Montgomery*: "Milman has advertised a religious poem 'Polycarp,' Bishop of Antioch. It well when of eminent talents forward with religious subjects, and thus show that religion is enemy to poetry." *Everett*: "It will form a companion for Gambold's 'Ignatius,' in which there is displayed a great deal of mind." *Montgomery*: "By the by, have you seen Lord Byron's 'Cain?'" *Everett*: "I have read portions of it, but have not yet found opportunity through it." *Montgomery*: "Like Gambold, he is heavy in his tragedies; but he has what Gambold has not,—tremendous diabolical sublimity." *Holland*: "He certainly quite many terrible as beautiful passages in his works." *Montgomery*: "When I read parts of Byron, he possesses me like a fiend. sometimes obscure; but he soon repays you with vivid steady splendour. There such force, such a charm in his verse, that no resist him. When I read his 'Cain,' other day,

never but once, and that owing to a short interruption." *Reesett*: "You have reviewed Scott, Southey, Campbell, Wordsworth, Crabbe, and other leading poets of the day; why Lord Byron? He does not, I hope, rise in such giant form before you as to intimidate you? Do try your skill in poetical majesty. 'Cain,' from your account, be a proper subject for your critical pen." *Montgomery*: "His 'Cain' is a fine subject for criticism, and I should feel a pleasure in entering upon it; but I am not in the way of reviewing now. 'Child's' just appeared about the time I was closing my critical career, otherwise I should have taken him up. His work was reviewed in the 'Eclectic,' by Mr. Stephen, the son of James Stephen, Esq., a member of the Council in the West Indies, and Wilberforce's brother-in-law. I have done what I believe no other living poet ever did,—reviewed the works of my contemporaries, except Lord Byron; and on one point I have done them injustice.* I am certain I am free with a feeling of envy or jealousy." *Reesett*: "Your work as a reviewer appears incomplete without Byron. Allow me again to propose him to you, by way of finishing the British poets at the commencement of the nineteenth century." *Montgomery*: "If I were to write a review, I should go through the whole of his Lordship's works: but if I were spared through another year, I shall have sufficient employment without it."†

* Many years after this remark was made and recorded, Mr. Gillan bore a voluntary testimony to its truth.—*Tait's Mag.* Sept. 1860.

† Of course, the poems of Lord Byron were duly reviewed in the "Eclectic," as they successively appeared: nor was the poet unaware of, even if he were really indifferent to the bearing at least of the earliest of these critiques, which he characterises as "a furious Philippic, not against the book but the author."

The conversations, in ■■■ instances, will fully exculpate Montgomery from ■■■ charge of any egotistic desire ■■■ ■■■ unacknowledged writings known, ■■■ considerable part of the information ■■■ procured by direct inquiry;—an officiousness for which ■■■ apology must be ■■■ high esteem of the author, and the pleasure ■■■ of making the reader partake of ■■■ information.

We ■■■ refer ■ the reviews in the regular order of their appearance, and it ■ only by noticing them here that ■■■ of them will be assigned ■ their proper author; but ■ the "Eclectic Review" is ■ work generally accessible, ■ shall forbear indulging largely in quotations.

It is remarked by Addison, that "there is not anything more absurd than for ■ man to set up for a critic, without ■ clear logical head and ■ good insight into all the parts of learning. True criticism is ■ liberal and humane art. It is the offspring of good sense and refined taste. It aims ■ acquiring ■ just discernment of the real merit of anything said ■ written. It teaches us, in a word, ■ admire and ■ blame with judgment, and not ■ follow the crowd blindly." Formally ■ claim for Montgomery the qualifications of ■ son of Aristarchus ■ well ■ of Apollo, is beside our purpose. The reviews themselves will speak for, and others must decide ■ the validity of his claim to, the character assumed; but we ■ much mistaken, if that of an ■ as well as *impartial critic* will not be the verdict of the public in his favour.

Montgomery's ■■ essay as ■ reviewer was, ■ already noticed, ■ article on the "Memoirs of ■■ Cumberland,"* which exhibits characteristically ■■ talents ■■ species of writing.

* Eclectic Review, 1806, vol. ii. part i. pp. 414—422.

In it we have especially some pleasing indications of a change of religious sentiment and feeling, producing a corresponding influence on lighter pursuits. A changeling is a pitiable being; when change is from bad to worse, the conduct of such a one becomes odious: but there are transformations which are less signal than laudable. In the estimation of certain parties, any change involves blame; as though it were dishonourable to proceed in a reprehensible career than to retreat—more creditable to retain improper opinions than to retract them. Such a sentiment would militate against scriptural reformation of life or renovation of nature. To persevere in an improper course would be madness; not to recant incorrect opinions the folly of folly. Montgomery had indulged pretty freely in a trifling application of Scripture incidents to phraseology in the "Whisperer:" but, convinced of its impropriety, he severely reprobates such "sacrilege of phrase," nothing short of "taking the Word of God in vain." He had formerly visited and written for the theatre: he now laments Cumberland for "sacrificing the flower of his talents to objects exceptionable" in the composition of "*comedies*;" considers the "objections which have been urged against theatrical performances" as "unanswered and unanswerable;" "seals their condemnation," by affirming that "the characters, conversations, and incidents, which are exhibited in a playhouse are contrary to the purity of heart which the religion of Christ enjoins and requires." It may be proper to observe, however, that theatricals never exert such influence upon him as to become a passion: and while he proves that this conscientious sacrifice costs him comparatively little, he makes no acknowledgment of the reality of

the religious impressions of which he was the subject, prior to this period. He occasionally attended for the purpose of obtaining a report for the "Iris." When asked whether he was in the habit of visiting the theatre at the time Mr. Rhodes appeared on the stage in the character of "Alfred?" he replied, "No; that was previous to my coming to Sheffield. Up to the year 1806, I occasionally attended; but it was with many misgivings. I thought that stage plays were dangerously fascinating amusements." This relinquishment might be treated with a smile by the inconsiderate, and with contempt by the profligate; but the religious and wiser portion of the community will hail it in others, as they did in Montgomery, as the forerunner of a great moral and religious change—like the morning twilight, giving the promise of approaching day.

We were not willing alighty to dismiss this subject, as upon this hinge his religious character partly depended. *Montgomery*: "I was at ~~Trinity~~ Street Chapel last Thursday* evening, hearing Mr. Leach preach the funeral sermon of William Bush. William was a humble, good Christian; and I am persuaded, Mr. E., if we ever reach heaven, we shall see more of that kind of Christians there, who unassumingly and meekly followed the lowly Jesus here,—who himself has shown an example that we should tread in his steps,—than those of greater professions." While uttering the words, "If we ever reach heaven," the minister glistened in his eyes, and his speech faltered. He continued, "We go to such men as William Bush—men without any pretensions to superior sanctity and superior wisdom, yet possessing both in a manner the most exalted, we learn how to 'walk with God,' like the patriarch of old. In

* March, 1822.

the year 1802, I met a few times in Charles Clarke's class, in the house of old Benjamin Charlesworth, in Bridge Houses, and I think William was one of them. Since then I have often observed and admired him. Poor Charles* strove hard to make a Methodist of me at that time, but could not succeed. Yet never shall I forget the pleasure I felt in those meetings while associating with some of the poorest of Christ's flock. I am grateful for the kind attentions they paid to my best interests; for they were the only persons who, at that time, 'cared for my soul,' and I have often had to lament that I was not more faithful to the good impressions produced. It was then I began to attend Norfolk Street Chapel, and a change took place in my spiritual character from that time." *Essex*: "I have often been delighted in tracing indications of that change in your writings, from thence to subsequent periods. This was especially the case in a perusal of your review of 'Cumberland's Memoirs,' where you censure with severity his irreverent use of Scripture, which I could not refrain from contrasting with the freedom in which you yourself had indulged in it in the 'Whisperer.'" *Montgomery*: "That book, as I told Archdeacon Wrangham, is a monument of my religion and my apostasy; there may be perceived what I was taught in my youth, and the dreadful error which I made of it. The irreverent use of Scripture in that book affected me more, when I brought to serious reflection, than

* This good man, conversant as he was with spiritual matters, and anxious as he was too that others should be made, like himself, "unto salvation wise," utterly repudiated the notion of the earth's motion round the sun! He might, he said, say for philosophers so to talk, but not for him who, while he daily witnessed the rising and the setting of the sun, read in his Bible that "the world also is established, it cannot be moved."

■ ■■ cursing and swearing which I ■■ sometimes ignorantly penned. I never lost sight of the evil, and resolved ■ correct it as ■■ I could, and, on ■ first occasion, by destroying ■ correcting any writings ■ mine in which ■ occurred, however slightly. The practice ■■ followed by me with a view ■ bring Scripture into contempt, but unthinkingly. However, I suffered severely for it, when ■ considered the baneful consequences of such ■ example; ■■ I cease ■ feel ■ ■■ of it to ■■ day. For the space of ■■ years I ■■ in a ■■ of the ■■ ■■ apostacy of spirit, though, in the midst of this departure from God, I had many awful misgivings, and was the subject of the deepest occasional melancholy. Some painful circumstances, especially after my last release from York Castle, led to the most poignant distress of mind."

It ■■ in reference ■ this departure from ■ first religious principles and impressions, that he wrote the hymn beginning with

"I left the God of truth and light,"

originally published in the "Evangelical Magazine," and now in the Rev. Thomas Cotterill's Collection, to which Montgomery ■■ a large contributor. To this hymn his friend Daniel Parken referred, when he asked Dr. Styles, "Did I ever show you Montgomery's Hymn?" and then adds, "That ■ ■ beautiful ■ the 'Unique' ■ sublime."^{*} When the praise of Parken was delicately hinted to him by ■■ of the biographers, he observed, "There are some ■■ in the original which I will show you ■■ day respecting myself, which perhaps ■■ principal interest ■ it, but

^{*} Early Blossoms, p. 200.—Original Hymns, clxxi.

which were omitted in the published versions." This touching account of Montgomery's religious "experience," in the period referred to, is the first of his original hymns in the "Christian Psalmist."

Before this time, he had ceased to attend those political symposia at Mrs. Hume's public-house in the Wicker, where, with his friends Rhodes, Nanson, Bailey, and two or three other persons, he had for many years pretty generally spent his evenings. The party always met in a small room apart from other company, and conversation on the topics of the day, including literature, science, and the fine arts, was the charm which drew and kept them together; while the pipe and the glass were rather the symbols and the fetters of a free and easy than of any thing like intemperance. But when Montgomery, the prodigal in the Gospel, "found himself," so to speak, and began to reflect on his position from a moral and religious as well as from an earthly point of view, he had strong misgivings as to the propriety of maintaining his title to such flattering good-fellowship, at such an expense of time, conscience, and self-respect. In the evening of mind, preparing one evening to go and meet his friends as usual, he took down his top-coat—so he told his friend Mr. Blackwell—but instead of putting it on, he reflected, hesitated, resolved; and, hanging it up again on the peg, took his seat at the fireside, and resumed his visits to the Wicker.

Of Montgomery's personal piety, and of his earnestness in the service of religion generally, as well as of his almost life-long attachment to the worship and labours of the Methodists, these pages will henceforward afford abundant evidence. Nevertheless, we may here remark that we cannot but regard it as a happy circumstance that the town in which he resided, whatever it may have

been for [] poet himself, that when [] returned [] those paths of godliness from which since boyhood he had wandered, there [] [] Moravian community in Sheffield; and, [] to this, the fact that he [] [] immediately join himself [] any other religious party. It [] not, by this remark, intended to underrate the importance of "the communion of saints" in any section of the Christian church, much less to disparage the Catholic character of the Brethrens' Unity; but occupying such [] important public position [] he presently did, through the threefold agency of his newspaper, his poetry, and his public speaking, it must be attributed mainly [] the circumstance above mentioned, that his benevolent influence, instead of being confined [] any one party, [] [] widely felt and acknowledged. We never knew [] [] of equal piety and intelligence, whose conduct and sentiments were [] once so decidedly evangelical, and [] signally unsectarian. Hence he joined freely and frequently in public worship with Churchmen, Independents, Baptists, and Methodists; co-operating with them, as we [] find, in all their directly religious objects; [] with Romanists, Unitarians, and Quakers, he [] [] cordial and conscientious fellow-labourer in the wide field of local charity, popular education, and general philanthropy. After [] [] statement, it need hardly be added, that he enjoyed the personal friendship of individuals belonging to every religious denomination.

The anxieties, mortifications, and heartburnings attending the responsible management of a country [] paper [] the period here referred to, [] only be adequately conceived by those who have experienced them. Placed in the immediate vicinity, and [] [] [] the mercy—or rather the caprice—of their supporters, witty and malicious [] well [] interested

individuals often seek and expect to be allowed to attack each other through the sides of a poor journalist. This evil is rendered at least in a three-degree vexations, when the individual is editor, proprietor, and publisher, as was the case with Montgomery. It is an easy thing with a man who may have "much malice and a little wit," in an anonymous manner, to write daggers to the heart of the reputation of a townsman; and Montgomery, whose independence taught him to scorn alike the services and the wages of faction, was frequently exposed to these attacks, especially at the commencement of his editorial career. Towards the latter end of this year, an individual sought to annoy him, in a sneering manner, by two or three sneering letters, insinuating that he had omitted, for some private reason, to publish in the "Iris" the humane proclamation of John Stuart, after the battle of Maida; alleging, moreover, that the plurality of interests in the proprietorship of the paper prevented the editor from acting for himself, and threatening him at the same time with the establishment of a rival publication less under the control of the party. To these assertions Montgomery replied in the following spirited paragraph. Having stated that from 1795 the "Iris" had been the undivided, unconnected, uncontrolled property of the person whose name appeared on the face of it, and that, from the above-mentioned period to the present, he had acted entirely from the conviction of his own mind, as printer, publisher, editor, and sole proprietor of the same, Montgomery adds:—

"The writer of these lines has often been menaced with opposition from such a cabal; and if in future he issue his paper, he is overthrown by cowardly intriguers,—be it

so! By such men ■ were more glorious ■ be ruined ■
 ■ raised. ■ such a fate be in ■ ■ ■ 'editor of
 the *Iris*,' it will ■ ■ ■ consolation, ■ ■ ■ their disap-
 pointment, ■ ■ ■ when he does fall, he will ■ ■ ■ he has ■ ■ ■
 —ALONE."—*Iris*, Oct. 23. 1806.

Accustomed ■ he had been to anonymous and open
 assailants, their aspersions were generally, "like dew-
 drops on the lion's mane," shaken off on the first rising
 of the noble spirit. Montgomery's exquisite ■ ■ ■
 sensibility often, indeed, rendered such attacks more
 irritating for the moment than they would have proved
 to ■ ■ of sterner mould; but most commonly, ■ ■ ■
 as he could rally the powers of his mind, and ■ judg-
 ■ ■ ■ obtained its proper ascendancy over his feelings,
 he was ■ ■ to appear in ■ ■ true dignity ■ ■ inde-
 pendency of his character.

■ ■ generally acknowledged ■ ■ the merits of the
 "Wanderer of Switzerland" and the "Other Poems" ■
 which accompanied it, that Longman's edition—the
 third—was published in November this year. To the
 disinterested zeal of strangers, the accidental popu-
 larity of the leading poem, and the unexpected patro-
 nage of ■ class of readers to whom the author ■ ■
 previously been but little or unfavourably known, ■ ■
 gratefully attributed this ■ ■ ■

"By the ■ ■ ■ consent of the periodical critics," says
 ■ ■ Preface, "who have reviewed ■ ■ ■ little performance,
 ■ ■ ■ author has failed of accomplishing the object which he
 professes ■ ■ have had in view; but they unanimously allow
 ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ succeeded in producing a piece which is neither
 unpoetical ■ ■ displeasing in subject, form, ■ style; and, ■
 may be added, the anticipation at the close of the preceding
 paragraph, which, indeed, ■ ■ ■ rather in ■ ■ wishes ■ ■
 in the hopes of the writer, ■ ■ ■ been unexpectedly verified.
 The 'Wanderer ■ ■ Switzerland' has been 'hospitably ■ ■

by the lovers of Miss Minson.' With all this the author has no right to be dissatisfied; but neither the present nor any future failure, accompanied by such soothing approbation, should discourage him from aiming at the greatest things within the scope of his imagination to conceive, that he may thereby reach the highest within the power of his genius. A poet ought never to narrow his mind to the compass of his skill; nor consider his horizon of his talents to-day, as the boundary of his prospect to-morrow."

The concluding sentences of this extract betray the aspirations of a mind evidently conscious of its powers: they were, indeed, prophetic of the success which awaited themes at this time unattempted and unperceived by Montgomery. His literary prospects were indeed brilliant and extensive, and his claim on the rewards of poetical distinction indisputable: in short, his name was fairly inscribed on the living bard-roll of his country.

The "Eclectic" for December 1806 opens with Montgomery's review of Woolf's "Memoirs of Joseph Warton, D.D.," and with which the writer declares himself to have been "miserably disappointed;" adding, that the biographer "has executed his task with much labour in vain — much time bestowed on a good subject." Of Warton's poetry our friend does not entertain a high opinion; he considered it to be deficient in warmth of feeling, originality of ideas, and congruity of illustration. As an exemplification of the last-named defect, he adduces an instance, which may afford a hint to a certain class of experimenters in verse, who have not always the plea of youth to urge in extenuation of their fault. Speaking of Warton's poem, the "Enthusiast, or Lover of Nature," the reviewer says:—

"Who but a student, poring over the beauties of nature

through ■■■ 'spectacles of books,' ■■■■ ■■ twilight ■■ ■■ college, would have commenced a ■■■■ in which he has ■■■■ ■■ character of *her* lover, with ■■ frigid apostrophe,—

*'Ye green-robed dryads, oft at dusky eve
By wondering shepherds ■■■ !'*

"The introduction of the dryads in any English poem ■■■■ ■■ sufficiently pedantic; but ■■ address ■■■ ■■ being 'often seen by wondering shepherds' of ■■■ ■■■ ■■ in ■■■ country, who ■■■■ ■■■■ of their classical existence, ■■ an intolerable anachronism of absurdity. There is a ■■■■ ■■ fiction—the *truth of propriety*, of which ■■ poetical ■■■■ ■■ justify the violation. Had the author called upon ■■ *fairies*, ■■ being 'often seen' by modern 'shepherds,' there would have been this *truth of propriety* ■■ the invocation of them, because, though the fact assumed would have been no ■■■ fiction in itself, yet such things ■■ ■■■ exist in popular superstition."^a

Of Warton's skill ■■ a critic, the reviewer entertains ■■ higher opinion, characterising the "Essay ■■ the Genius and Writings of Pope" ■■ "one of the boldest and ■■■■ successful adventures in modern criticism."

The only ■■■■ which he appears to have printed this year, besides the "Wanderer of Switzerland" and "Departed Days," already mentioned, ■■■■ an "Inscription" for a sun-dial†, and the "Harp of Sorrow;" ‡ probably also ■■ translation of the following lines, which appeared in ■■■ "Iris" of April 3rd, ■■ from his pen:—

*"Jupiter, Brave, Alexandre ■■
Duckworth ■■ a fait ■■ rendre :*

^a Eclectic Review, vol. ii. part ii. p. 267. 1803.

† Works, p. 282.

‡ Ibid. p. 278.

■ In the next week's paper the editor says, "■■■ give the fol-

Que fera Napoléon sans eux?
 N'est-il pas un état affreux?
 Dieux, sans héros, sans braves,
 Ils lui restent d'esclaves."

We believe that, notwithstanding the attention which Montgomery paid this time to elegant literature in prose and verse, his business as a general printer, as well as his publication of the "Iris," went on regularly and successfully, his own want of zeal as a man of business notwithstanding. In a letter before chiefly relating money matters, addressed by him to his early partner, Mr. Naylor, he indulges in the following called-for severity of self-reproach:—

"My business during the year has been pretty good upon the whole; indeed, when I reflect properly, I would be ingrate in me to complain of any thing or anybody but myself: I am very idle and negligent in these matters notwithstanding so much future comfort and independence of my life involved in them. Had I only moderately industrious, you would have had me complain of my inactivity to my legal engagements with you; I also have the opportunity of experiencing your kindness and forbearance towards me and of feeling, as I do ardently, sincere gratitude to you for manifold proofs of your goodness. You have too long known my imbecility of mind

lowing imitation of the *jeu d'esprit* in our last; if the reader thinks it a bad one, we can show him half a dozen worse:—

'The Brace, Alexander, and Joe,
 In vain against Englishmen strove,
 By Duckworth o'ercome on the 1st
 Of his God and his Heroes bereft,
 What now has Napoleon left
 To defend—to desert him,—but slaves?'"

infirmity of body █ require any explanation of █ unfortunate, and, in reality, this unjust disposition. █ I ought █ have ████ to keep ███ humble, for I have many temptations █ █ proud; and pride ███ hitherto been a ███ dangerous ███ dreadful enemy █ my peace. Pray, give my kindest and ███ respectful regards █ Mrs. Naylor: may those of ███ little ones who are still around her be more precious █ account of the ████ of those who ███ removed to a safer situation; and may they live █ reward all her love ███ all ███ sorrow."*

* Letter to Naylor, Jan. 17. 1807.

CHAP. XXX.

1807.

BUSINESS AFFAIRS. — LETTER FROM DR. AIKIN. — LETTER TO PARKER.
 — "LIFE OF HENRY HUTCHINSON" — [REDACTED] REVIEW OF THE
 " [REDACTED] OF SWITZERLAND," WRITTEN BY [REDACTED] - STATIONER.
 [REDACTED] AIKIN'S VERSES — LETTER TO [REDACTED] NEW
 SHEFFIELD NEWSPAPER. — LETTERS TO PARKER.

ON the 28th of January, Parker wrote a long letter to Montgomery, combining topics of friendship and business, — the titles of books for reviewal, and the indulgence of [REDACTED] expectation that he should [REDACTED] the "pale face" of his correspondent in London; [REDACTED] the same time praising his poem of the "Molehill." This expectation and this praise [REDACTED] reiterated by other friends.

Dr. Aikin to James Montgomery.

"Stoke Newington, [REDACTED] 1807.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your last letter relating chiefly to the third edition of your [REDACTED] I [REDACTED] it required a particular [REDACTED] [REDACTED] having been much occupied with [REDACTED] 'Athenæum,' and other concerns, I was not disposed to write more than was necessary. The interval of your correspondence now, however, seems so long, [REDACTED] I am impatient [REDACTED] renewal; and, besides, I [REDACTED] you an acknowledgment for [REDACTED] you have thrown [REDACTED] first number by your 'Molehill.' It has, I [REDACTED] you, been [REDACTED] admired, [REDACTED] been judged worthy of its author. My friend, [REDACTED] Roscoe, [REDACTED] me [REDACTED]

recognised the muse of Montgomery in the ██████████ I know ████████ how to ████████ you for future contributions, since you ought to have ████████ view a second volume of *virgin* pieces; but whatever you may ████████ fit to bestow on ██████████ with a cordial welcome. You will see the 'Sequel ████████ Hannah,' of ████████ you have ████████ pleased to judge ████████ favourably, ██████████ number. I thank you for your endeavours to serve ████████ work.

"I know ████████ how to condole with you on ████████ increased ████████ cupation of your time, that the discovery of your merits by ████████ world ████████ brought upon you. If the ██████████ somewhat burthensome, ██████████ is such that your friends ██████████ it. I will hope, however, I shall not be a sufferer ████████ the additional correspondents you ████████ obliged ████████ certain, but that you will continue ████████ favour ████████ with those confidential displays of your mind which have been ████████ delightful ████████ me.

"We often indulge ourselves with the vague expectation ████████ you ████████ sometime find the ████████ of business or inclination strong enough ████████ induce you to visit London, notwithstanding all obstacles. I scarcely need to ████████ you that few circumstances would give me ████████ much pleasure ████████ the opportunity of forming a personal acquaintance with you. If you could ████████ persuaded ████████ become a guest in my house, you would find a whole family prepared ████████ regard you rather as ████████ old friend than a stranger.

"Accept ████████ united respects and ████████ wishes, and ██████████
██████████ sir,

"Yours, ████████ sincerely,
"J. AIKIN."

James Montgomery to ██████████ Parkes.

"██████████ Jan. ████████ 1807.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"Since I wrote in wild fire some weeks ██████████ Christmas, I have ████████ penned a syllable of criticism, ████████ have only ████████ time ████████ yawning ██████████ through '██████████ Miscellanies,' and to rub my eyes pretty briskly

over [redacted] pages of 'Herbert's Translations.' [redacted]
 [redacted] I have [redacted] open, but you [redacted] me from
 cutting her up, [redacted] I cannot bring my [redacted] [redacted] her.
 I [redacted] only [redacted] the title page, and, [redacted] you positively
 require it, I will read no further, but return her by the first
 parcel [redacted] I [redacted] have to send. [redacted] may be a very good
 [redacted] clever lady, but I am frightened [redacted] her, because, from
 the [redacted] [redacted] which you introduced her to [redacted] I thought [redacted]
 you wished ample justice to be done to her, [redacted] you [redacted]
 me to [redacted] a parallel between her [redacted] Catherine of Russia.
 Now, [redacted] plain truth, I [redacted] [redacted] acquainted with [redacted] his-
 tory of [redacted] [redacted] tremendous women, that [redacted] would take [redacted]
 great [redacted] of time [redacted] study, neither of which I [redacted] [redacted]
 [redacted] afford at present to these subjects, in order [redacted] prepare
 myself merely to read [redacted] these volumes, in which I per-
 ceive that fact and fable [redacted] [redacted] together neck [redacted] heels,
 like [redacted] dead and living body, and it would require more dis-
 crimination [redacted] I have to separate them. I have not leisure
 [redacted] pick grains of wheat [redacted] of bushels of [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] *tush*,
 though, from perversity of choice, such [redacted] been my daily
 employment through life; but then a man [redacted] a right [redacted] plague
 himself [redacted] much as he pleases, though he [redacted] [redacted] choose to
 let his friends plague him [redacted] in his own way. If you for-
 give this act of rebellion, you will be the [redacted] merciful [redacted]
 I ever served. I had almost forgot to say that I will send
 you [redacted] about Molleson, [redacted] [redacted] short article, perhaps three
 pages, about Herbert, in the course of next week, or on
 Monday se'nnight at latest. Scott, I [redacted] will do [redacted] [redacted]
 end of the month. I will take *some pains* with him, and not
 exceed four [redacted] [redacted] at the uttermost. I have hardly
 [redacted] to thank you for the most valuable parts of your letter,
 [redacted] they are written in my heart in facsimile characters
 from [redacted] prototypes in yours. If you [redacted] [redacted] know a [redacted]
 more concerning me, than it is my interest to reveal to [redacted]
 world, but which I [redacted] prevent being told, I believe
 you will find some account of my life in the next 'Monthly
 Mirror,' written at [redacted] urgent request of the publishers by [redacted]
 [redacted] [redacted] mine in [redacted] [redacted] I have no further share in the

being the subject of it, having seen my narrative; for his criticisms, which he informs me he has sent, were written without consulting my opinion of what ought to be said concerning me. Farewell.

"I am very truly your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

My first "Ecclectic" contribution printed this year was a review of the "Life of Colonel Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle, in the Period of the Civil War," a book of an delightful character, that it seems to have communicated a charm to the pen of Montgomery.

"This work," says he, "is recovered from the ruins of time, a precious piece of sculpture from the ruins of Herculaneum. Sullied with the mould of years, antiquated with the change of costume, it is uncouth and unattractive; but on closer examination its graces show forth imperceptibly, its beauties multiplied and magnified, which continues to gaze with improving delight till the image before the eye is veiled in grand and simple proportions, and looks, as if from the brain of the author, 'a goddess armed,'—a goddess of thought, exhibiting, in every view, the character, the genius, the history, of a romantic and turbulent age! Had this volume been published in our own day, its merits would have raised it to a high rank among temporary histories, and it probably would have been transmitted with honour to posterity; yet amidst the rich inheritance which that age did bequeath to after times, it is possible that its legacy might have been unworthily estimated and been regarded. Now being given to a generation unborn when it was written, it appears with the advantage of its novelty and antiquity to recommend it. Those who are tempted by its title to read it will not be disappointed: we are not disappointed; it is opened with a yawning expectation of having it drawl through the pages of a piece of

local, temporary, family history, as interesting as the praises of dead husbands by the widows frequently are. It is unnecessary to explain why we were thus prejudiced; how delightful then was the disappointment when we discovered that we were not wading, barefoot and ankle-deep only, in the channel of a little rivulet brawling over gravel-stones, but found ourselves borne on the current of a broad deep river, that frequently washed the banks, but never swept them."*

The work, of which this is a review, refers to an important era in British history; and on political matters, which in the period in question were extremely distracting, Montgomery, when he seems to turn to such themes, appears to advantage, and manifests equal acuteness, candour, and extent of knowledge. It is not difficult to perceive, in some of his remarks, an inkling of his own political creed: and when he speaks of Colonel Hutchinson's imprisonment, with its causes and effects, the remembrance of his own incarceration seems to rush into his mind, and he at once associates himself with the illustrious hero, in the indignation and sympathy of a fellow sufferer.

We must now turn from Montgomery in the chair, to Montgomery in the bar, of criticism,—a transition for which, at the moment of it, the poet was at the time quite a little prepared to the public. Indeed, the tranquillity and sunshine which seemed to beautify every aspect of the literary horizon in his eyes, at the close of the last year, was but a calculated premonition him of the rude northern blast which he was destined to experience at the beginning of this. We allude to the memorable critique on the "Wanderer of Switzerland," in the "Edinburgh Review." This celebrated

* Eclectic Review, vol. iii. p. 16—25, 1788.

journal — — — foot by individuals whose objects — first were fame and influence rather — emolument. Anonymous, reckless, entrenched in the stronghold of party politics, and commanding no inconsiderable portion of the rising genius of North Britain—to — nothing — acquired auxiliaries in the south,—they wrote for a time with — the usual confidence of young and clever men, — with a daring peculiar to great and unchastised —

It is however manifestly next — impossible for criticism — living authors to be very spirited—not — say vindictive—and very long continued, — the — of the writer be known. Violent attacks and vindictive personalities may of course take a sharper edge and afford — entertainment to a looker-on when the parties come forward in *propria persona*; but in general it is the policy, — well as the practice, of contemporary reviewers — exercise their craft anonymously. In this, however, — in — other similar matters, *tempus omnia revelat*, especially in an age — eager and communicative — ours; and thus the mystery which for so many years attached to the authorship of the leading articles in the "Edinburgh" has long since been dissipated,—in part by voluntary disclosures of the writers themselves, but mainly by the publication of posthumous memoirs. From these — we learn not only the part taken by Jeffrey, Horner, Brougham, Smith, Allen, Brown, &c., in starting the work, but the — of their principal confederates, and the specific contributions of their several pens. To — that the — formidable periodical which embodied collectively — genius of such — in — earliest — freshest development, no longer exercises — original influence for good — evil, either — literature or politics, —

merely acknowledge the meliorating of innumerable which have acted less powerfully on change vocation of the critic, than to modify entire of present readers and writers.

Lord Cockburn, in his "Life of Jeffrey," admits the charge often made against the Review, "That demnation its enjoyment; and that its authors sought for distinctions, not in the discovery and ragement of merit, but in the detection and exposure of defects; and that while rioting in the delight of their power, the interests of the victim disregarded, &c., not altogether groundless." Jeffrey himself says, in a letter to Horner, "We should make one or examples of great delinquents in every number." Under the influence of these motives, the patriotic author of a genuine poem in praise of liberty, and moreover, a "brother Scot," was thus welcomed by the liberal editor of the "Edinburgh Review."*

" took compassion upon Montgomery appearance, conceiving him to be some slender youth of teen, intoxicated with weak tea † the praises of sentimental ensigns ‡, and other provincial literati, tempted, in

* In the "Life of Jeffrey," vol. i. pp. 285. 420., the fact that he was the writer of the article on the "Wanderer of Switzerland," as Montgomery always supposed, is placed beyond dispute.

† This flippant remark contained more meaning than the writer was aware of; for only a few months previously, Parkes, in one of his letters to Montgomery, says:—"Mr. Adam Clarke imputes your low spirits to drinking tea; did he recommend you to do as he does, exchange it for a decoction of camomile, used exactly in the same manner?" Whether such advice was given or not, we cannot say; nor have, at least, often had reason to be glad that it was never followed.

‡ It is amusing to see how egregiously this second-hand sneer is misdirected as flung at a man who had so recently been twice fined

that situation, ~~we~~ commit ~~a~~ ~~gross~~ outrage on the public, ~~the~~ which ~~the~~ recollection would ~~be~~ ~~a~~ ~~severe~~ punishment. A ~~new~~ edition, however, is too alarming ~~to~~ ~~be~~ passed over in silence ; ~~we~~ though ~~we~~ are perfectly persuaded ~~that~~ in ~~less~~ than three years nobody ~~will~~ know the name of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' ~~and~~ any of ~~the~~ other ~~poems~~ in ~~the~~ collection, still we think ourselves called ~~on~~ ~~to~~ interfere ~~to~~ prevent, ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ lies, ~~the~~ mischief ~~that~~ may arise from the ~~continued~~ prevalence of ~~a~~ distressing ~~and~~ epidemic. It ~~is~~ hard ~~to~~ ~~say~~ what numbers of ingenuous youth may ~~be~~ led ~~to~~ expose themselves ~~to~~ public, by the success of ~~their~~ performance, ~~and~~ what addition may ~~be~~ made in ~~a~~ ~~few~~ months ~~to~~ that great sinking fund of ~~the~~ taste, which ~~is~~ daily wearing down ~~the~~ ~~which~~ ~~we~~ have ~~so~~ long owed ~~to~~ the ~~ancient~~ writers of antiquity.

"After all, ~~we~~ believe it scarcely possible to ~~find~~ three editions of ~~a~~ work absolutely without merit ; and Mr. Montgomery ~~has~~ the merit of smooth versification, ~~and~~ morality, and ~~a~~ sort of sickly affectation of delicacy ~~and~~ fine feelings, which is apt to impose ~~on~~ the amiable part of the young and ~~the~~ illiterate. The wonder with ~~us~~ is, how ~~these~~ qualities should still excite any portion of admiration ; ~~and~~ there ~~is~~ ~~a~~ mistake more gross, or more palpable, than that ~~it~~ requires any extraordinary talents ~~to~~ write tolerable verses upon ordinary subjects. On the contrary, we are persuaded that this ~~is~~ an accomplishment which may be acquired ~~by~~ certainly ~~in~~ more speedily than most of those to which the studies of youth are directed, ~~and~~ in which ~~the~~ industry will always be able ~~to~~ ~~reach~~ ~~a~~ certain degree of excellence. There are few ~~poets~~ ~~who~~ who have ~~the~~ slightest tincture of literary ambition who have not, at ~~some~~ time in ~~their~~ lives, ~~been~~ middling ~~poets~~ and accordingly, in the instructed classes of society, there is nothing ~~more~~ ~~common~~ than middling poetry. ~~The~~ truth

and imprisoned, and had twice narrowly escaped prosecutions for imputed affronts to the sabbath spirit !

is, however, that the diligent readers of poetry in this country are by no means instructed. They consist chiefly of young, half-educated, sickly tradesmen, and enamoured apprentices. To such persons the faculty of composing rhyme always appears little less than miraculous, and if the verses are tolerably melodious, and contain a sufficient quantity of those exaggerated phrases, with which they have become familiar at the playhouse and the circulating library, they have a fair chance of being extolled with unmeasured praises, till supplanted by some more fashionable object of idolatry. These are the true poetical consumers of a community—the persons who create a demand for nonsense, which the improved ingenuity of the poets can with difficulty supply. It is in the increasing number and luxury of the class of readers, that we must look for the solution of such a phenomenon as a second edition of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' within six months of the publication of the first. The perishable nature of the celebrity which is derived from this sort of patronage, may be accounted for easily, from the character and condition of those who confer it. The girls grow up into women, and occupy themselves in suckling children, or scolding their servants; the tradesmen are drinking or to honest industry; the lovers, when metamorphosed into husbands, lay their poetical favourites with their shoes and perfumed handkerchiefs. All of them grow ashamed of their admiration in a reasonably short time, and soon think of imposing more than the dress of their youth upon a succeeding generation.

"Mr. Montgomery is one of the most melancholy fine gentlemen we have lately descried on the lower slopes of Parnassus. He is very weakly, very finical, very affected. His affectations, too, are the most usual, and the most common of those which are commonly met with in the species to which he belongs. They are a mixture of tenderness and delicacy, and great energy and enthusiasm. He does not whine, he must

The scanty ~~of~~ of ~~the~~ genius ~~is~~ ~~not~~ allowed to ~~run~~ quietly along ~~the~~ channel, ~~but~~ ~~is~~ either poured out in melancholy tears, ~~or~~ thrown ~~up~~ ~~to~~ heaven ~~in~~ all ~~the~~ frothy magnificence ~~of~~ tiny jets ~~and~~ ~~various~~ commotions."

Nothing is more easy than to turn into jest any subject, sacred ~~or~~ common—to ridicule any tender expression, secular ~~or~~ scriptural. ~~The~~ principle, ~~or~~ rather this want of principle, is evinced by ~~a~~ series of extracts from the "Wanderer;" and the reviewer, having pretty well exhausted ~~his~~ merriment by quoting and commenting on the minor pieces, especially the "Pillow," thus concludes:—

"We ~~must~~ laugh ~~at~~ this any longer, ~~and~~ ~~we~~ ourselves compelled to ask pardon of our readers for having ~~been~~ ~~so~~ long with these paltry affectations. The ~~quantity~~ we have already exhibited will probably ~~be~~ sufficient ~~to~~ justify ~~the~~ ~~length~~ of ~~the~~ volume, and to confirm the theory by which we ~~have~~ attempted to account for ~~the~~ ~~length~~. After all, however, it is still a little strange, ~~and~~ ~~that~~ a ~~poet~~ humiliating, ~~to~~ ~~think~~ that, at a period when ~~we~~ have ~~so~~ eminent poetical writers ~~who~~ have appeared together ~~in~~ upwards of ~~a~~ century, such a performance ~~as~~ ~~should~~ rise into any degree of public favour. When every day ~~is~~ bringing forth some ~~new~~ work ~~from~~ the pen of Scott, Campbell, Rogers, Baillie, Sotheby, Wordsworth, ~~or~~ Southey, it ~~is~~ natural ~~to~~ ~~feel~~ ~~some~~ disgust at the undistinguishing voracity which can swallow down three editions of ~~the~~ ~~poem~~ convivial societies, and ~~to~~ ~~retire~~ to a pillow."

There ~~are~~ two assertions in this notable article which ~~ought~~ to require a passing remark. In the first, the poet ~~is~~ charged with "a sort of sickly affectation of delicacy and ~~his~~ feelings;" and again, "his affectations, too, ~~are~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~kind~~ and the ~~same~~ offensive of

those that are commonly met with in the species in which he belongs: they are affectations of extreme tenderness and delicacy, of great energy and enthusiasm." Right or wrong, blameable or praiseworthy, capable of correction or otherwise, these qualities are not, in any rate, affected; far from that, in no person, are they so persuaded, that they exist in a more real and intense form than in James Montgomery. The other assertion of the reviewer is, "that in less than three years, nobody will know the name of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' as any of the other poems in this collection." The pretenders to critical infallibility subject their credit to a more perilous trial than when they lay claim to the gift of prophecy: there are few dogmas so monstrous, few sentiments so absurd, but may be explained by sophism, or maintained by pertinacity; but when an individual ventures to foretell the issue of a prediction which he can neither really control nor certainly foresee, he acts, at least, unfaithfully towards his own reputation. Every person who laughs at the failure of a confident prediction, though all apprehend the futility of sophistical reasoning. The judgment of the public on the subject of this volume was at the time, and afterwards, completely opposed to the opinion pronounced in the "Edinburgh Review," that Montgomery himself observed us, in January, 1822, "Notwithstanding the prediction so confidently recorded in the 'Edinburgh Review,' that in three years 'neither the author nor his book will be remembered,' almost twenty years have since elapsed, and I am not yet forgotten; nay, I have every day seen an advertisement of the ninth London edition of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland!'" This work has, in fact, produced upwards of 800*l.*, and more than 100,000 copies have been

sold, ~~about~~ about a ~~number~~ of editions printed in America."

Montgomery himself, although ~~not~~ enough from being insensible ~~to~~ the immediate effects of this ~~venomous~~ venomous attack, ~~was~~ equally persuaded of its ultimate futility. Indeed, he ~~was~~ only ~~able~~ ~~to~~ the least hesitation ~~to~~ converse about the review, but, ~~at~~ ~~an~~ early period of ~~our~~ intimacy, lent ~~me~~ the copy from which ~~the~~ preceding transcript ~~was~~ made; its marginal spaces ~~were~~ ~~filled~~ with short-hand notes, which we could not then decipher; and on our sportively asking for ~~a~~ translation, he said, "that ~~is~~ my unpublished defence." At ~~an~~ early period Walter Scott conveyed in ~~a~~ ~~letter~~ ~~to~~ Montgomery ~~a~~ compliment, evidently intended ~~to~~ prevent the notion of ~~any~~ sympathy with the offensive article; while another gentleman connected with the review directly disclaimed ~~any~~ knowledge of the authorship; and it is a little curious that Jeffrey himself not only afterwards attended a literary festival where the health of Montgomery was drunk, to the exclusion of ~~many~~ of the "great names" mentioned ~~in~~ the conclusion of the critique*, but, as ~~we~~ happen ~~to~~ know, ~~we~~

* At least, so we are told in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," a work understood ~~to~~ have been written by Mr. Lockhart. ~~His~~ health, ~~it~~ appears, ~~had~~ been arranged by ~~the~~ ~~several~~ and ~~other~~ friends; and among the names omitted were Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge! ~~The~~ gentlemen who took the chief management, were keen Whigs. "Not one of those Edinburgh Reviewers had the common candour or manliness, in ~~a~~ meeting the object of which was ~~so~~ purely to do honour to poetical genius," to propose the health of any of these poets. While Peter thus speaks, he forgets not to add, though mixed with a sneer, "I am ~~very~~ very much ~~at~~ a loss to comprehend how any man of intelligence ~~could~~ satisfy his conscience that he did right in proposing on such an occasion ~~as~~ ~~the~~ healths of Crabbe, Rogers, nay, even of Montgomery (for such was the case), and omitting to do the same honour

expressed himself to a literary lady, — to lead her — him from the suspicion of being the author of it!

"*Vaticide*," says Walter Savage Landor, "is — crime in the — book; but — crime, and a heavy crime — is: and the — of — poet from — murderous enemy, although there — — oaken crown decreed for it, is among the higher virtues." To the credit of English feeling and English criticism, the Edinburgh attempt to deal with — unoffending author, according to the fashion of *barking*, afterwards invented — that city, led — — — a generous sympathy with the sufferer, and a universal detestation of the reviewer's onslaught.

Miss Lucy Aikin addressed, through the "*Athenæum*," — elegant little poem "To Montgomery:"—

"Droop not, sweet bard! the envious cloud
Pale malice breathes, thy fame — shroud,
Shall quickly — away:
— meteor lights thy sky adorn,
— true promise of the morn,
And it must turn — day," &c."

It may be doubted whether the whole history of modern literature affords any example of a — critical dictum uttered — with such unprovoked and heartless confidence, and so obviously, so entirely, and — permanently belied by the result. The period — indeed, rapidly approaching, when the "*Edinburgh Review*" — destined to — its — merciless — of rising poets signally avenged by an illus-

to the great names I have mentioned!" — *Barnes's Dinner*, Letter II. vol. i. p. 119.

— *Athenæum*, April 1807, p. —

trious victim. In 1811 year appeared Lord Byron's unpretending volume, "Hours of Idleness," the Edinburgh critique on which presently [redacted] the [redacted] able recrimination of "English [redacted] and Scotch Reviewers."

That "troubles seldom come singly," is an adage the truth of which it [redacted] Montgomery's lot [redacted] verify [redacted] trying period, as will be [redacted] from the following letter, which is without date:—

James Montgomery to Joseph Aston.

"MY [redacted] FRIEND,

"My unpardonable inattention has neither arisen from diminished attachment [redacted] you, nor prouder ideas of myself, inspired by the vain breath of popular applause. [redacted] applause, I acknowledge, has been [redacted] grateful to [redacted] than [redacted] good for my humility; but it [redacted] not, in [redacted] instance, [redacted] the smallest degree, weakened my affection for my friends by increasing my self-love. But had I [redacted] much leisure [redacted] I have desire and subject for a long letter, I should not, in my present state of mind, find power [redacted] write [redacted] Two circumstances occurred to [redacted] on [redacted] day [redacted] week, each of which alone is sufficient [redacted] quench my spirit [redacted] a month, and one of them may perhaps extinguish [redacted] my name and my hope for [redacted] On Monday last, proposals [redacted] issued for publishing a [redacted] newspaper* in Sheffield, by a person who formerly was in my [redacted] nearly nine years; who knows the difficulties which I have [redacted] encounter, [redacted] weakness of my exertions [redacted] and [redacted] by diligence [redacted] perseverance [redacted] profits which may [redacted] derived [redacted] well, or rather a cunningly, conducted [redacted] My very [redacted] precarious, and, [redacted] I [redacted] keep them, [redacted] staff and [redacted] of [redacted] will [redacted] by [redacted] who [redacted]

* The Sheffield Mercury.

expectations of ~~principle~~, principally, I ~~am~~ convinced, on ~~my~~ unpopularity ~~and~~ imbecility. This ~~is~~ dreadfully humiliating. I have ~~been~~ drowning these twelve years, ~~and~~ just when I imagined ~~myself~~ getting my ~~head~~ above water, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ plunges ~~me~~ into ~~the~~ deep again! The ~~whole~~ misery ~~of~~ I fell into on the ~~same~~ day, is perhaps yet ~~more~~ mortifying; I received ~~the~~ 'Edinburgh' review of my poem, of which I ~~thought~~ now to ~~be~~ ~~more~~, than that, though I have perhaps ~~been~~ ~~affected~~ ~~so~~ deeply by ~~an~~ envious ~~and~~ pitiful ~~criticism~~ ~~as~~ the ~~reviewer~~ intended, yet I ~~feel~~ truly ~~that~~ I would ~~rather~~ ~~be~~ the suffering object, than ~~the~~ triumphing author of such satire. You ~~say~~ I have had ~~nothing~~ ~~since~~ ~~the~~ publication of ~~my~~ friend Rhodes's memoir [of me] ~~and~~ ~~am~~ abased, ~~and~~ ~~it~~ ~~has~~ raised me to ~~a~~ giddy elevation of vanity. Of ~~the~~ memoir, I beg ~~to~~ ~~be~~ believed when I say that I am innocent of all the praise that he has lavished upon ~~me~~. With the facts of the narrative I furnished my friend; but for ~~the~~ embellishments ~~he~~ went to the treasury of his own heart. I ~~publish~~ my newspaper on Tuesday: this is Monday evening, and I need not describe to you the tumult and trouble ~~of~~ such ~~an~~ occasion. I have hardly drawn one peaceful breath ~~in~~ day; and three proofs ~~are~~ ~~now~~ waiting ~~at~~ my elbow. I cannot go ~~to~~ Manchester these—months!—I won't say how many. ~~I~~ ~~am~~ neither getting fame ~~nor~~ money, I have all ~~the~~ plague without the profit of them; for literary ~~and~~ pecuniary engagements and demands ~~are~~ ~~constantly~~ pressing and embarrassing me; and my mind is so ~~much~~ ~~that~~ I should carry gloom into the families of my friends abroad, if I ventured at present to intrude into them. Farewell; with sincere love ~~to~~ you all, your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mr. Joseph Aston, Demagogue, Manchester."

On ~~the~~ ~~10th~~ of February Montgomery writes ~~to~~ Parken, with ~~a~~ criticism ~~on~~ Herbert's "Poems:" ~~His~~ letter contains the following lively ~~comment~~ :—

"While I recollect, I must mention a horrible suspicion

■ I have concerning you. ■ you deny ■ you wrote ■ critique on Beattie, in the ■ last 'Eclectic Reviews?' Now, I ■ forgive you ■ ■ ill-natured things ■ you have ■ concerning the banker and the doctor, ■ everybody else; but there ■ a sly hint concerning the vanity and egotism displayed by authors in their private letters, which I have the vanity and the egotism too ■ ■ ■ myself; ■ though I can hardly recollect ■ ■ that I ever wrote to you, I do believe that my epistles have been well fumigated with self-incense or self-consequence in every form which could delight ■ and torment you. Are you guilty or ■ guilty of ■ wicked insinuation? Had you, ■ ■ you not, your invisible friend in your eye when you penned ■ provoking truth? I can feel your blushes warm ■ air even as far ■ ■ ■ You ■ therefore guilty. Now, mark how I will punish you. I will write ■ ■ oftener, ■ ■ ten times greater length ■ you in future; my ■ shall ■ ■ frost-work figures of speech and ■ of thought; my pages ■ be winterly wildernesses of compliment, or sandy deserts of dissertation on moral and philosophical subjects, ■ ■ I will empty an inkstand ■ every sheet, but ■ ■ drop ■ ■ heart's ■ ■ I shed ■ ■ ream of paper; you shall never ■ my pulse ■ through your veins again.—Stop, I only mean ■ you deserve ■ ■ ■ my hands; ■ depend upon it, I will ■ take the trouble ■ punish myself so exquisitely ■ give you a locked jaw with yawning ■ my letters."

The above-mentioned letter contains ■ ■ word about what the writer ■ enduring from the "iron sleet" of the north; but in a note written twelve days afterwards, with a critical notice of Scott's "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces," he says, "I have only a moment left; if this ■ the dullest thing I ■ ■ you, place it ■ the ■ of the Edinburgh review of my poems." This article, which ■ written in ■ candid ■ generous

tone, appeared in the May number of the Review.* To the charge of having written the ill-natured critique on Beattie, Parken pleads "not guilty;" and in great length endeavours to convince his correspondent that if he does not allow his "heart" to be wounded by the critic's javelin, his reputation will suffer no injury from it.

James Montgomery to Daniel Parken.

"Sheffield, April 18 1828

"MY FRIEND,

"I have indeed used you very ungratefully, which you may take, if you please, as a proof of my friendship, for I would not have dared to treat any person so ill. Hear, however, the truth. Southey's 'Selections,' &c., duly arrived, and no shower was ever so welcome in my panting bosom of July 1828 as your accompanying letter to my exhausted spirit. To you I am bound to confess my weakness, and apologise for my negligence. The 'Edinburgh Review' had, indeed, made me miserable beyond anything that the malice or the tyranny of man had been able to inflict on my sensibility, or, if you like it better, on my pride, before. All I had suffered from political persecution and personal animosity in the former part of my life was manly and generous opposition in comparison with the cowardly yet audacious malignity of the critic, who in the advantage of his eminence which he was placed beyond the reach of retaliation, to me like Shimei; in my poverty and dirt insulted me, because he knew that I was necessarily be as passive as David: an injured man insulted author replying to the insolence of his unjust judge being as impotent as the trodden worm that turns under the foot that crushes it, but can do nothing. It was evident that he was determined to ruin my reputation dead with a single blow; and I felt for many days after

* Eclectic Review, vol. iii. p. 374.

receiving it, as if he had succeeded. At first I was so
that I could hardly credit my eyes; but as the
mystery of iniquity in this strange
publication, I cannot comprehend, but concerning
I have sometimes been tempted to harbour unchar-
itable suspicions, from circumstances which I cannot ex-
plain to any heart but my own. However, be it what it may,
much as I have suffered from both in body and mind,
I would rather be the object than the author of outrageous abuse. Your letter found me in the depth of de-
spondency, in which that critique, and another, a reality,
a formidable event, which was made known on the
same day, plunged me. A rival announced in Sheffield, and I foreboded ruin to mine from my knowledge of the person concerned
in it. In this situation of mind, in the very week which
I thus assailed, both my health and fortune, by unmerciful
and interested men, I wrote, from the binding pledge which
I had given you, some remarks on Walter Scott's poems.
I scarcely recollect what I said of them, for I have never
yet ventured to revise my rough copies, and during the
three or four days in which I composed them, by stratagem,
as it were,—stealing a moment or a minute of time, I
could snatch them from the gloom of my mind, the
distraction of my thoughts. This I know well, that, racked
and broken as I was myself on the wheel of the Scotch
inquisitors, I showed all the mercy that my conscience would
permit towards him. I did him the justice I could,
though I could not help feeling some of the weakness and
wickedness of envy towards him, as he had been the fa-
vourite, and I understand the associate of my butchers;
none of that envy, however, I hope is betrayed in my
view. I tried with all my might to cut the cloven foot;
if I have shown it, chop it off, for I would rather limp on
a wooden leg than be seen dancing with it. Your
letter came, as I said before, I was very unhappy: I was
like a rainbow to my hopes, which had sickened in the
deferred expectation of hearing from you soon after the receipt

of my review of *Smith's* *Tracts*. *Smith* at time I *Smith* slowly recovering my composure. The poison-tree *Smith* Edinburgh *Smith* killed me this time with *Smith* pestilential influence, nor shall I *Smith* immediately reduced *Smith* beggary by my rival newsmonger. *Smith* published *Smith* *Smith* unless *Smith* improves, he will not drive me into *Smith* 'London Gazette' *Smith* ten years; but he is a prudent, steady, money-hunting man, and I fear that in *Smith* time he will oust me *Smith* a new tooth dislodges an old *Smith*. I am therefore compelled *Smith* devote more time and attention to my *Smith* *Smith* formerly was necessary, and *Smith* *Smith* *Smith* materially *Smith* with my literary amusements, *Smith* I *Smith* need *Smith* your indulgence in point of time if you continue to employ my pen occasionally. I am sure that I can send you nothing in *Smith* than a month, when I will try to forward Southey; but I have *Smith* received the reprints. *Smith* should like 'Saul' and the 'Exodius;' but I do not know when I *Smith* have an opportunity in showing my magnanimity in forbearing to *Smith* them without measure, because I have myself been *Smith* abused. My time is expired: *Smith* send this letter to the post *Smith* immediately, *Smith* you expect it by return, and I should deserve *Smith* *Smith* despised by you for ever, if I neglected another *Smith* to ask your kindest forgiveness for your unworthy friend,

"J. M.

"P.S. I have no time to read this over again."

CHAP. [REDACTED]

1807.

[REDACTED] WITH GARDINER [REDACTED] [REDACTED] TO
 [REDACTED] PARKER.—BOTHNEY'S "BAIL."—TEXT [REDACTED]
 LETTER [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]
 POETICAL FRIENDS.—MONTGOMERY TAKES PART IN LOCAL BENEF-
 VOLENT MOVEMENTS.—"CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S BOY."—BOMBARDMENT
 OF COPENHAGEN.—METHODIST PREACHERS.—SPIRITUAL COUNSEL,
 —CONVERSATIONS.—EUFOLIA.—LETTER TO PARKER.—"BOLSHILL
 TREES"—THE MOWER FAMILY.—"M.S." AND HER FRIENDS.—
 MRS. LE [REDACTED]—THE "BOLSHILL," [REDACTED] "CAST-AWAY SHIP," AND
 [REDACTED] "WILLOW."

IN the spring of this year Mr. Gardiner of Leicester, an enthusiastic lover of music, and the author of two or three interesting works on the subject*, wrote to Montgomery pressing him to turn his attention to the composition of hymns.

The following is the poet's reply. It includes a touching confession of his spiritual backsliding, and a no less affecting indication of his return to God and service of God:—

"Sheffield, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]"

"SIR,

"I was [REDACTED] obliged by the favour of your [REDACTED] letter, [REDACTED] I ought [REDACTED] have acknowledged much sooner; [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] worth naming, prevented me. When I was a boy, I

* [REDACTED] of Nature," "Music [REDACTED] Friends," [REDACTED] Melodies," [REDACTED]

wrote ■ great ■ hymns; indeed, the first-fruits of my mind ■ all consecrated ■ who ■ despises ■ day of small things, even ■ the poorest of ■ creatures; but ■ I grew up, and my heart degenerated, I directed my talents, such ■ they were, ■ other services, ■ seldom, indeed, since my fourteenth year have they been employed in the delightful duties of the sanctuary. Many conspiring ■ adverse circumstances that have confounded, afflicted, and discouraged my mind have also compelled ■ to forbear from composing hymns of prayer and praise for many past years, because I found that I could not enter into the spirit of such divine themes, with ■ humble boldness, that ■ expectation, and ardent feeling of love to God and truth which ■ wont ■ inspire me, when I ■ ■ uncorrupted boy, full ■ tenderness, zeal, ■ simplicity. ■ have therefore, as you will perceive in reading my ■ volume, only occasionally touched a chord of the harp of ■ angels, and, though I have started and trembled at ■ sound which my ■ fin- ■ had awakened, yet ■ am ■ ashamed ■ acknowledge ■ those divine ‘incidentals’ have always ■ my pulse quicken and my heart burn ■ me when they occurred. Nay, I know ■ in several of the smaller poems those sparks of fire from ■ altar have ■ the whole ■ into ■ bright ■ beautiful flame, which many of the readers (as well as the writer) have perceived ■ confessed. Yet I have ■ dared ■ ■ sacred subject as ■ theme of any whole piece ■ I have written, ■ of ■ gloom and despondency that frequently hung ■ my prospects and sometimes almost sunk my hopes into despair. At present, I ■ ■ deeply engaged with two ■ pieces on ■ sions sufficiently serious to occupy all the overflowing spirits ■ I can spare from the cares and vexations of ■ business ■ ■ very little leisure of time, and hardly any of mind, that, though I feel sincerely disposed ■ gratify myself by fulfilling, at ■ in ■ small degree, your flattering request, I cannot pledge myself ■ make an early attempt. I compose very slowly, ■ only by fits, when ■ ■ my indolent powers into exertion; ■ that, unless ■ very auspicious

opportunity I promise you nothing in than two months. However, I lie in wait for my heart, and, when I string the pitch of David's lyre, I am a psalm 'to the chief musician.' Will the of four lines — 'Spirit leave thine house of clay,' &c., the alternate or succeeding rhymes—do best? Pray send me of every kind in I want, and I will make

"I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,
"J. MONTGOMERY."

Three hymns of Montgomery's appeared in Gardiner's "Sacred Melodies," 1808; of which* is ticed in the following letter of the worthy musical stockinger:—

Gardiner to James Montgomery,

"Leicester, Jan. 30.

"DEAR SIR,

"I ought to have answered your letter last week, but hope of sending you African song† delay writing. is I have set it, but it is not altogether my mind; simplicity is a 'size non' in pieces of this kind, in its present shape reducing.

"I acknowledge that there great beauty and of thought in the you have favoured me with; I confess, a musician, it would have better my lyre lines not been quite long; eights in that preferable to tens; for if in so long a line as tens, the does naturally the middle, the move in measured strains; for music is absolutely necessary at times the melody flow.

"The little air subjoined your excellent hymn will prove better what I say. ["Father of grace," &c.]

* *My Friends*, vol. i. p. 463.

† "The Negroes' Daughters" in the "Indica."

"On referring to the notes, you will find a quaver rest at the end of [] line; [] rest we gain by having the poetry [] for [] of this measure is commonly put to verses of eight, so that the first syllable is disposed of by taking an auxiliary [] at the beginning of the tune, and the [] syllable of [] second line fills [] the resting place, which I [] to [] beautiful [] effect. I give you credit for being a musician, [] you [] about the minor key, [] I [] no [] of being unintelligible to you.

"I [] endure another interval of silence so long as the [] I can [] forget you [] a poet, but I [] [] correspondent. I would have teased you into a reply [] but I [] [] However, I shall wait very contentedly another six months, providing you send me a hymn equal [] this: [] in music [] charming; [] painters say, it 'comes out.' [] I [] quoted is from Mozart, and I [] [] in [] for you; [] I must entreat your muse to keep [] her [] step. *Sevens, sevens*,—not one more for [] [] If I can get [] friend P. [] a [] mood, [] has promised to write me one or two, [] you shall see them. The haste with which I write prevents me [] saying more than [] I am delighted [] your letters, and [] I hope to [] from you again, very, very soon.

"Dear Sir,

"I am [] truly your [] servant,
"W. GARDINER."

James Montgomery to Joseph Aston.

"Sheffield, May 22. 1807.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"... [] you read Bloomfield's 'Farmer's Boy?' [] you have, I congratulate you on a pleasure past, which has [] behind a [] remembrance; if you have not, I congratulate you [] a pleasure to come, which you will relish eagerly. [] is a charming rural poem, replete with [] imagery, and arrayed in all [] of simplicity. After Thomson, [] [] hazardous, [] [] hopeless, attempt [] sing [] seasons [] their [] on man: I

imagined ~~the~~ ~~poor~~ 'Farmer's Boy' might glean a few handfuls,—but ~~he~~ has reaped a harvest. When you have read ~~the~~ fascinating poem, I ~~am~~ impatient ~~to~~ hear ~~of~~ your sentiments concerning ~~the~~ extraordinary merits harmonise with mine. I ~~was~~ long ~~ago~~ deeply prejudiced against the poem before I ~~read~~ it, from the circumstance of ~~it~~ having been puffed by the publishers worse than a quack medicine ~~in~~ the newspapers ~~and~~ magazines; but, in spite of ~~the~~ the disadvantages of being beraised out of all character, ~~it~~ ~~was~~ in every line in my opinion, and ~~was~~ ~~an~~ my admiration ~~of~~ ~~the~~ subject and the poet's genius unfolded together. Have I ~~said~~ too much ~~on~~ this theme? On looking back, I think not,—on looking forward, I think I have. When shall I have the happiness again to meet, converse, and walk with you? Doctor Favell*, ~~the~~ other day, gave me some hopes ~~that~~ you might ~~be~~ ~~able~~ ~~to~~ come ~~to~~ Sheffield: ~~and~~ ~~more~~ ~~than~~ two persons ~~who~~ will ~~be~~ excessively glad ~~to~~ ~~see~~ you. . . .

— Your ~~affectionate~~ friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mr. Joseph Aston, Manchester."

Montgomery to Daniel Parker.

— (Sheffield, May, ~~1807~~ 1807.

"Indeed, my ~~dear~~ friend, I cannot ~~forget~~ your letters: they are as sweet ~~as~~ ~~the~~ as the honey of bees, ~~and~~ as sharp as ~~the~~ stings of wasps. . . . But I ~~am~~ ~~glad~~ you ~~are~~ your consolations ~~on~~ ~~the~~ subject of my escape ~~and~~ barely my life in my ~~escape~~ from the tomahawks of the northern banditti. It ~~is~~ a strange thing ~~that~~ evil should be ~~so~~ much more effective than good ~~in~~ this miserable world. All the kindness of all my friends has been exerted to soothe me for the ~~loss~~ of one cowardly enemy who spat in my ~~face~~ in ~~the~~

* The name of this gentleman often occurs in these letters: he was not a "Doctor," but a respectable surgeon, residing in Sheffield, ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~an~~ ~~old~~ ~~friend~~ of the poet and his Manchester correspondent.

dark, and yet I feel the venom of his spittle on my cheek, and burns at the recollection of the indignity. There is downright pride; if I had been a humbler part, humble in heart as I pretend to be, I should scarcely have felt the insult,—at least, it would have been as the injury, which I trust has been very great. . . . Well, I promise 'Saul' by the 17th of June, Southey in the dog-days, and Wordsworth next harvest. This I may perform; and I will perform it, unless disappointed by unforeseen and inevitable events of fate. I have read 'Saul' once over, and have toiled through Cowley's 'Davideis' in contrast with it. Cowley is incomparably the greater poet: had he been born in any other age, he would have been the glory of England, the envy of Italy. But I proceed to write a 'Saul' till Saturday or Monday. Ever since I received him, I have almost exclusively devoted my leisure to other work—the loose threads that I pick from the wings of Time, I pick up as I can, while I wait after him, panting like a greyhound. . . .

"Mr. Bowyer, of ~~the~~ ~~the~~ proposing to publish a most superb tribute of the arts to the honour of the abolition of the African slave trade, wrote me requesting that I would compose a poem on the subject, which he would produce with the most splendid embellishments that the pencil or graver could bestow! There's honour for you! . . . Am I to be so much honoured for this application? Truly.

"I am your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"D. PARKEN."

The closing paragraph of this letter contains the earliest allusion to a poetical design which presently to occupy the writer's heart and soul. In a long letter to Parken, dated June 11., and mostly relating to the work in hand for the "Eclectic," he advises the editor of the transmission of a review of Sotheby's "Saul," a religious poem of considerable merit. Speaking of

■ ■ one of the biographers, Montgomery said, "There is ■ exceedingly fine ■ extracted from it, which is nearly worth the whole of the poem besides; it represents ■ spirit that tormented Saul, ■ the changing apparition of what he himself had been ■ former periods of his life: that passage alone," added he, with ■ siderable energy, "drew me forth, and determined me to the critique, and great pains I bestowed upon it."

The reviewer ■■■■■ like an apostle, and describes the history of Saul, ■ "furnishing the finest materials for heroic song, with the peculiar advantage of being in general so well understood, as not to require the fashionable incumbrance of long notes, that ■ frequently aggravate the price and depreciate the value of modern poetry." He was generally hostile ■ notes, and few ■ the examples ■ his own works of such "fashionable incumbrances." ■ "Not any thing," ■ observed, ■ one occasion, when a manuscript poem ■ given him ■ peruse, "can be ■ perplexing ■ the reader, ■ injurious to ■ character of the poet, than ■ be obliged to break off from, and probably in the middle of, ■ of the finest passages, when ■ have caught the very spirit of the author, in order ■ read ■ long ■ either illustrative of its meaning, ■ in reference to ■ incidental allusion. We often lose much of our ■ of the beauty of a poem by the perplexity which a divided attention between ■ and ■ occasions." We could ■ avoid contrasting ■ remark with ■ observation once made by Dr. Adam Clarke, who said, when the poetical compositions of Sir Walter Scott ■ the subject of conversation, "I seldom read ■ the poetry; the notes to me are the ■ valuable part of his works." This dissimilarity in the ■ of ■ eminent ■ ■ easily accounted for; one ■ a poet, the other ■ ■■■■■

Montgomery *Ignatius Montgomery.*

"Sheffield, June 21 1834

"MY BROTHER,

"When St. John was in the spirit — Lord's day
visions of future glory: I am — the spirit — on
Lord's day, — behold — of past happiness, —
turning — lovely dreams upon — I am transported —
my native country; I am turned back — infancy, and in the
morning of — the Sun of Righteousness — rising upon me
with healing — wings; alas! how long — since I —
that sun except — memory's melancholy eye! — eye
often — dwell for — with exquisite
misery and delight, — ineffably mingled, on the few hours
of pure joy and peace that I have known since I began —
breathe this air of mortality, that quickly — every flower
of — which springs in — wilderness of a human heart
that — once a paradise, — is — with thorns
and brambles, and — and darkened with forests of
cypress and yew!

"You — in the — of my birth, and near the spot
where I first — the light: of how little importance is it —
all the world besides, that I was — born — all! Yet to
— how awful — existence into which I — with-
out my — consent, — from which I cannot retire, though
I — give myself up to suffering for millions of —
purchase — privilege of annihilation! Here, then, I am; and
what I — finally here, I must for ever be. — it, indeed, in
my own power — choose between eternal bliss, and —
lasting burnings? If it be, — truly time for — awake
and — around — with — that will make
every other — of — to me, — how I
— latter and — the former,—for —
one or — other — am inevitably predestined. I have
— choice of these two; but — have no other choice.

"Brother! how — possible that I — instant?
Why have I not, — I began — write — letter,
already by an — of — faith which is the power of —
communicated — creatures, — which — things are

possible,—why I already my for eternity? Is anything more mysterious the whole mystery of iniquity, than that a man be deeply, dreadfully, convinced of sin, and believe, almost without daring a reserve, the threatenings and judgments of God,—yet have confidence in his promises and declarations of mercy? And in my case, nearly as I can express it. Yet I do not, I dare not utterly despair when I God; but I do and must despair when I look myself; and my everlasting depends upon the issue of controversy between him and me. I shall be saved—if I prevail against him, I perish.

"I owe you thanks for very affectionate letters, the one from Grace Hill, and the other from Ayr. I am exceedingly glad that you have the opportunity of changing, for a time, both your place of residence and your daily occupations. I know—though you never gave me much of your confidence as to me—so—that you have more employment at Grace Hill than your powers can support, without frequent and injurious over-exertion both of mind and body: it is in your service of the congregation, and who is the head of it has a right to all the services that you can render him, and that is your duty—your privilege, I mean—to spend and be spent for him. Yet I think your brethren ought to lay no heavier burthen upon you, your strength, well put forth, can bear without sinking under the weight; for I think you will serve them and their souls much better by serving them at the eleventh hour, than by labouring yourself to death before the end of the fifth; for though you may, by a mortal exertion, do more work in a given time, you will do less on the whole; and the Lord's vineyard is so great, that husbandmen are few and feeble, that their lives ought to be precious in their own sight, in proportion to the magnitude and fertility of the field before them. Good men should be impatient of their reward; the longer the harder their labour, the more their will be; saints, I apprehend, more on earth than they are in heaven, according to our

received notions of the present being a ~~time~~ of activity, ~~the~~ future ~~a~~ of repose. In the first, we have ~~only~~ our own ~~work~~ ~~to~~ save, but, to the utmost of our ability, ~~to~~ be ~~the~~ instruments ~~of~~ the hands of the Lord of saving the souls of others: whereas in Paradise, though we believe that ~~our~~ salvation will be ~~secure~~ beyond the possibility of failure, yet we know ~~that~~ ~~we~~ can ~~do~~ of ~~the~~ smallest service ~~to~~ our 'five brethren,' whom we have left behind us, and whom ~~we~~ may ~~see~~ hereafter, afar off, in that place where the 'rich man' ~~was~~ while ~~we~~ ~~are~~ in 'Abraham's bosom.' But I am rambling into a strange mysterious round, in which all human thought must be for ~~ever~~ bewildered, till the grave ~~is~~ revealed ~~to~~ each of ~~us~~ the ~~things~~ which we can ~~discover~~ before the appointed time, and which we can ~~discover~~ afterwards betray, ~~as~~ ~~if~~ we thought ~~we~~ could ~~save~~ the world by ~~our~~ divulgement. I hope, with the blessing of that God who carried you in the hollow of ~~his~~ hand through the ~~storm~~ that ~~passed~~ you on your voyage to Scotland, that you will ~~be~~ benefited by ~~the~~ change of air and sea bathing. I ~~trust~~ I ~~trust~~ ~~that~~ you on the coast of my ~~own~~ native country; but that ~~is~~ absolutely forbidden ~~at~~ present. My temporal ~~affairs~~ ~~are~~ too much in ~~trouble~~ and ~~are~~ complicated ~~to~~ permit ~~me~~ to leave them.

"During the ~~last~~ two months I have ~~been~~ almost incessantly involved in the tumult ~~and~~ ~~confusion~~ of ~~an~~ electioneering contest, of which you will ~~be~~ sufficient in the newspapers. It ~~is~~ ~~that~~ I took ~~a~~ personal share in the warfare, except ~~in~~ the way of my profession; and, being occasionally employed by ~~both~~ parties, my ~~position~~ has seldom been cool with forging thunderbolts for ~~the~~ combatants to hurl ~~at~~ each other. ~~It~~ ~~is~~ over, and the man to whom I wished ~~himself~~ ~~to~~ triumphed, though I do not know ~~whether~~ his election will be of a pin ~~any~~ advantage to me ~~or~~ ~~not~~ ~~it~~ would have been; but ~~we~~ are 'careful for many things' in ~~the~~ world, though there is only 'one thing needful.' Henry Steinhaur arrived last night in ~~the~~ with a convoy of sixteen children from this neighbourhood, who ~~are~~ all ~~of~~ scholars. Some good has accrued from my ~~visit~~

siding in [redacted] Who knows what [redacted] consequences may [redacted] [redacted] so many boys and girls hearing the simple gospel of Christ crucified preached faithfully [redacted] them [redacted] the Brethren! It warms my cold, [redacted] melts my hard heart sometimes when I think that I may thus accidentally have been the [redacted] of promoting the everlasting welfare of [redacted] of my fellow [redacted] in this neighbourhood, where I [redacted] [redacted] outcast, and in which I have lived a stranger. The new newspaper which I so much dreaded has hurt [redacted] very [redacted] as yet; and I am certainly much less frightened [redacted] it since it appeared than I was before it came out, when I expected Goliath, but have hitherto only [redacted] his armour-bearer.

"Yours, &c.,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"[redacted] Ignatius Montgomery, Ayr, Scotland."

In [redacted] letter of the [redacted] of July, he writes [redacted] inform Parken that he may shortly expect reviews of Southey's "Specimens of British Poets," and of Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads." The former of these he transmits in a few days, with [redacted] note containing [redacted] request that the editor would oblige him "by noticing the 'Chimney Sweeper's Boy,' in [redacted] few lines, making [redacted] quotation, but only giving the tale such [redacted] character [redacted] you think it deserves. It is not my production," he adds, "nor have I any interest in the sale; but I [redacted] you it has [redacted] [redacted] to tears more than [redacted] in reading it,—and it [redacted] only written to do good, and does not pretend [redacted] be poetry." The author of the tale here mentioned [redacted] Mr. Samuel Roberts, and this is [redacted] of the earliest indications of Montgomery's sympathy with him in [redacted] benevolent aim,—finally successful,—the abolition of the employment of little boys in sweeping chimneys.

James Montgomery to Joseph Aston.

"Sheffield, July [redacted] [redacted]"

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"... During the last twelve months, I have been

letter-writing. The temporary popularity which my popularity attracted a number of strangers, different characters, tastes, accomplishments, to me under various pretences, with which I have been engaged into frequent interesting correspondence. To all I have endeavoured to be grateful, and I was convinced that nothing beyond curiosity could tempt me to the use of invisibility, and appear in their various characters in whom they saw me only by the light of my name, and whom they were anxious to know as a man as well as a poet. I acknowledge, so flattering to my vanity, and my better feelings also, that I yielded to the delightful temptation, and became ensnared within a magic circle of friends whom I had never seen, and who themselves only knew of my existence by my own romantic representations of my mind and heart in my poems and letters; but I have been compelled from absolute inability of supporting the burthen, however pleasing, to break through several of my chains, and reduce my regular correspondents to a small number possible. I thank you, for the faith of all former, and in the hope of future, and, let me say, eternal friendship, that I have included you in the small and select list. . . . I will answer your questions in the order you have asked them. I know nothing of the failure of the third edition of my poems; my booksellers have never informed me how they sold; and I have never asked them. They printed 5000 copies, and they dispose of them in five years, I must wait patiently for the issue, and be thankful for my share of the profits—and for all the fame of them—at the end of five years. I hope for them to be sold off in two years; you know the Edinburgh Reviewers have prescribed three years of my immortality! You ask how my literary hours are employed? I answer—very indolently and unprofitably: I have written since my volume appeared, at least five years before I can produce another: indeed, I am in no hurry to do that. I care how often I appear before the public in an obscure shape; and

scarcely mind ~~the matter~~ in ~~a more~~ ~~new~~. I would ~~not~~ ~~be~~ ~~the~~ ~~author~~ of ~~any~~ ~~piece~~ of ~~any~~ ~~kind~~ ~~but~~ ~~an~~ ~~enduring~~ ~~reputa-~~
 tion, ~~and~~ ~~of~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~fugitive~~ ~~pieces~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~day~~, ~~and~~ ~~are~~ ~~like~~
 sparks among ashes—they *glitter* only as they go ~~and~~ ~~I~~
 have written ~~the~~ 'Molehill,' which you have ~~seen~~, ~~and~~
 about half-a-dozen small pieces, which you have ~~seen~~, ~~and~~
~~the~~ ~~last~~ ~~few~~ ~~months~~. I ~~sent~~ ~~a~~ ~~copy~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~only~~ ~~one~~ ~~of~~
 the latter which ~~has~~ ~~appeared~~ ~~in~~ ~~print~~, but you probably
 may have ~~seen~~ ~~with~~ ~~it~~, as it has been often copied, though
 anonymously published. ~~This~~ ~~was~~ ~~very~~ ~~gratifying~~ ~~to~~ ~~me~~
~~because~~ ~~it~~ ~~proved~~ ~~that~~ ~~my~~ ~~name~~ ~~had~~ ~~commanded~~ ~~atten-~~
 tion, even when ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~known~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~mine~~. I allude ~~to~~
 the 'Harp of Sorrow.' I also send you, as a proof of my
 perfect confidence in your fidelity ~~and~~ ~~discretion~~, ~~the~~ ~~can-~~
 poem of ~~the~~ 'Loss of the Locks.' You ~~will~~ ~~be~~ ~~able~~
~~to~~ ~~show~~ ~~it~~ ~~under~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~ ~~possible~~ ~~conditions~~. You may show ~~it~~ ~~to~~ ~~whomsoever~~ ~~you~~ ~~please~~,
at your own house, but it must not pass the threshold; neither
the whole, nor any part of it, must, on any account, be copied
by any person. It is ~~not~~ ~~my~~ ~~intention~~ ~~to~~ ~~explain~~ ~~my~~ ~~reasons~~
 for ~~these~~ ~~rigid~~ ~~injunctions~~; and some may think—though
 you will not, because you know better how ~~to~~ ~~judge~~ ~~of~~ ~~my~~
 motives—that I ~~am~~ ~~making~~ ~~the~~ ~~poem~~ ~~itself~~ ~~of~~ ~~more~~ ~~con-~~
 sequence than it is. To such I would ~~say~~, I care ~~not~~ ~~how~~
 little consequence ~~it~~ ~~has~~ ~~to~~ ~~them~~; but ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~of~~ ~~great~~ ~~con-~~
 sequence ~~to~~ ~~me~~, that my reputation be ~~not~~ ~~injured~~ ~~by~~ ~~its~~ ~~ap-~~
 pearing, ~~and~~ ~~more~~ ~~than~~ ~~it~~ ~~now~~ ~~has~~, before ~~the~~ ~~public~~. I know you will ~~be~~ ~~faithful~~ ~~to~~ ~~my~~ ~~feelings~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~
 fame, ~~and~~ ~~therefore~~ ~~I~~ ~~commit~~ ~~the~~ ~~poem~~ ~~to~~ ~~your~~ ~~care~~. Mr.
 Bowyer has engaged me to furnish him with a poem on the
~~new~~ ~~Trade~~, for his new ~~and~~ ~~magnificent~~ ~~work~~.
 Campbell ~~and~~ ~~Graham~~ ~~are~~ ~~my~~ ~~associates~~, ~~and~~ ~~are~~ ~~to~~
 to furnish a poem ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~theme~~. The subject ~~has~~ ~~been~~
 ploughed, and cropped, and reaped these twenty years, and
~~it~~ ~~should~~ ~~be~~ ~~long~~ ~~enough~~ ~~for~~ ~~twenty~~ ~~years~~ ~~to~~ ~~get~~ ~~a~~ ~~good~~ ~~harvest~~
~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~soil~~. ~~But~~ ~~there~~ ~~are~~ ~~some~~ ~~gleanings~~ ~~left~~. Of the
~~gleanings~~ ~~I~~ ~~have~~ ~~much~~ ~~to~~ ~~complain~~.
 I was dreadfully alarmed at its annunciation; ~~and~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~my~~ ~~intention~~

anticipated it would be: my sale is at diminished; and advertisements as plentiful—or, rather, few—I have no opposition; and am qualified to continue in business. It is well that I am but one, for my money will keep me from the workhouse. I verily believe if I were as many folks as you are, the parish would either have my possession, or transport me. As for my spirits, I won't plague you with them this time; they are 'black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray,' as usual. . . . Concerning plays, I will tell you a story. About eight years ago I was deeply stage-smitten, not with acting, but with plays themselves. I wrote a comedy, which I thought the wittiest and most delightful drama that was ever composed. I sent it to London; contrived to get it introduced to Mr. Harris, though without any recommendation but my own, and I anxiously expected his decision concerning it, which, if favourable, I was sure would be my fame and fortune. About three months afterwards, I received my manuscript back, without any acknowledgment whatever: I thought whether I had been overruled. At that time, my mind had changed so much (not in consequence of that failure, but only enraged and mortified me, but not of my passion for the drama), that I never read any comedies, and seldom went into tragedies. Shakspeare I have not forsaken entirely, because he is a poet of such transcendent genius; but, except Baillie, I know no other dramatist; therefore I am not a proper person to advise you on the subject you have mentioned.

"Your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Joseph Aston, Manchester."

A lively and intelligent correspondent, Mrs. Skepper, who is residing at Merton, in Surrey, writes me "what has become of Montgomery?" whose last letter, she tells him, "was so gloomy that it might have been written in the style of Trophonius;" adding, "I think

told you ■■■ Wordsworth and his family spent ■ month with me, and that Coleridge was with us every day. They both thought highly of your poetry. ■■■ Coleridge begged that I would present ■ acknowledgments ■ you for the pleasure he had derived from your works. I ■■■ you if you knew how very lightly he holds the very ■■■ of the modern poets, you would think ■■■ praise ■ very high compliment." ■■■ then, in ■ few lines, admirably hits off the character of her two friends: "Mr. Wordsworth is ■■■ of the most amiable ■■■ I ever knew; he has great powers in conversation: he has thought while other men have talked; and now, when he chooses ■ talk, I assure you he makes other men think. He has mild and modest, yet very firm manners—a perfect consciousness of his own talents without any arrogance or affectation. Coleridge talks eloquently and incessantly, with the air of a ■■■ who has been in the habit of haranguing."

Amidst his numerous literary engagements, with ■ love of solitude singularly unusual to one in his position, and ■ ■■■ sensitive shrinking from contact with ■■■ fellow men, Montgomery began at this time to take an active part—or, perhaps, it would be more accurate ■ say, allowed himself to be brought into intimate official connection with several of those associations for the promotion of local ■ general benevolence with which his name was ■■■ afterwards identified. Among these may be named the "Society for bettering the Condition of the Poor," by ■■■ of ■ system of district visiting from house to house; and the society, which was formed this year, ■ improve the condition of children employed by chimney sweepers, and ■ supersede the necessity of employing them—objects ■■■ the promoters lived ■ see accomplished. Attendance ■ the meetings of these and similar societies led to a lifelong friendship between

poet and gentlemen, whose will often these pages — Samuel Roberts and George Bennet, Esquires.

Montgomery Roberts, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"I your simple truly affecting tale.* It speaks the language of nature, and therefore will be read, and understood, by all; by whom and splendid poetry could touch. I am it is calculated to make a very lively impression; it the fault of those hearts impression if it be not a lasting also.

"Your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

It need hardly be said that the editor of the "Iris" regarded the bombardment of Copenhagen, which took place in the month of September this year, with even stronger emotions of regret than he had experienced, in with many other of his countrymen, on the destruction of the Danish fleet in 1801. Six years afterwards, when adverting to the havoc produced among the British ships of the line, by a tremendous in the North Seas, and the probable exultation of the Danes in witnessing what they might well deem a tributive calamity on the former spoliators of their shipping and city, the editor said, "That such cause for joy in the misfortunes of countrymen should have been afforded a people who, even in the lying of politics, were called 'natural enemies,' be deplored than any single any ministry since the war began — for never consider the burning of Copenhagen as of the

* "Chimney Sweeper's Boy, a tale in rhyme: sixth edition, published 'Chimney Sweeper's Friend,'

the nation." The closing sentiment has latterly been applied by a learned English author, almost in the same words, to the memorable year of 1801. But whatever difference of opinion may exist in this country relative to the policy which dictated the action in Copenhagen Roads, and however we may concede to Danish writers ground for the assertion that the English nation "deplored the attitude of hostility" assumed by the government on that occasion*, it will for ever remain "an unshaken article of faith" to the English people that Nelson then gained a brilliant victory."

"Gather up the fragments"—here is one, which, although without either title or date, belongs to this period, and is, at least, a fragment which indicates the motion of a "broken and contrite heart."

"I stir the ashes of my mind,
And here and there a sparkle
That leaps into a moment's light,
Then dwindles down again in night.
Yet burns a fire within my breast,
Which cannot quench and will not rest;
O, for a sudden, full vent,
In this hard heart to give it vent!
O, for a gale of heavenly breath,
To quicken life again from death!"

MS.

It ought to be mentioned that, at the time when Montgomery began to attend the Methodist chapel, the Wesleyan pulpits in Sheffield were filled, *inter alios*, by three or four preachers of remarkable character. The Rev. William Bramwell was a man of singular energy, of untiring zeal, and of one work: prayer, indeed, appeared to be his vital breath; his word as a preacher

* "Danes and Norwegians," 185, 186.

such power, that, as Montgomery said, he would often grasp and wring the very soul of his hearers ; and his _____ in his vocation _____ a signal _____ his _____ energetic.

An entire _____ to _____ Bramwell in every thing except devotion _____ the service of their common Master, _____ the Rev. William Edward Miller. He was the _____ of Dr. Miller, the organist and historian of Doncaster, whose musical _____ he inherited, displaying a power of execution _____ the violin that sometimes drew enthusiastic praise from _____ admirers. He came _____ Sheffield, where he resided _____ time _____ a teacher of music, till, attracted by the noise of certain "revivals," _____ prayer-meetings, in Norfolk Street Chapel, he _____ night ventured in—_____ arrested—convinced—_____ verted—and became a Methodist preacher! In his new character he displayed _____ least all his wonted fer-_____ and earnestness. The hymn _____ and holy songs of his Christian profession were _____ the "wings of a dove" _____ his often enraptured spirit. He was, perhaps, _____ of the _____ seraphic declaimers in _____ body _____ which he belonged ; and enforced more frequently, if not _____ successfully, than any of _____ brethren, the litigated doctrine of "Christian perfection ;" _____ entire life and conversation being in beautiful accordance with his pulpit ministrations.

Differing from both his colleagues in almost all points except in their devotional zeal, _____ the Rev. William Miles, the author of a "Chronological History of _____ Methodists," a work, the title of which is alone suf-_____ indicate a mind of a calmer order. As an Irishman, he _____ of _____ impulsive _____ of his countrymen ; and _____ a preacher, _____ was equally ad-_____ and beloved by _____ more intelligent members of _____ congregation ; while to Montgomery he presented

the accidental charm of having known ~~the~~ conversed with Ireland's ~~celebrated~~ poetess—Mrs. Tighe.* And while ~~his~~ conscience ~~was~~ stirred, his spirit warmed, ~~his~~ ~~mind~~ expanded by ~~these~~ ministers, ~~he~~ ~~was~~ gratified by the chaste and fervid eloquence of the Rev. Robert Newton, the Apollos of modern Methodism. Other preachers might be named; but ~~we~~ mention these four ~~as~~ having ~~been~~ at this period ~~a~~ more immediate influence on the susceptible religious character of the ~~celebrated~~ poet ~~in~~ a critical ~~moment~~ of his spiritual history. It ~~was~~ not, however, ~~we~~ believe, until ~~a~~ somewhat later period, that he ~~had~~ much personal intercourse with, or freely "opened ~~his~~ mind" in spiritual conversation to any of the ~~men~~ whose pulpit ministrations he attended.

One of these, the Rev. Walter Griffith,—of whom we have often heard Montgomery speak kindly,—when leaving the town, in the ~~autumn~~ of ~~the~~ year, ~~recommended~~ him ~~to~~ the Christian care of his successor, ~~a~~ well known and excellent preacher, who afterwards exercised ~~a~~ influence in ~~the~~ ~~history~~ of Methodism, unparalleled since the days of Wesley. Mr. ~~Griffith~~ said, in ~~the~~ letter presented to the poet by the Rev. Jabez Bunting—

"My principal reason for introducing ~~you~~ ~~to~~ you ~~is~~ ~~the~~ hope I have that ~~you~~ will, by the blessing of ~~the~~ gracious Lord, be rendered useful ~~to~~ you. I have often thought of, and ~~felt~~ ~~a~~ wish to ~~be~~ of your having ~~above~~ your discouragements into ~~the~~ enjoyments of ~~the~~ religion. ~~It~~ ~~may~~ be the case, my brother Bunting will, I doubt not, help you forward; or should you ~~be~~ ~~down~~ down, ~~be~~ tender, ~~and~~ ~~will~~ will sympathise ~~with~~ you in ~~your~~ sorrows."—August ~~1811~~

* Author of "Psyche."

Of the state of his religious feelings at this period, we have direct evidence in the letter to Mr. and Mrs. Ignatius Montgomery, already given; and while there is reason to believe that he was much harassed with "doubts and fears" relative to his acceptance with God, as a prodigal returning to his heavenly Father, it is gratifying to find that his Moravian friends, from whom he was locally separated by circumstances, were not less solicitous for his spiritual welfare, than those zealous preachers and their pious townsmen, with whom he was frequently, if not statedly, joined in religious worship. The Rev. C. A. Pohlman, one of the Brethren's ministers, then residing at Mirfield, in a letter to the poet, dated Sept. 14., says:—

"O how shall I rejoice to see that thy horizon is your
 soul serene and unclouded; thy doubts and scruples have
 ceased to agitate your seeking mind; that you have fully
 found again that ever-present Friend, whose love has
 been on you for good ever far; who was the comfort of
 your earliest day; the dawning of whose love you once
 felt—which love alone can smooth the path of life,
 our gloomy hours, and make the approach of death
 a joyful passage. Pardon the liberty I take; my anxious
 love for your happiness must plead my right, and my own
 experience makes me thus speak. . . . Convinced I was a
 sinner, and stood in need of a Saviour, I flew to Jesus—
 simply and child-like: need I say you the consequence? O
 my friend! I likewise; a child again, seeking safety
 in the arms of your Saviour, and there you will find rest for
 your weary soul."

The review of Southey's "Specimens" was published in the "Eclectic" for October.* It is a

* Eclectic Review, vol. iii. p. 845.

terly and discriminating article, ■ will repay ■ attentive perusal. The following extract will show how anxiously Montgomery laboured in ■ that he wrote, ■ in reviews, not only to defend Christianity in general, but to set forth the advantages of its personal enjoyment and operative influence.

"Mr. Southey's sneers," ■ he, "in the following passages are unworthy of him :—

"The school of Sternhold and Hopkins ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ in which the succession of ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ has been uninterrupted; the *fanatics* of ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ days being ■ much ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ psalm-singers of King Edward's, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ godly ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ sorrowful sobs ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ simple sinners. Poetry gained nothing by these efforts, but happily ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ nothing. ■ Scotland, where ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ eventually triumphed, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ were extirpated; John Knox ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ Herbert of ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ Reformation."

"It is ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ comprehend whom ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ writer means by 'the *fanatics* of ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ days;' but if Mr. Southey will have ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ candour ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ examine ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ hymn-books of ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ Dissenters ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ Methodists, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ will ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ Watts, Doddridge, the ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ Wealeys, Newton, and Cowper, were not of ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ of Sternhold and Hopkins; ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ as he ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ wretchedly ignorant on this part of his subject, it may ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ inform him, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ doggerel lays of Sternhold ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ Hopkins, and ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ insipid strains of *Nahum Tate* ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ Brady (with whose *Christian* ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ he ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ merry, in another place, as if they were responsible for what their godfathers ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ godmothers did for them), ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ descend so low ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ the conventicle, but are sung in churches and cathedrals, before bishops and prebendaries, lords and ladies, and all ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ fashionable world of ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ establishment, who certainly ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ not deserve ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ opprobrious appellation of *fanatics*. But ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ religion has not been much honoured by poets, it ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ to their disgrace, and ought not to be ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ her disparagement. Is the poetry of Milton, Young, and Cowper degraded or ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ by their piety?"

However the reviewer might have seen the " sneers " and " sarcasms " of Mr. Southey in this period, he could long enough believe that a change for the better had taken place in the Christian views of the worthy laureate, as will appear from the following remarks:—*Montgomery*: " I had a correspondence with Mr. Southey on religious subjects. He regretted that he had been sceptically inclined when young, but was happy to see that a considerable change had taken place in his views and feelings; and though he could not class himself with any particular denomination of Christian believers, yet he could conscientiously style himself a *seeker*. In my answer to this, I adopted the apostolical method, and assured him that they that seek shall find. He further expressed the pleasure he frequently experienced in bending before the family altar with his wife and children, and pouring his soul in prayer to the Father in spirit." *Everett*: " It was very different with him when he wrote —

" ' Go thou and seek the house of prayer !
I to the woodlands bend my way,
And meet Religion there.' "

Indeed, the public must perceive in his writings a marked contrast between his former and his latter self. His ' *Roderick, the Last of the Goths* ' exhibits penitential expressions, as well as pure and elevated evangelical strains—making allowance for the popish faith of *Roderick*; and few men, if any, could have entered so luminously, deeply, and feelingly into the subject, who had not previously experienced something of the kind, and whose minds had been imbued with religious truth."

Montgomery, in [] review, [] astonish-
 [] [] Southey has not printed any "Speci-
 mens" of the poetry of Dr. Doddridge, Dr. Watts, []
 the two Wesleys, and briefly gives [] [] opinion of
 the character of Charles Wesley [] a post. The fol-
 lowing [] minutes of [] conversation: — *Montgomery* :
 "Charles Wesley was very unequal; for while he
 strikingly excelled in some, he was slovenly [] other
 of [] compositions. He published too many hymns;
 he would have been [] successful if he [] been
 more sparing." Taking down a volume—"There,"
 continued he, pointing to the pages, "are two hymns
 in [] very first style. Where the compilers have []
 with them, I know not, for [] [] them in any of
 Mr. Wesley's 'Collections;' [] yet I have no doubt
 of their genuineness; indeed, if Charles Wesley's name
 had [] been affixed [] them, I could have vouched []
 them as his." He then [] them, and coming [] []
 second stanza, said, "Here [] a happy illustration, —

— My comforts all [] blasted,
 My comforter [] gone:
 [] joy which [] I tasted,
 [] [] I ne'er [] known!
 The gourd which soothed my anguish,
 [] withered o'er my head,
 And [] [] grief I languish,
 To [] among [] dead."

After reading the intervening lines, he proceeded
 with,—

"No heart-distracting passion
 Is [] [] break my peace;
 But joy without cessation,
 [] love without excess."

"The [] thought," [] he, "is extremely beau-

tiful; these hymns exceed everything ever for pathos simplicity; he wound up his passions to the highest pitch, and then, at the close, the whole sunk in a rapture." New charms to the hymns by the plaintively impressive of voice: and, to say nothing of their poetic qualities, they were expressive apparently of Montgomery's state of mind at the time; for he seemed to dwell upon them, and to cherish the feelings they calculated to inspire.

He mentioned at the same time the two volumes of "Short Poems, and Select Scripture Passages," published by Charles Wesley, and the three volumes of "Miscellaneous Poems" published by his brother John: both these works he refers in his review of Southey's "Specimens." *Rev. Thomas Smith*: "Was Charles Wesley translator of 'Eupolis; Hymn to the Creator?'" *Everett*: "No, sir; it was translated from the Greek by his father, Samuel Wesley." *Montgomery*: "And that translation he has given me one of his pieces." *Smith*: "Is it a remarkable circumstance that the original has never been found? that no one can give any account of it?" *Montgomery*: "It is certainly unaccountable. That there has been a Greek hymn from which it has been taken, hardly be a question; but it is doubtless the forgery of a later age." *Everett*: "The hymn itself furnishes evidence sufficient that Mr. Wesley imposed upon. It is *Christian for Heathenism*: at least, there is too much of the correct thinking of *Judaism*, relative to the Supreme Being, for a pagan." *Montgomery*: "Seneca, Plato, and other heathen moralists and philosophers, have proceeded far, but Eupolis certainly exceeds them all." Calling upon Montgomery two or three days after, he produced a volume of

Dr. Wesley's "Moral and Poems," in which the hymn of Eupolis stands first*; turning a number of pages, he asked, pointing to a piece titled the "Mystery of Life," "Do you know anything of that?" *Everett*: "I do not recollect it present. Whose composition is it?" *Montgomery*: "Mr. Gambold's, a Moravian bishop." *Everett*: "I know him well a writer, and as the author of 'Ignatius;' but I am acquainted with that piece. What are its peculiar characteristics?" *Montgomery*: "It is remarkable depth of thought, in quantity and quality. Every thing connected with man—whence I?—what I?—whither I going? and such like momentous questions, forcibly and finely evoked and answered. It leads you to ask, independent of these hands, feet, and eyes, of the whole body, what there *within*? I have met with few pieces in which there is so much naked thought."

* He has been considered the author of the poem: but having read it with attention, and also the remarks of Dr. Clarke upon it in his "Wesley Family," I cannot admit that even he is quite correct in the questions of originality and authorship. I think the poem is wholly unlike that of any known composition by the venerable rector of Epworth: and almost as little does the Platonic sentimentality of the poem resemble anything which bears the name of his daughter, Mrs. Wright; though, if it had really a Wesleyan origin, this highly accomplished lady is more likely to have conceived and executed such a work than her father. As to its merits, every person who reads it will be disposed to agree with Dr. Clarke, that "it may be considered as a fine, and in general very successful, attempt to imitate a Greek poet;" at the same time, it is probable but few will, with the learned Biblical annotator, "believe it to be, without exception, the finest poem in the English language."—J. H.

CHAP. XXXII.

1807—1808.

LETTER TO PARKER.—"BOLEHILL TREES"—THE MOWER FAMILY.—
 "M. S." AND [REDACTED] FRIENDS.—MRS. [REDACTED] MOIR.—THE "MOLEHILL,"
 [REDACTED] "CAST-AWAY SHIP," [REDACTED] "POPE'S WILLOW."—R. H. CROMER.
 —KAMESAKE CHILDREN.—SPURGEON TOWER.—"PILGRIMAGE TO CAN-
 TERBURY."—ANIMADVERSIONS ON CONNETT'S ADVOCACY [REDACTED] WAR.—
 [REDACTED] [REDACTED]—REVIEW OF WORDSWORTH'S "LYRICAL
 BALLADS."—CONVERSATION.—POETRY, [REDACTED] [REDACTED]—LETTERS
 [REDACTED] PARKER AND ARTHUR.—HUGHESGALL'S "PORTRAITS OF ME-
 THODISM."—WALTER SCOTT, KIRK WHITE, AND THOMAS DERMODY.
 [REDACTED] EXPRESSIONS.—"HARRISON."—LOVE IN [REDACTED]
 "SENSES."—THE "WALK IN SPRING."—"SWISS [REDACTED] SONG."
 —[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]—ADDRESS [REDACTED] THE KING.

James Montgomery to Daniel Parker.

"Sheffield, Nov. 3, 1807.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I take the earliest opportunity of sending you my friend's remarks on Joinville, which you will read with all candour, and adjudge with all the fairness, that the author could desire.

"I inclose also two unpublished poems of mine. Of [REDACTED] 'Bolehill Trees,' I will say nothing: of the second, (MS.), I have no hesitation to inform you that [REDACTED] has been very minutely criticised by some of my [REDACTED] friends, and certain parts of it severely blamed. I ask no mercy of you; I know that there are faults enough in it to please [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Edinburgh Reviewers, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] provoke their utmost spleen. You are at liberty to read these effu-

whom please among your friends; but they are not for mere acquaintances. I only enjoin you not to permit any one either piece, and I would oblige me the more you would not lend them out of your sight. These, with 'Molehill,' which you have three or four smaller unpublished pieces, are my poetical productions my volume published; thanks to your unremitting flail that threshes my brains to chaff with criticism! I have worked out between four lines on Trade; but I hardly dare mention these; they never can pay me in fame or profit the pains they have cost me, and the precious hours they have wasted, — and yet I sometimes think it will be my best poem: finished, however, I alternately exult and shudder it. It already delights and gladdens on my hopes and more than any piece I ever composed. I ought to have told you that 'Zembo' was a juvenile essay*, vamped up again, than poem worth: I thought, however, that it not an every-day story told in common-place language. You see how loosely and widely I written; and, though it is Monday night, I could have to have written and full; alas! my heart in dust, my head upon it like a gravestone. I am very, very low, and God only can raise me up. May his Almighty arm be your everlasting upholder!

"Farewell, your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

In the preceding letter Montgomery mentions "Molehill," two poems, which, justly they have been admired for their intrinsic merits, still interesting the memorials of personal friendship.

The graceful entitled "Molehill Trees"†

* Originally printed in the "Whisperer."

† Works, p. 284.

as appeared [redacted] the original head-note, [redacted] with a spot "where the writer [redacted] spent many happy hours." Soon after the appearance of the Rev. Robert Hall's celebrated sermon on "Modern Infidelity," in 1800, Montgomery [redacted] employed by Robert Mower, Esq., of Barlow Woodseats, [redacted] print [redacted] abstract of that discourse for circulation among his rustic neighbours; and afterwards, in 1805, [redacted] pamphlet of "Inferences drawn from Ancient History, applicable [redacted] the Present Times." These transactions laid the foundation of [redacted] lasting friendship; and the poet became [redacted] frequent visitor [redacted] the residence of the worthy, but somewhat eccentric, "Squire Mower,"* at his very secluded residence, in [redacted] deep and beautifully wooded valley, about midway between Sheffield and Chesterfield.† With Mrs. Mower, her two sons, and two daughters, Montgomery [redacted] [redacted] especial favourite; and no wonder, seeing that he brought along with his acknowledged literary taste, [redacted] perfect frankness and trustworthiness of character, which at [redacted] inspired and returned confidence. Hence he [redacted] consulted as a wise and willing adviser under all circumstances. One of the [redacted] evinced [redacted] talent for literature, in connection with which he often

* It was his custom to invite a number of his poorer neighbours to dine with him on Christmas day; and on one of these occasions—if not oftener—each guest found a piece of gold under his plate!

† As Woodseats was nearly ten miles from Sheffield, the poet commonly went there on horseback: on one of these occasions he had ridden down the somewhat steep road through Piperwood, with a degree of slowness and caution [redacted] could hardly have been greater "had he been made of glass," and was returning the same way with similar wariness, when he was not a [redacted] abashed for his own horsemanship, to meet a young fellow trotting down the stony descent with his [redacted] foremost, and [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] tail [redacted] his [redacted]

sought the assistance and enjoyed the counsels of the family friend. The elder daughter was a frank, intelligent, accomplished maiden, who showed her heart in her countenance; for her, Montgomery wrote the "To Agnes,"* and the lines from "A Daughter to a Mother, on her Birthday."† "Many persons," said a relative of hers to us since the poet's death, "thought he would have married Charlotte Mower, they always appeared so fond of each other;" and this notion was certainly not confined to mere vulgar gossips: on the other hand, we are bound to say that it does not receive the slightest countenance from what we have seen of their correspondence. Mr. Mower died in 1811; and his worthy relict in 1832, when Woodseats passed to another branch of the family, and Montgomery's connection with the locality, though not with the person of those who had given it to him, altogether ceased.‡

* Works, p. 10. Charlotte (poetical Agnes) was the daughter of Thorold, Esq., of Wallam, in 1837, aged 57.

† Works, p. 10.

‡ The Mowers had long been settled at Barlow. In the burying ground, immediately opposite the porch of the ancient chapel, there is a railed enclosure, within which are six or eight moss-grown table tombs, bearing the family name, and dating two hundred years back: while inside the sacred edifice, their benefactions are recorded on the tablets,—and even the inscription plate of their memory and munificence. Perhaps, however, the greenest—certainly the most conspicuous and valuable—memorial of their worth is the free school and master's house at Bolehill. About 1750, the master of this school was Mr. Goodwin, father of the first, and grandfather of the late Reverend Edward Goodwin, both of Sheffield: that worthy man planted round the school-ground the sycamores, which for nearly a century have formed so conspicuous a landmark for many miles around; and which, having once narrowly escaped being cut down



THE NEW YORK YEARS

MONTGOMERY'S HOME IN THE COUNTRY

Between the hearty congratulations of Montgomery's literary friends on the [redacted] of [redacted] poems on the [redacted] hand, and the insolent attack of the northern critic [redacted] the other, the still small voice of "A Female whom [redacted] had reconciled [redacted] the Notes of Sorrow," [redacted] once reached him in [redacted] seclusion. [redacted] he was [redacted] by these communications [redacted] [redacted] seen from the lines dedicated [redacted] the memory of the writer, who [redacted] afterwards, when her [redacted] and [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] him by some of her surviving friends. [redacted]

by some barbarous official, are destined to flourish perennially in one of the most pleasing little poems which ever came from Montgomery's [redacted]

lines in their published ~~work~~ bear at the end of ~~the~~ "M. S."*, usually ~~the~~ indicate simply "Memorise Sacra," a ~~common~~ formula of mortuary inscriptions; but they are ~~the~~ initials of Mary Steevens, an amiable young Quaker lady. ~~The~~ letters ~~had~~ had been ~~sent~~ her falling into ~~the~~ hands of the ~~late~~ Hugh Chudleigh Standert, who had just commenced the practice of his profession ~~as~~ a surgeon at Taunton, ~~the~~ gentleman, ~~as~~ well ~~as~~ his friend Mr. Robert Young, ~~the~~ a banker in the ~~same~~ town, ~~the~~ Montgomery, giving him ~~an~~ account of the deceased; thus commencing a correspondence which was long kept up. Mr. Standert occasionally used his pen in the ~~the~~ of polite literature, and also, ~~we~~ believe, in the service of ~~his~~ own profession; his friend Young meanwhile removing to London, where he died.

M. S. was ~~the~~ the only female whom sorrow led ~~at~~ this time ~~to~~ her admiration of the poet's ~~work~~ prelude ~~to~~ a claim on ~~his~~ personal sympathies. A ~~case~~ of misfortune ~~was~~ brought to him in ~~a~~ long letter from ~~Mr.~~ Le Noir, of Reading, who rejoices ~~to~~ have found out ~~that~~ "Alceus" is Mr. Montgomery. "He is a printer; I ~~am~~ as much of one as a woman can be—being a partner in such a trade; he is a poet, I am ~~the~~ daughter of ~~one~~ with some slight pretensions ~~to~~ rhyming myself: but he is unfortunate—ah! there I can match him indeed. I am one of ~~the~~ daughters of ~~the~~ Christopher Smart, of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, an unfortunate poet: I hardly remember him; ~~his~~ mind ~~was~~ early disordered, and his fortunes always ~~poor~~. He died within the rules of the King's Bench. My mother carried on, with her eldest brother, ~~the~~ printing and bookselling ~~in~~ town, which

been her father's." And then followed a history of personal family disasters more than induce Montgomery to receive [redacted] for a volume, "although merely a novel," from [redacted] of his spondent.

Dayes, the artist, has noticed in his "Tour" * the scenery in a spot called "Smithy Wood Bottom," about [redacted] miles south of Sheffield; it was during a solitary walk through this [redacted] pleasant glen, that [redacted] moralising poem entitled the "Molehill" † was suggested, [redacted] partly composed. Montgomery had frequently noticed [redacted] green sward the clusters of earth-casts, but he had never [redacted] work the animal [redacted] thus "scoops with curious toil her subterranean bed:" [redacted] he [redacted] a mole-trap, with the description of which he [redacted] much amused. This piece, and the "Cast-away Ship," ‡ to which he [redacted] a "Sequel" in 1810, [redacted] originally published in Dr. Aikin's "Athenæum."

The [redacted] on "Pope's Willow" § [redacted] written for the Rev. Dr. Philipps of Sheffield, and by him carefully preserved as long as he lived, in an urn, which had been made from a portion of the trunk of the celebrated Twickenham tree.

Among Montgomery's correspondents at this period [redacted] H. Cromek, a respectable engraver, but better known [redacted] having suggested Stothard's celebrated picture the "Pilgrimage to Canterbury." He [redacted] an enthusiastic admirer of the poetry of Chaucer, of Montgomery, and especially of Burns; besides, [redacted] "a good letter," autograph included; which [redacted] more than can be said of every artist; although some

* Page [redacted]
 † Ibid. p. 222.

‡ Works, p. 285.
 § Ibid. p. 278.

manifest ■ much surprise at finding that ■ person may *engrave*, who does not write "a fair hand," ■ Crabbe does, ■ find that the rustic who makes a straight line a mile long with ■ plough in the field, ■ do the same for ■ inch ■ two with his pen, when signing his ■ to his marriage in the parish register! On New Year's Day, Cromek called upon Montgomery, on his way to the "Land of Burns," in that quest after "relics" of the Ayrshire poet which, perhaps, was rather ■ successful. He had announced his intention to visit Sheffield, in a note containing the following lively ■ :—

"I must now ■ you ■ I have taken a very great freedom with your name—I have ■ it to one of ■ own productions.—I have ■ my sweet little girl after ■ author whose poetry ■ again ■ again thrilled my heart. ■ may ■ fate of this ■ sprout of the ■ ardent reciprocal affection, Heaven only ■ tell. This I know, that, ■ present, when I ■ watch her on her mother's lap, I have sensations ■ I would ■ exchange for an universe! Whether ■ feeling ■ been created ■ my bosom, or an old and dormant one brushed up, I cannot just ■ determine; ■ I feel ■ pulse ■ my heart ■ I hope will ■ there ■ the last moment of my existence. Poor Maria Montgomery! receive the benediction of a friend—of a father, in ■ unpublished words of ■ Prince of ■ :—

"Gude grant that thou may ay inherit,
Thy mither's person, grace an' merit,
An' thy ■ worthless dadie's spirit
Without his failins;
'Twill please him mair to hear an' see it
■ stocket mailins."

"I had ■ my christening, ■ fortnight since, ■ and select party—my good friend Hopwood, ■ part of ■ family, and Chantrey. I had the pleasure of proposing and drinking

heartily your health, and the health of the Misses Gales. The gods and goddesses never drank their glee."

Cromek's child was not the only one which a parent gave the name of "Montgomery," in baptism, as an evidence of respect for the poet.

A similar compliment was paid to him in 1844 by one of his admirers in Leeds, who, after hesitating some time, at length announced to Montgomery the liberty he had taken with his name. The latter, in reply, said :—

"Though I was very considerate of you to keep your letter six months, you did well to send it last under the impression which you so candidly state, and which I hope will not be quite disappointed in the result. . . .

"On the Baptism of the Child of Mr. Kirkby, of Elmwood Grove, Leeds, by the name of James Montgomery.

"The name which to your child is given,
When writ on earth will writ in Heaven,
And the 'new name,' on that 'white stone,'
Which Christ bestows upon his own,
Through time and death, his passport be,
To life and immortality.

— J. MONTGOMERY.

"*Montgomery* 1848."

Cromek called upon Montgomery on his way back to London, and gave him an entertaining account of his adventures in Scotland as a "relic hunter," and an enthusiastic description of Stothard's picture, but was deeply interested with the conversation of his friend relative to the poetical beauties of the highly picturesque scene, so successfully portrayed by the artist. *Holland*: "It is, I believe, generally

understood Cromek's pilgrimage to the land of Burns a very fortunate one for him, in a pecuniary point of view." *Montgomery*: "It was so he was prepared—highly as he estimated the reliques—to receive so for the volume, published by Cadell and Davies; but they well knew what they were about, and lost nothing by their liberality." *Holland*: "Cromek, although he detected some of the impositions of Burns, in having passed off his own verses as parts of old songs, allowed his love of traditionary Scottish ballad poetry to expose him to be duped by a series of fictitious pieces composed by Allan Cunningham, at that time a young man, working as a stone-mason on the banks of the Nith." *Montgomery*: "I was long made aware of that circumstance; and I have always felt it acting as a drawback on my estimate of his moral integrity of Cunningham." *Holland*: "I am glad to find my own view of the disingenuousness of this transaction corroborated by your opinion. Some persons may regard this trick of the Nithdale poet merely as evidence of great ingenuity, or, at the worst, as a good literary joke: but I confess it appears to me very like an abuse of that unsuspecting confidence which one of genius implicitly placed in the formal testimony of another." * It is curious, that about the same time that "honest Allan," a shrewd Scotchman, was imposing spurious songs upon the unsuspecting Yorkshire collector, a Durham gentleman of higher literary pretensions,

* In 1847, these poems were reprinted by a son of Mr. Cunningham's, who does not appear to be conscious of any impropriety in the circumstances of deception which attended their original appearance. The same may be said of the republication of the spurious ballads given by Surtees to Sir Walter Scott: unless, indeed, which is very probable, he never became aware of the deception practised upon him.

the late Mr. Surtees, — in — deceiving — and critical Walter Scott with ancient border ballads, the productions of his own pen! Cromeek promised — give Montgomery a copy of the "Pilgrimage to Canterbury;" but as he died long before the engraving — finished, — widow faithfully fulfilled her husband's intention; and a "proof impression" of this beautiful work of art occupied a conspicuous place in the sitting room of our poet, — it did also in that of Sir Walter Scott; indeed, — Mrs. Bray says*, — "Few houses where the master — a library, or has any pretensions — a love or knowledge of the fine arts, — without the print, framed, and hung in a conspicuous place."

Montgomery's pen was exercised through several numbers of the "Iris" at the commencement of this year in animadverting on Cobbett's "Vindication of War." — He regarded Cobbett, — this time, — "unquestionably the ablest political writer of the day;" but, in consequence of his vacillating opinions and political inconsistencies, he already thought meanly of the man, and still — when, after serving almost every party in — without being faithful — any, he — at last deservedly despised by all.

"In — points, however," says Montgomery (Oct. 20. 1807), "we — acknowledge his immutable consistency; — he has ever been the enemy of extended commerce, the knight-errant of military glory, the advocate of popular ignorance, and — champion of merciless warfare."

On all these subjects, the opinions of Cobbett and the sentiments of Montgomery, were the antipodes of each other, as the pages of the "Iris," amply testify. — He — especially — the advocate for peace, that Mont-

* "Life of Stothard;" where will be found a particular account of the origin and progress both of the picture and the engraving.

gomery, during the long period of his editorship, manifested an unwavering consistency, neither his pen, his conversation, nor his practice, ever belying the motto prefixed to his newspaper. We transcribe a single passage from his speech to Cobbett, who had argued that it was necessary to call forth the exercise of the heroic virtues!

"Yet, utterly denying the necessity of war, we contend that, 'in the present state of the world,' there are as many occasions when we give birth, energy, and employment to our virtues as when we be truly useful to mankind. Is there no heroism displayed in rescuing a fellow man from shipwreck and from flames? Is there no valour in visiting, at the peril of health and of life itself, the sufferer of infectious disease? Is there no heroism in the defence of a petty republic against the powerful oppression of a home? None in the enterprising adventures of discovery abroad? Is there no fortitude in quietly enduring the common calamities of life? No magnanimity in abstaining from vindictive violence, overcoming evil by good, and patiently outliving the malice of our enemies? Or are these the ennobling virtues which are to be found only in war? No! of the many examples of courage in encountering the most appalling dangers, the most cruel sufferings, the most glorious in the history of women; millions more, performed by women in unostentatious privacy, have been recorded by history."

* It will perhaps surprise some persons to learn that ■ this Montgomery ■ merely to have echoed ■ "right royal" opinion of one who has been much and often blamed ■ ■ ■ taining very different sentiments. King George the Third, ■ a letter to Bishop Hurd, July 23. 1762, avows "an idea, that, if ever mankind reflect, they must allow that those who encourage religion, virtue, and literature, deserve as much solid praise as those who disturb the world, and commit all the horrors of war ■ gain ■ reputation of being heroes."—*Bentley's Miscellany*, vol. xxvi. p. 382.

ungenerous and ungrateful _____ who in all _____ jealous _____ monopolise to himself the credit of _____ magnifi-
 _____ qualities. The courage of the warrior in _____ is
 greater than the heroism of _____ in love; _____ loyalty
 cannot exceed her constancy, _____ when _____ wantonly
 tempted or most wickedly assailed. The sacrifice of him
 who leaves _____ country and friends, with the blessing of both
 _____ head, in the joyful hope of returning _____ them covered
 with laurels and enriched with spoils, _____ not be named
 _____ comparison with the sacrifices of her who _____ her
 home and connections in despair of _____ beholding them
 again, _____ follow a lover unworthy of her affection—an exile,
 an outlaw—all _____ the world. The hardships of _____ win-
 _____ campaign in the forests and _____ of _____
 _____ harassing and heart-breaking than the miseries which
 woman—weak, willing, uncomplaining woman—suffers, by
 day and by night, in the _____ gloom of a _____ cham-
 ber; tenderly, anxiously, watching for weeks _____ months,
 _____ years (as we have _____ it*), every look, every motion

* We _____ not know to what or whether _____ particular in-
 _____ of _____ fidelity and tenderness, Montgomery here alludes
 as having _____ within _____ personal knowledge. _____ once mentioned
 _____ subject to _____ general terms, when speaking of _____ intention
 to _____ written a poem on the subject of "Woman." _____ do, how-
 ever, recollect _____ mentioning an instance fourteen years _____
 wards, to which the expressions in the text too sadly applied. Agnes, only daughter of the Rev. John Steinhauer, a Moravian
 minister, _____ married, in June 1808, _____ the Rev. Ignatius Mont-
 _____ of Gracehill, _____ Ballymena, Ireland. *Holland*: "Your
 sister-in-law appears _____ a lady of very superior mental _____
 compliments." *Montgomery*: "There are others besides you who
 think so; and, I assure you, I am one of the number. My brother
 has now (June 1822) been unable to leave _____ several
 months, and it is truly affecting to witness the self-devotion of this
 excellent woman, in her attention to such an afflicted creature. In
 her solicitude to minister to his comfort and alleviate his sufferings,
 she willingly foregoes, except in the sick chamber, the exercise of
 _____ fine talents which are _____ the delight
 and admiration of all around her."

of an afflicted husband or a declining child. These are not exaggerated pictures of the heroic worth. Every [redacted] [redacted] warmed [redacted] [redacted] of a mother, or flut-
 [redacted] [redacted] footstep of the gentlest of friends, will
 [redacted] testimony [redacted] the truth of our representations. Mr.
 Cobbett may reply, that woman is sometimes '*personally*
engaged' in war, in following her hero to the field of con-
 flict, and [redacted] nursing him while he [redacted] wounded and [redacted]
 in his tent. The advocate of war is welcome to all the
 benefit which such a fact [redacted] [redacted] him, in proof of [redacted]
 necessity of fighting and bloodshed, [redacted] [redacted] transcendent
 excellence of [redacted] may [redacted] be [redacted] manifest."—*Iris*,
 March 1. 1808.

The January number of the "Eclectic" contained Montgomery's critique on Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads," &c., concerning which he had thus written to the editor three months previously:—

"I am [redacted] sure [redacted] you and I differ very widely in
 our opinions concerning Wordsworth's talents, [redacted] perhaps
 [redacted] concerning his performances. My free, sincere, [redacted]
 utterly unbiassed sentiments I send you, [redacted] at all dreading
 your displeasure, because I [redacted] a poet's [redacted] in higher
 [redacted] [redacted] you do. I know [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]
 [redacted] review any work, [redacted] is my own judgment [redacted] you require
 me [redacted] exercise, and you do not expect that it [redacted] always [redacted]
 [redacted] [redacted] with yours. I feel exceeding great reluctance
 [redacted] [redacted] the works of a man of high [redacted] noble genius,
 however' unworthy of him, [redacted] I [redacted] [redacted] that [redacted]
 vivid imagination of poets, which I doubt [redacted] [redacted] always [redacted]
 accompanied with equal self-complacency, often [redacted] [redacted]
 into [redacted] which they know not [redacted] [redacted] such, but mistake
 them [redacted] excellencies of the purest order, when they are [redacted]
 thing but [redacted] wanderings from [redacted] and [redacted]. Yet
 [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] punish them for [redacted] follies, as if they [redacted] [redacted]

guilty of crimes: lenity is not the character of any existing Review, nor are any of our periodical critics so devoid of praise. I hope that your readers will be as much rigorous of our article as we reconcile ourselves to the warmth of commendation which I have so honestly and heartily bestowed on Wordsworth's merits. The cry is up; and it is the fashion to yelp him down. I belong to the pack, nor will I wag my tongue or my tail, on any occasion, to please the multitude. I am free of personal partiality or prejudice in favour of Wordsworth. I am sure the poetry of two men is much more widely known than mine. I hate his baldness and vulgarity of phrase, and I doubt not he equally hates the splendour and foppishness of mine; but I feel the pulse of poetry beating through every vein of thought in all his positions, even in his most pitiful, puerile, and affected pieces. To me I need not say that his frigid mention of my name in his first note has not influenced me to speak more favourably of him than I otherwise should have done. It is a proud and almost contemptuous notice which he has taken of me and my 'Daisy' (I won't change mine for *three daisies*), and more calculated to mortify and provoke a jealous temper than to soothe and disarm me who have the power and the opportunity to humble a rival in the eye of the public. No! I am persuaded, in my own mind, that I have done him justice to the best of my knowledge. I only regret that you will probably derive less satisfaction from the perusal of this essay than you might have done if our opinions had been in perfect harmony. You will not be alarmed at the apparent length; for though the four essays are closely written, the following ones are loose, and the whole will be, I believe, than eight of yours. I confess that I tore myself from poetry to criticism, on this occasion, with excessive reluctance. My mind was so alive with images and sentiments connected with my *Prædication Poem*, and the violence of my favourite feelings so strongly reviewed. I hope nobody but you, my own binding promise, have moved me

do it. You will probably think that this article is written with more than usual stiffness; but indeed I cannot help it. Only one of my heart was engaged in it, and the other has been repining all the while at the interruption of time. This is not often the case; but the poem which I am at present engaged upon is so deeply and divinely interested me, that I have been great self-denial in suspend my meditations on it just at this time, when I am in the very heart of it. I intended to complete it, if possible, this week, and I do not yet despair. I can, however, very scientifically say, that, under these circumstances, I have done my best. I have you in the composition of this critique, and I have endeavoured to make the article as interesting as possible. I have plucked the exquisite flowers in Wordsworth's parterre to present to your readers. You yourself will not deny that some of these are very beautiful."

"I entered," said Montgomery to Mr. Everett, "into a long argument on the principles of poetry laid down in the celebrated 'Preface,' showing that the poet is often very happy when he departed from his own rules. There was," continued he, "an amusing incident connected with this review. Not very long after its appearance, I was in London, where I met with Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson, a gentleman of taste, well known as a zealous admirer of Wordsworth, and who, among other topics of discourse, made some observations on Mr. Wordsworth's poetry; he expressed himself as being indignant at the treatment which his friend had received from the reviewers, descanting particularly on the critique in the 'Eclectic!' The writer of that article, he remarked, was the only person among the authors of all these reviews he had read who understood the character of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, and yet it was evident, on the very face of the matter, that he was

afraid, — that he was not *spirit* enough to speak out to full praise." *Everett*: "Did you make any reply?" *Montgomery*: "Not I; — though that very silence would with some persons have been construed into at least a confession of complicity; but I suffered the remark to pass, — as a matter of course." *Everett*: "Were you able to maintain your gravity during his observations?" *Montgomery*: "O yes; though amused, I listened with perfect composure, conscious as I was of the justice of my critical remarks, and of the kindly spirit in which I had written them." *Everett*: "Wordsworth was certainly treated with unjust and indiscriminating severity by some of the reviewers." *Montgomery*: "There is no doubt of that. The truth is, Wordsworth's mental scope in his higher moods is too great for the generality of poetic readers. There is always one merit in him, — he follows nature. He is often extremely prosaic; but for this he is almost sure to reward you with deep thought. I was informed that when he saw my critique, and long before he knew by whom it was written, he acknowledged the justice of the general argument."

"In Mr. Wordsworth's poetry," says Montgomery in the review itself, "there is perhaps more in that of any other — frequently the images and sentiments which he has and which a thousand times, without particularly reflecting on them, and which, when presented by him, flash upon him with all the delight and surprise of novelty:—

"The boat on still St. Mary's
Floats double, swan and shadow!"*

This elegant thought seems to have been reflected in the mirror of Montgomery's mind when he wrote the following lines, confessedly worthy of their proto-

type, though probably not original in either Montgomery or Wordsworth.

"Where poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship [] and ship below appear;
A double image pictured on the deep,
The vessel o'er [] shadow seems [] sleep."

Greenland, Canto I.

In his reviews, it is curious to observe how generally he [] quoted [] favourable specimens, those passages which [] imbued with feelings and sentiments analogous [] [] [] Montgomery having himself been a visitor [] Tintern Abbey, he must have *felt* in all their force the emotions [] exquisitely interfused through the lines of Wordsworth [] that subject, which appeared in the volume under review. [] writer of this [] has heard him relate [] incident of [] whimsical [] which occurred during his visit [] [] place. Walking among the magnificent ruins of Tintern, Montgomery observed a lady to be diligently employed in searching for [] fragment [] carry away [] a memento of her visit. He, [] the impulse of the moment, with [] thought but the disposition [] gratify [] fair fellow-visitor, said he would assist her; and taking up [] stone that was [] hand, he proceeded [] knock off [] piece of the reticulated sculpture of a [] representing a warrior in chain [] [] This [] noticed by the keeper of the place, who, calling out, bade him desist; and [] much had the simple intention of serving the lady at that moment occupied his mind, that it [] not till thus disturbed in his reverie that he discovered himself in an [] of spoliation, which, said he, "I should have thought myself the [] man in the world to have committed." *

* For a notice of the more humiliating act of mischief done to a fraternal statue of this same Earl of Chesham, [] formerly

In a long letter to Montgomery, dated January 9th, Parken tells him that he has sent [redacted] of his [redacted] published poems for the perusal of a brother reviewer, John Foster*, of Frome, and author of [redacted] "Essays," apologising for what he fears may be "a heinous offence." In the closing [redacted] he says, in allusion [redacted] a sentiment often inculcated by the poet, "How could you let out that secret—which indeed Cowper had let out before you—that poetising is not a sudden spontaneous effusion of an [redacted] of spirit, furious, inspired by [redacted] supernatural power! If your remark [redacted] true of any writer, it must be peculiarly true of Gray, [redacted] that [redacted] in love!"

James Montgomery to Daniel Parken.

"Sheffield, [redacted] [redacted]"

"DEAR FRIEND,

"[redacted] is my funeral criticism (though some people will mistake [redacted] for a sermon, [redacted] sleep under it) on H. K. White. I have [redacted] time to copy it over again, and correct [redacted] great [redacted] of slovenly language which you will find [redacted] it. Pray [redacted] abridge any part of it that is [redacted] absolutely and unpardonably redundant. You may [redacted] [redacted] very long (and [redacted] may [redacted] your readers); but I think [redacted] is very short and meagre. I ought to have occupied twice [redacted] [redacted] do justice either [redacted] the deceased [redacted] myself. My thoughts are crowded [redacted] death; but, you will say, so much the better, for three-fourths of them are superfluous. [redacted] [redacted] so; [redacted] the subject is [redacted] deeply interesting, that, with the quotations [redacted] particular (which are much [redacted] few and [redacted] brief), be sparing of the pruning [redacted] Another fault you may

[redacted] in front of Reginald's Tower, Waterford,—and by a poet, too, if [redacted] perpetrator of the mischief was, as believed, [redacted] author of the [redacted] Irish song, "De nite afore Larry [redacted] stretch'd,"—[redacted] "Anecdotes of Ireland Sixty Years ago," Dublin, 1847, p. 56.

"It appears from a marked copy of the "Elector" now before us, and formerly belonging to Sir J. B. Williams, that Foster was [redacted] author of one hundred and sixty-five articles in [redacted] review,

find;—I am too lavish of commendation. Now I am exactly in the spirit of a modern reviewer; for, recollect, the poor man is dead; praise can do him no good now; therefore, we may bestow as much upon him as we please. As much for critics and criticism: I wish I durst have done as much in the article itself. Now, observe, that I engage you to write another line for the 'Eclectic Review' before the middle of April at the earliest: when as I promise to do nothing, you may rely on my performance; therefore, you may set your heart to rest on my account. In honest truth, it will not be in my power to do anything. Last Wednesday morning, just as I was sitting down in good earnest to my White, with a mind collected for my task, after months' silence, after three weeks' neglect of a letter which I had written to him, came an epistle from Mr. Bowyer, full of liberal professions. This quite disconcerted my plan of examining his volumes without any interruption, and threw my ideas into disorder, besides imposing on me the task of writing four long letters respecting my poem. I have not time to tell you all, but he informed me that Campbell, Grant, and More, had consulted him; or, at least, that they could depend on him for his aid. He had, therefore, determined to publish Grahame's poem as mine only. But, lo! while he was yet writing me, arrived a letter from Grahame, requiring him to publish his poem in the course of six weeks; otherwise, the author would wish to publish it himself. This alarmed and embarrassed poor Bowyer extremely, and he filled his paper with plans and propositions to me, which I cannot detail to you at present, and which will be worth telling when I write again. However, the result is this, that I must publish my poem immediately. Three parts are written, but want revision and correction. The fourth is hardly begun, and this, including the preparation of the former for the press, will occupy every leisure hour. I can spare till the middle of March. I shall be quite exhausted, and I must have a month's rest both from poetry and criticism. I enclose the first and second parts of my poem in their present condition; the second, in particular,

will require severe revision. Keep [redacted] only [redacted] days [redacted] receipt of this parcel, which will be on Thursday [redacted] (Feb. 4). Therefore, I [redacted] (I would [redacted] you if I durst, but I lie [redacted] your mercy) that you will [redacted] by coach [redacted] 14th or 15th instant without fail. I [redacted] you my only copy, and cannot spare [redacted] longer. [redacted] [redacted] any body see any part of it, and do not think this a hard injunction. . . . God bless you,

"Your friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mr [redacted] Parkes, London."

On the [redacted] of February, Montgomery writes [redacted] Aston, and asks him to return the MS. of his drama, which he had lent him for three weeks, and he had kept it "twice [redacted] many months." He adds:—

"I am very well satisfied with your criticism, which I presume [redacted] just, generous [redacted] it is, because the only four friends [redacted] whom the copy was previously entrusted, separately, yet unanimously, passed the [redacted] upon it. But neither its merits nor its frailties [redacted] of any consequence; both [redacted] doomed to irrevocable oblivion. I [redacted] will attempt [redacted] mend a syllable of it; and, unless my capricious mind [redacted] new and stranger [redacted] even it [redacted] done, I [redacted] write for the stage in any form again. I [redacted] you [redacted] sincerely for your magnanimous forbearance [in not showing the MS.], when your [redacted] Young [the actor] [redacted] in [redacted]. I [redacted] in your friendship [redacted] keep my secret, [redacted] you have honoured my confidence [redacted] gratified my heart. . . . My poems [redacted] sell, and I have received [redacted] testimonies from strangers [redacted] that heartfelt [redacted] heart-cheering approbation [redacted] a poet loves best; and in which neither personal friendship [redacted] enmity, neither [redacted] favour [redacted] prejudice [redacted] mingled. I have finished my poem [redacted] Slave Trade, [redacted] published in [redacted] Bowyer's magnificent work, [redacted] it will [redacted] till [redacted] 10 of January, [redacted]. It exceeds [redacted] hundred lines. [redacted] Longman and Co. [redacted] procured

me very liberal terms. Mr. Bowyer give me hundred pounds the privilege of an edition thousand copies, beside six copies of the guinea volume."

In a subsequent letter (July 28.), he says, "The fourth edition of my 'Wanderer' is printing at Edinburgh."

The "Eclectic" for February, this year, contained a severe article on a mischievous book—Nightingale's "Portraiture of Methodism." Alluding to this, Montgomery, in a letter to Parken, says:—

"I review of Nightingale's work, with an me shudder. I have book, and have no desire see it. I do vehemently suspect wrote that article. I it would have driven me of my senses I subject of it; I deny he deserved all, perhaps more than all, you gave him; but is there not another passage in of Jude, that you have quoted—something about contending with the devil? Forgive the hint: it from a very sore mind. I have, perhaps, more fellow-feeling for a miserable backslider than you, who have kept your first estate, have. I see that the unfor- angrily impotently replied, in 'Monthly Repository?' he better have peace, with all might to a class-meeting, sought found mercy. God forgive him—and me too! For though I durst rail against God and his people, I know what it is to feel that enmity against both which others who bolder than them."

Montgomery had just received from Parken Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Marmion," in knowing which (March 16.), he expresses, after a comparison between him and another poet, an opinion which probable many persons will dissent.

"Walter an writer; but Henry

White — I am so, — would have been a much greater poet. Walter Scott is a poet *sui generis*; but whenever he steps on modern ground, he is only the weakest of men in his magic circle he is inimitable; out of it, 'a gentleman who writes in all ease.' This is my sincere opinion; but if I durst, I would not tell the public quite so much."

Less disputable is the following contrast in the review of Kirke White's "Remains," &c.*

"In almost every point, except talents, Henry White and Thomas Dermody are the antipodes of each other. Few, perhaps, of the reliques of either will continue to astonish or delight the public beyond the present generation; but the stories of both will most probably be had in everlasting remembrance,—the one as a cheering example, the other as a terrible warning to youthful poets, when struggling with poverty, or seduced by temptation."

After apologising to Parken for sending the review of "Marmion" by instalments, Montgomery writes (April 10.)—

"It is Sunday, and, without being a hypocrite, I can conscientiously affirm, that I seldom enjoy myself by business or friendship on the Sabbath,—which is, however, my day of rest, but generally of double gloom and despondency. I know this is my own fault; and that I am an insane self-tormentor. Yet, why is it not otherwise? If I could help it, would I be miserable from choice? And how miserable I am, the great Searcher of hearts only knows; for he only knows what an insincere, unbelieving creature I am, and how much I grieve my good Spirit, which has not yet departed entirely from me, though my disobedience and enmity and rebellion have grown stronger and stronger. I experience of the mercy and long-suffering of my Creator and Redeemer. I shut my

and ■ notice of "Aggiunta ■ Componimenti Lirici de' più ■ Poeti d'Italia" of Mathias.*

One of the ■ amusing, but least satisfactory, productions of ■ pen in this department, is ■ review of "The Senses, an Ode,"† in which he has dealt in a style of piquant castigation with ■ work, no trace of which ■ ever met with except in this review, which, oddly enough, Dr. Styles, in his "Early Blossoms," has not only attributed to Parken, but quoted ■ length, ■ a specimen of his style!

"How ■ Doctor could imagine," said Montgomery ■ "that ■ hand of Parken in it, I ■ tell; but ■ I know, ■ I wrote both ■ article ■ remarks ■ 'Odes and Epistles,' which ■ copied from ■ 'Review.' ■ have written ■ my ■ Dr. Gregory, relative ■ the mistake, for I ■ sure Parken, ■ or alive, would ■ thank any one ■ it."‡

On the ■ of June, Mary Bailey, of Burngreave, thanks Montgomery for his "charming poem of ■ Cowslip;"—this is "The W ■ in Spring," § which ■ tains such ■ touching allusion to ■ flower which was ■ found by the poet ■ his ordinary walks in the vicinity

* Eclectic Review, vol. iv. p. 230.

† Ibid. p. 1019.

§ We can hardly admit that the "Senses" are altogether unsuited for poetical illustration, however ■ an unpractised versifier may be to make "Non-senses" of them, as ■ critic alleges ■ author has done. Spenser, in his legend of "Sir Guyon, or of Temperance," describes the senses as the "five great bulwarks" of "the forte of reason."—*Fæerie Queene*, ■ li. ■ xi. The "Palace of the Five Senses," it will be remembered, forms a striking figure in Beckford's "Vathek." At all events, while Montgomery appears to have ■ his remarks to ■ beacon to caution poetical adventurers, who are in quest of a subject, ■ approach ■ where ■ nothing ■ rocks and quicksands, and where shipwreck is almost inevitable, he at the same time shows that the playfulness manifested by "Gabriel Silvertongue," in the "Whisperer," had not entirely forsaken him.

§ Works, p. 279.

of Sheffield. About the ■■■■ time he ■■■■ the "imitation" of the celebrated ■■■■ song, "Ranz des Vaches,"* without being aware that his friend Standert ■■■■ made a closer version of the French original.

An address of congratulation to the king on the successful ■■■■ of Spain and Portugal against the tyrant of France, ■■■■ voted ■■■■ a public meeting held ■■■■ the Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield, September 23rd, ■■■■ written by Montgomery, with the exception of one paragraph in allusion to the convention of Cintra.† It ■■■■ ■■■■ opinion, in ■■■■ with many others, that the British ■■■■ had been disgraced by the transaction alluded to; but he could not be persuaded ■■■■ ■■■■ proper to upbraid his Majesty with the improper conduct of those ■■■■ who had acted at the head of the victorious forces, in the same address which was ■■■■ congratulate him on the ■■■■ of their arms. Others, however, thought differently, and the paragraph enclosed with brackets ■■■■ ■■■■ transcript below, was ■■■■ by another hand. †

* Works, ■■■■.

† Montgomery associates the transaction mentioned in the text, with the locality assigned to it by the newspapers of the day: but it ■■■■ the signing of that memorable convention, ■■■■ other proceedings connected with it, took place ■■■■ a ■■■■ ■■■■ thirty miles from ■■■■ often-praised village of Cintra.—Vide Napier's *History of the ■■■■ War*.

■ "TO THE KING'S ■■■■ EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

■ ■■■■ GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

"We, your Majesty's faithful, affectionate, ■■■■ most loyal subjects, the burgesses and free tenants of Sheffield, and the gentlemen, clergy, merchants, manufacturers, and other ■■■■ ■■■■ the town of ■■■■ and its neighbourhood, being truly grateful to Divine Providence for ■■■■ ■■■■ which we enjoy under your Majesty's Government, ■■■■ peculiarly sensible of the value ■■■■ NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE,—the blessing which ■■■■ to us the quiet possession of every other,—approach your Majesty's throne

to express our ardent admiration of the noble spirit which animates the patriots of Spain to resist, even to death, the aggressions of a foreign usurper, who has laid the fairest provinces of Europe in fetters at the foot of France, and whose empire might feel the restraint but the limits of land and ocean, had not Britain interposed a barrier between the violence of his power and the subjugation of the globe.

"Thus cordially sympathizing with the brave Spaniards in their struggle against his overwhelming encroachments, it was with unmingled approbation, that we beheld your Majesty, in magnanimous condescension stretching forth the right hand of fellowship and the strong arm of succour to a gallant and generous people who had been enemies by compulsion, while they remained under the influence of tyranny from abroad, but who naturally and instantaneously became your Majesty's allies and friends when they determined to be independent at home.

"We pray fervently that, under the guidance of the God of battles, who in his pleasure gives victory to the feeble, the proud and the imagination of their hearts, the patriot Spain, united with the power of Great Britain, may gloriously triumph at the end, and that their efforts may not only restore independence beyond the Pyrenees, but that their success may be the signal, the pledge, and example of freedom to the nations of Europe.

"We congratulate your Majesty on the auspicious commencement of hostilities against the common enemy in Portugal; and we particularly rejoice that the battles of Roleia and Vimeira, having brought the conflicting powers into decisive competition, proved that the British soldiers are worthy brethren to British sailors, and that the island Genius of our country is irresistible on shore, as he is invincible at sea.

["We cannot, however, refrain from expressing a deep regret, that our gallant army in Portugal, after having so bravely defeated the enemy, should be witnesses to the convention which their commanders have thought necessary to accede to; the terms of which, we humbly conceive, should only have been demanded by a victorious army, and which we are utterly at a loss to conjecture any circumstance that could justify.]

"May be the future warfare; and long may your Majesty live to see the peace and prosperity of these kingdoms and of the whole world substantially and permanently restored! and may posterity to the latest generation, from the issue of the present contest, be caused to bless the reign and memory of your Majesty!"

CHAP. XXXIII.

POLITICAL COMMENTS IN THE "IRIS."—SPIRITED PERSONAL CONTROVERSY.—REMARKS ON PORTUGAL.—THE VIOLET FLOWER.—VISIT TO LONDON.—INTERVIEW WITH FRIENDS.—PARKES, MR. GREGORY, JOSIAH QUINER, AND BASIL MONTAGUE.—DR. PARR.—THE FIVE, AND THE SEVEN.—THE AIRIES.—LETTERS FROM BLOOMFIELD AND COLLEBRIDGE.—ANONYMOUS EPIGRAMS.—"BYGONE DAYS AND Sooty REVIDERS."

"FROM Spain and Sweden, at the present time the most interesting countries of Europe, we have no intelligence of. Further, but very and desultory, accounts of the tumult in Madrid state the carnage among the inhabitants, in the streets, and in their dwellings, to have been dreadfully great. From six to ten thousand lives are said to have been lost. The loss which the country lately experienced in the invasion of Norway has been counter-balanced by some advantages gained over the Russians in Finland. A day of our own country is worth a league of enemy's."—*Iris*, May 31.

Owing to a misconception or misconstruction of the foregoing paragraph, and some expressions relative to a bill then pending in parliament, contained in the same recapitulation of "Facts and Rumours," Montgomery was unwillingly entangled in the meshes of a newspaper controversy. A correspondent of the "Sheffield Mercury," signing "S. N. U.," animadverted with more severity than discretion on the above passage,

in Norway has counterbalanced by advantages gained in Finland; and having thus given a fable — to the moral! 'A foot of our country is a league of the enemy's!' Wondrous apposition — ingenuity! I do not anticipate the reply to the question I wish to ask of you; viz., whether the moral preposterously introduced for which I before alluded? I mark, of Norway, if I do not, relatively, is, to this country, worth *leagues of the of Egypt, although by remains of of our brave countrymen.* 'The Talents,' these 'Friends of the People,' think otherwise, as I presume the editor of 'Iris,' Bull, however, take the sturdy liberty of judging for himself, 'all the Talents' in the world persuade him 'that the of green cheese.' "

This letter concludes with—

"One other short observation, I have done: your 'are plans of fair, delightful, unworped by party rage, live like brothers'—every tree is known by his own fruit.

After having replied to the charge brought against what correspondent calls a "wondrous apposition," Montgomery proceeds:—

"Your allusion to Egypt I do not clearly comprehend; I to follow your example, by attributing to you a meaning in it which entered your thoughts. I recollect two expeditions to Egypt; of both of which I approved. I condemned the last by 'all the Talents,' I knew just for undertaking it; by Mr. I condemned, because I might have avoided, confirmed, I think I ought have done, capitulation agreed between French in Egypt Sir Sydney Smith. It is true that I sung triumph of Abercrombie, because I glory in virtue of our countrymen when-ever, where-ever they an sir, will

membered in my honour, that all the ephemeral pleasures that surround, and prevent, and pursue me through life, are vanished in oblivion, or only recorded in the disgrace of my authors. I am in proud language,—I ought to have said it,—but I will not repeat it: it is the truth, and it will prove it”

“Finally, sir, mine ‘*ARE the plans of fair, delightful peace!*’ desiring to be known by my own fruit, I appeal to every ‘*Iris*’ that I have published since July 1794, on this day, as witnesses of the truth of what I say which they have all borne, and which not one of them has belied. On this point, at least, I may rest my claim to consistency; and it is on this point that I have decidedly from all parties, from ‘*all the Talents,*’ with whom you have been pleased to class me; and from ‘*all the Blocks,*’ with whom I presume you rank yourself; because the former neglected to give peace to their country, when it was in their power; and because the latter were neither to seek peace nor to love it.”—*Iris*, June 14.

In the next “*Mercury*,” there appeared a long and virulent letter from “S. N. U.,” in which, as is generally the case in such controversies, the position of the enemy was considerably altered, and several new points of attack marked out or aimed at. The chastisement, which it might easily be foreseen Montgomery would be likely to incur by the mention of his song, was duly administered, accompanied by a long quotation from the castigatory critique on the “*Wanderer of Switzerland*,” from the “*Edinburgh Review* :”—

“I should,” says the writer, “have omitted any allusion to your name to the lamented and truly brave Abercrombie,—it does not hurt your heart, is sincere!—but when you blushing sing such praises, such proud lofty strains, you excuse a little more gentle chiding which I borrow from the most popular periodical literary

work of the present day. It is needless to tell you, sir, that it is requisite to inform the public, in reviewing the merits of my poems, which you highly prize yourself, that the Reviewers, men of the highest abilities in the kingdom who produce, have pronounced their verdict against you:—[Then I read the extract].”—*Mercury*, June 18.

We conclude these extracts with the following paragraph, which is at least as good a tirade as which it is a reply:—

"I beg to submit to your chastisement for having written of my poem that it was very unworthy of me to make any boast, but it was well worthy of you to punish me for it, especially as I had acknowledged my fault. Why could you not correct me yourself? You would have appeared far more respectable to your friends, and you would have been far more formidable to me, in a critical garb of your own, than in the second-hand *illiberal* (ludicrously too large, by the way) which you have borrowed the pledge of your brain,—a pledge which you will never redeem,—from the [S.N.U.s] of the north. You are perfectly right, when you say that, though 'it is needless' to tell me, 'it is requisite to inform the public' of the verdict of the 'Reviewers, men of as high abilities as the kingdom can produce;' that the public continue to read my prohibited book with as much approbation as if it had never been burnt by the common hangman of Parnassus. You recollect having said, 'that John Bull takes the sturdy liberty of judging for himself,' and that 'all the Talents' (including the talents of the Edinburgh Reviewers,) 'can persuade him that the moon is made of green cheese!'—True, sir: I took the 'sturdy liberty' concerning my poems. The *third* edition, consisting of *two thousand copies*, had just appeared when the *Edinburgh Review* of my poem published. In less than a year and a half, that edition has so nearly sold off, that a *fourth* edition is now printing at *Edinburgh itself*. Another word on this subject would be

impertinent :—‘ The argument like *nothing of the kind* in.’ —*Iris*, June 21.

We were hinted to him, with reference to this controversy, our opinion,—that both parties manifested a certain degree of heat. *Montgomery*: “ I am not out of temper in my life ; but it was not a time, on many accounts, for me to be lukewarm ; and having long enough submitted to insult from anonymous enemies, I had resolved, if ever I was attacked again, I would bring my adversary before the public by name. I saw no reason why I should be compelled to fight *blindfold* with one who had his eyes open.” *Editor*: “ I considered, at the time, that Todd gave up the ghost of his respondent as readily.” *Montgomery*: “ He was of the alternative ; for if he had not done so, I should have addressed him personally ; and it was, my antago-

He might well so speak, when a stranger, dating from “ Rome, of New York,” wrote to him :—“ Perhaps a complimentary letter from the banks of the Mohawk is a novelty in England ; yet as I am one of your many admirers in these distant forests, I beg leave to address you, whom I am sure it will not displease to be told that tears are shed in these wilds at the pathetic soul-subduing songs of our unfortunate ‘ Wanderer.’ The village in which I reside is not far removed from such savage scenes as you have described :—

“ *Masses of mountains, dark with woods,
In Columbia's bosom lie : . . .
There, in glens and caverns rude,
Silent since the world began,
Dwells the Virgin Solitude,
Unbetrayed by faithless man.*”

“ The ‘ *Wanderer of Switzerland* ’ has, indeed, an unparalleled popularity in this country : three editions are nearly exhausted in the northern, and I know not what quantity have been printed in the southern. It is in the hand of every person who has any pretension to taste.”

nist conducted his argument with spirit and skill: he was an enemy worth beating. We speak to each other when we meet." Montgomery used to mention this one of the most irritating controversies in which his editorial duties and personal opinions ever involved him.

As a pendant to the foregoing statement, we may here mention a little incident of a lighter character. He had copied a paragraph from another newspaper into the "Iris," to the effect, that a wealthy gentleman, somewhat stricken in years, and wishing to have a heir, would be glad to meet with an agreeable single woman, who might happen to be *suicéte*, whom he could make his wife.* In the course of the following week, to the consternation of Mr. Cælebs, he received no fewer than three confidential communications from females in the situation described, each soliciting his good offices with the quasi advertiser!

September 1., Mr. Ebenezer having been elected "Master Cutler," Montgomery was present at the "Feast," which, according to ancient custom, he and the members of the corporation and other specially invited guests. Among the latter, on this occasion, was Mr. Robert Montgomery from Woolwich, who, while walking out with the poet on the preceding day, suddenly upon a flax in full flower — beautifully blue: "Brother, what sort of corn is that?" inquired the stranger. — "Such corn as your shirt is made of!" was the prompt reply. We mention this incident as it was pleasantly related to Mr. Holland by Montgomery during their last interview on the day before his death.

* In the appendix to the last edition of the works of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, there is a story of this character recorded in reference to Mr. Edward Montague, vol. iii. p. 451.

Although the amiable editor of the "Eclectic" and the reviewer had corresponded frequently during more than twenty years, they had not yet personally met each other.

The visit to London, which he felt could not be avoided without discourtesy to his best friends, distressed the sensitive poet a good deal in the prospect. "It will," said he, "be a fiery trial to me; and I dread being reduced to ashes by it."

In a letter Dr. Styles, dated Oct. 1., Parken says, "Montgomery is to be in town next week;" and again, after the interview:—

"DEAR SIR,

"Gregory" desires you will go down to sleep to-night; to-morrow, and you will find Montgomery at Woolwich, where he has a brother† there with whom he is going down this afternoon. You will return from Woolwich by dinner time to-morrow, as we hear Collyer. You have no other chance of seeing J. You

* Dr. Gregory and the Sheffield poet entertained a cordial respect for each other. In a letter to a friend, the former wrote:—"Mr. Montgomery, whom you mention, is an old and much loved friend of mine. Long have I admired him for his talents and genius, sanctified and adorned as they are by his genuine piety; and much and often have I regretted, that the nature and pressure of his and my engagements respectively prevent our epistolary intercourse from being so regular and frequent as my inclinations would dictate. May I trouble you to present to him my most affectionate remembrances? I should have written to him some months ago, had it not been for the long continuance and recurrence of affliction in my family during the last year and a quarter." The worthy Doctor died at Woolwich, February 2nd, 1841, aged 69. A funeral sermon, preached on the occasion, in Trinity Chapel in that town, by the Rev. Capel Molineux, was printed at the request of the hearers, and a copy of it was sent by Mrs. Gregory to Montgomery.

† Robert Montgomery.

expect to find the soul of [] spirit wrapped in [] angelic form; [] that [] he would [] away [] by [] squadron of cherubs that sweeps [] the earth by moonlight. He is, you know he is, truly a gem; [] covered [] with a frozen sensibility, which perhaps you [] neither thaw [] through.*

At the table of Dr. Gregory he met for the first time with Josiah Conder, young and full of poetry, and destined long [] ply [] active and useful pen — though, [] the columns of the "Patriot" newspaper evince, [] always a gentle one — chiefly in the service of politico-religious nonconformity. Differing [] the two friends might [] some stirring polemical questions, they entirely agreed in their love of religious liberty, and generally in their literary tastes; so that their intercourse, whether by letters or otherwise, was always mutually agreeable.

His old friend Mrs. Skepper had recently become the wife of Basil Montague, [] and her husband [] anxious that he should [] them a visit [] Merton. [] went, accompanied by Daniel Parken; and although he [] there meet Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, [] he would have done had he gone [] the spring, he [] introduced [] a [] remarkable personage — the celebrated Dr. Parr. It [] a Sunday evening, and a goodly company of intelligent persons of both [] present: the Doctor, who [] expected, [] sailing into [] in full canonicals. When he had taken his [] in the splendid apartment, and surrounded as he [] by a considerable number of ladies, his pipe [] brought, and several fair hands [] presently on the alert [] reach him the tobacco, a light, &c., whose own- [] doubtless anything but fond of either the sight

the smell of the volume of smoke after emitted. It was not this gentle demonstration of homage and adulation on the part of the sex, so natural and amiable in itself, that so much impressed Montgomery at the moment, but his own reflection on the conduct of the individual to whom it was paid: — "And Dr. Parr," said our friend himself, "really so great a man", that it is immaterial whoever else be annoyed that his comfort be secured? Or is he so fat that he cannot, even under such circumstances as these, forego the usual indulgence of his fondness for smoking?" The poet, at a subsequent period, met the old Grecian at the residence of Mr. Roscoe in Liverpool, where he was accommodated with a "smoking room," after, as the story goes, having driven from the house by the fumes Sir J. Smith, who seems to have had no objection for any of the modes of "exhibiting" the Indian weed, except that which in the catalogue of the botanist presents "Tabacum" as a species of plant belonging to the "Nicotiana." On this occasion, the Rev. Dr. Parr and George Bennet, Esq. were present; the former encountering boldly, and, as Montgomery thought, with great advantage in the argument, Dr. Parr's advocacy of cock-fighting and bull-baiting. When the conversation entered into Roscoe's library. Parr seated himself in a chair, drew it to the fire, and turned his back upon every other person present. On seeing this, Montgomery said to himself, "I'll try if I can turn him into a less unsocial position;" and thereupon he plied the

* "In domestic life, Parr was too great a scholar, and too studious a man, to be the exact favourite of the drawing-room. All was to yield to his wishes, all was to be regulated by his habits. The ladies were obliged to bear his tobacco, or give up his company, at Hatton now and then he was the tyrant of the house." —Johnstone's *Life of Parr*, p. 312.

Doctor with such a close volley of conversation, that presently he began to wheel about in order to face the enemy, the satisfaction of those who not only enjoyed the loquacity of the speakers, but seemed to prize the circumstance which occasioned its display.

The gratification which Parken and his friends enjoyed in their brief interviews with the poet, neither so strongly and distinctly acknowledged than that experienced by the editor of the "Monthly Magazine" and his family circle.

"Be assured," writes Dr. Aikin to Montgomery, Dec. 15., "that whatever satisfaction the interview with your Newington friends has given you, has been fully participated by them, and the remembrance you have left behind is so pleasing which you carried with you. If you recognised in your general manner any of that shrinking which you impute to yourself, you were gratified in finding it entirely laid aside before our hearth, while the flow of soul kept an equal course in both parts. I was agreeably surprised on discovering in you not only mild modesty as I expected, but a degree of hilarity which your temper made for happiness, as well as feeling: so happy I am you will be, when all of the rubs of life are got over, and the benignity of your objects is set into exercise, and adequate returns."

Lucy Aikin, in the memoirs of her father, says:—

"In general, it may safely be affirmed, that there was no poetical merit of his [Dr. Aikin's] time to which he was indifferent; but about that period there was a poet who engaged his attention in a peculiar manner;—this was Mr. Montgomery. In the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' and his pieces by which he was accompanied, he discovered a freshness of fancy, and a depth of feeling which, in his

judgment, stamped them as true works of genius; at the same time, the tinge of melancholy which pervaded them was genuine and too profound not to excite his sympathy. As it appeared at least, among the signs of the author's dejection was the world's neglect, he endeavoured to cheer himself by a few laudatory stanzas in poems, published in the 'Athenæum.' By means of a common friend, Mr. Montgomery was apprised to whom he owed poetical greeting, and he wrote a letter of acknowledgment; which was immediately answered by Dr. Aikin, and a correspondence ensued, which was carried on with great spirit, and with much interesting disclosure on the part of Mr. Montgomery respecting his early life and the formation of his literary character, without any personal intercourse between the parties. At length, Mr. Montgomery visited London, and a meeting took place which proved mutually satisfactory and agreeable, notwithstanding the romantic expectations which his previous circumstances had scarcely had to excite. After some time the correspondence languished, but from no other cause than a want of topics of common interest: my father's for Mr. Montgomery always continued unabated, and he spoke of their intercourse but with sincere pleasure."*

It may be remarked that the person here mentioned was returned on the part of Montgomery, who never forgot the well-timed kindness of his early friend; and, as we shall afterwards find, the poet, when he last visited London as a lecturer in the winter of 1835, paid a friendly visit to Dr. Aikin, at Stoke Newington. The languishment of the correspondence between the two frank-hearted friends, which Miss Aikin has so gently ascribed to "a want of topics of common interest," is understood as signifying that the poet

had begun [REDACTED] in the interchange of communications with evangelical Christians [REDACTED] sympathy of spirit, and [REDACTED] union of motives [REDACTED] action on infinitely important subjects, of which the letters of the amiable Socinian [REDACTED] necessarily void: indeed, it must be apparent that [REDACTED] topics of [REDACTED] interest," in the wide field of polite literature, in which both parties were [REDACTED] the same time engaged, [REDACTED] by no means less plentiful [REDACTED] than they had ever been, except in so far as the difficulty of finding and dealing with them apart from religious considerations, of which their correspondence [REDACTED] evidence, contributed [REDACTED] make them [REDACTED]

It [REDACTED] during this visit to London that Montgomery [REDACTED] upon Bloomfield, the author of the "Farmer's Boy," having heard that, so [REDACTED] from being in prosperous circumstances, he [REDACTED] under the necessity of employing the joiner's tools [REDACTED] procure a livelihood. One of the articles which Bloomfield was then making [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Æolian harp: this he purchased, and afterwards valued [REDACTED] preserved it for the [REDACTED] of its ingenious fabricator. When the instrument [REDACTED] forwarded to Sheffield, it [REDACTED] accompanied with the following note: —

[REDACTED] Bloomfield to James Montgomery.

"London, May [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

"DEAR SIR,

"Upbraid [REDACTED] not, if you can help it, for my extreme tardiness. I have [REDACTED] some of [REDACTED] world's [REDACTED] to buffet with, — [REDACTED] long [REDACTED] [REDACTED] rheumatic winter, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] privation of [REDACTED] strength and resolution to attend [REDACTED] music or poetry; — add to this, my son with a broken leg, which, considering [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] which [REDACTED] been long lame, and [REDACTED] continue [REDACTED] has been as far restored as [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] is well, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] father is [REDACTED] again.

"You know [REDACTED] [REDACTED] of the instrument I send, [REDACTED] therefore I only observe, that if when placed under the

asah, or just inside, so as to conduct a string through the strings, it will play satisfactorily, then take off the top board and place the harp alone on the table edge with the strings rising nearly perpendicularly over each other, close to an inlet by lifting the board an inch. I have no doubt it will perform; I should be glad to hear of any intimations at that effect, any convenient time. I have been informed that you have been well of health, or spirits, or both, — I know which, and hope to hear a good account.

"Your harp, I doubt, is too short to admit of larger strings; you may possibly enjoy quite as much the softness of the smaller ones: that you may, is my hope: and that you may be relieved from a thing so dull, and suffer as I do, — 'Harp of Sorrow,' is my ardent desire. What is your Muse about? will not this delightful harp you a-going again? Whether it does, or not, I remain, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"ROB. BLOOMFIELD."

The following letter, although without date, belongs to this period; it refers to the intended publication of the "Friend," the first number of which appeared in June 1809:—

T. Coleridge to James Montague.

"DEAR SIR,

"In desiring a small packet of your prospectuses to come to you at Leeds, I have presumed on myself to write to your friend, Mrs. Montague; but, believe me by more than by either I have been encouraged by the love and admiration of your works, and my unfeigned affectionate interest of what I have so often and so eloquently told by Mrs. M. of your talents and character. Conscious how very glad I should be to come to you in any thing, I apply with confidence to you in the name of my own country. I wish is simply to have your prospectuses placed at my disposal

places and as may bring notice of whose and may render them become subscribers. I know your avocations, not therefore ask you for occasional contribution. I have received promises of support from respectable writers, and, for my own part, am prepared play my whole power of acquirements, such they this work, from the main pipe of the fountain.

"If choice chance you this way, you will and Greta Hall, Keswick, house-room heart-room; for I add Robert Southey's William Wordsworth's my own, when I declare myself with respect,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"Grasmere, Kendal."

Of Southey's respect for Montgomery shall adduce other proof hereafter. Wordsworth, in a letter a friend, says: — "Mr. Montgomery's praise highly grateful me; pray him so when you write; and add, that I am happy to have repaid in kind the great pleasure which his writings have afforded me."

We may mention the close of this year a circumstance relating, in strictness, the beginning of it, and which, Montgomery's prudence and piety been greater than any feeling of personal vindictiveness, him the certainty of at least a temporary triumph a literary enemy. A packet of epigrams, entitled "Paper Pellets," was for insertion in "IV"; receipt of these articles acknowledged in notices "To Correspondents," but declined publication of them. They were all directed against

Jeffrey; and were, it is reasonable to suppose, the production of some man who was himself smarting under the lash of the "Edinburgh Review." Montgomery received the packet under the frank of Mr. George Longman, M.P., brother of the chief member of the firm in Paternoster Row, to whose house it was addressed in a cover, with the "Annan" post-mark, for "Mr. James Montgomery, author of the 'Swiss Emigrants.'" When the cartel containing the epigrams and accompanying note was lent to Mr. Montgomery observed, "I have never suffered a copy of them to be taken lest they should by any means get into print; and for that reason have been careful to whom I have shown them: some of them are indeed, very filthy for publication." As he should be sorry to violate the delicate reserve of Montgomery, and equally so to defile his name with what was deemed by him improper for the press, we shall only transcribe the names and the titles.

"SIR,

"I beg that you will insert the enclosed epigrams in your newspaper, and that you will print a few copies separately, distributing them (for sale or otherwise as you may think best) among some of the booksellers of London, Cambridge, Oxford, and Edinburgh. I wish for the present to be unknown; but you may rely on the word of an admirer of your poetry, that I shall by some means or other inform myself of what expense or trouble you may incur, and remit the amount.

"CANTAB.

"December 29."

The titles of the epigrams, of which "Frank" is the hero, are,—the "Moralist"—the "Bloodless Battle"—the "Prudent Politician"—the "Metamorphoses"—the "Elevation"—the "Creed"—"Epitaph." To

say the least, few epigrammatists dealt in keener satire more irony than the writer of these; the subject of them, he known it, might have been thankful to Montgomery for their suppression.

Who the author of these pungent squibs? Dr. Anderson, in a letter to Bishop, Nov. 18. 1806, says,—“Mr. Boyd has me some squibs against Moore; but the humour is coarse and indelicate.”* This general coincidence in style and time hardly, however, justify a suspicion that the correspondent of “Iris” was the translator of Dante. Were they written by Lord Byron? In favour of this supposition, we have only the avowed conviction of Montgomery himself, and the plain ground of abundant provocation, but the best evidence that his lordship occasionally indulged himself in “a flinger of these hand grenades,” a projector of these “paper bullets of the brain,” as he calls them in immediate connection with the “Edinburgh Review.”† But Montgomery laid more stress on the resemblance between the ideas in some of the epigrams, and those of some lines in Byron’s “Sketch from Private Life,” afterwards published. The idea in some of the lines might have occurred to two individuals; the other, he thought, could not: and taking them together, they afforded a strong presumption of identical authorship.

But while Montgomery forbore to retaliate upon his critical assailant by the publication of these bitter pasquinades, their putative author was preparing to avenge the wrong done to himself and his fellow suf-

* Nichol’s “*Illust. Lit. Hist. 18th Cent.*” vol. vi. p. 171.

† “*Life and Works of Byron.*”

“*of Shelley.*” vol. ii. p. 125.; Lady Blessington’s “*Conversations with Lord Byron.*” p. 336. *et infra*; Leigh

“*Byron and his Contemporaries.*” vol. i.

ferers by the Aristarchus of the north, in a style ■■■ startling than effective. We allude, of course, to Byron's "English ■■■ and Scotch Reviewers." This famous satire—which, like the "Dunciad," has preserved many ■■ else-forgotten ■■■—was not, indeed, published till the spring of 1809, but it is ■■■ conveniently noticed here, ■■ enabling ■■ the ■■■ time ■■ quote the lines in which the noble poet alludes ■■ Montgometry:—

"With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,
Lo ! ■■■ ALCAUS wanders down the vale !
Though ■■■ they rose, and might have bloomed ■■ last,
His hopes have perished by the northern blast :
Nipped in the bud by Caledonian gales,
His blossoms wither ■■ ■■ prevails !
O'er his lost works let *classic* SHEFFIELD weep :
May ■■ rude hand disturb their early sleep !"

"Yet, say ! why should the Bard, ■■ once, resign
His claim ■■ favour from ■■ sacred Nine ?
For ■■■ startled by the mingled howl
Of Northern wolves that ■■■ in darkness prow !
A coward brood which mangle as they prey
By hellish instinct ■■ that crosses their way :
Aged or young, the living ■■ the dead,
■■■ mercy find,—these harpies† ■■■ ■■ ■■

■ "Poor MONTGOMERY, though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the 'Edinburgh !' After all, the Bard of Sheffield ■■ a man of considerable genius ; his 'Wanderer of Switzerland' ■■ worth ■■ thousand 'Lyrical Ballads,' and ■■■ fifty 'Degraded Epics.'"

† We have quoted from ■■ first edition, published in ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ exhibit ■■■ incongruities of metaphor, ■■■ ■■ being afterwards pointed out to the author were altered by him.

Why [redacted] injured unresisting yield
The calm possession of [redacted] native field?
Why tamely thus before [redacted] fangs retreat,
Nor [redacted] bloodhounds back [redacted] ARTHUR'S seat?" *

Amidst these literary anxieties and literary complications, he heard the admonitory voice of a kind Christian friend, with whom he had held spiritual intercourse during his [redacted] visit to London. "Methinks," writes [redacted] James Williams, "I hear [redacted] of your literary friends say,—What arrogance, for [redacted] who [redacted] *trammel of trade*, [redacted] compare himself with *us*! But when I reflect [redacted] your engagement to seek earnestly [redacted] Lord on your return, I confess Christian love is much concerned to know of your improvement: 't is not literature will do for a death-bed. Faith in Christ, [redacted] evidenced by [redacted] thorough change in life—a determination [redacted] be the Lord's always—then shall your peace flow [redacted] a river," &c.

* "Arthur's Seat; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh."

CHAP. XXXIV.

1808

THE SLAVE TRADE.—EARLY MOVEMENTS ON THE SUBJECT.—DISEASE OF SUGAR.—PROGRESS OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE ABOLITIONISTS.—MONTGOMERY'S OPINIONS.—PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.—ABOLITION OF THE BRITISH SLAVE TRADE.—CELEBRATIONS OF THE EVENT.—BOWYER'S PROJECT.—POEM OF THE "WEST INDIES"—ITS CHARACTER AND SUCCESS.—MUNDO FARE.—WILKESPOURCE AND LAS CASAS.—COWYER.

WE have hardly alluded to the Slave Trade, a subject which had for years occupied the attention of Parliament, and denunciations which frequently marked the lucubrations of the editor of the "Iris," who, from the first, entered with his whole heart and soul into the designs of those benevolent individuals, who, at that time and long afterwards, were known as "abolitionists." An abhorrence of the principles and practice of the horrid traffic in human beings seems to have been imbibed by Montgomery almost with his mother's milk; nor is it surprising that the first exercises of his talents should have been associated with those ideas of wrong and suffering incident to a state of slavery, which the regular reports of the Brethren's Missionaries in the West Indies would naturally excite in the home settlements of the Moravians—especially as his own parents were, at the same time, devoting their energies and, as we have seen, sacrificing their lives to the

instruction of these poor African Americans from hope and humanity.

It may be mentioned too, that, on his arrival in Sheffield in 1792, he found the family of Mr. [redacted] devoted to the anti-slavery cause; the use of sugar having been abandoned by them, as by many others*, at that period. The effects of the charge of Jacobinism made against the earlier friends of abolition was considerably neutralised in [redacted] by the fact that the Rev. James Wilkinson, then vicar, and other influential individuals of the Tory party, held a meeting and passed resolutions in favour of the movement of Clarkson and his coadjutors. The earliest evidence of Montgomery's opinions on the slave trade exists in the form of a sonnet, published in Gales' paper, in which he asks ironically, whether it was likely that the Maker of [redacted] would " [redacted] a soul " into such " a black hole " as the body of a negro? with some other expressions of the like kind, which are more remarkable for strength than delicacy.

The earliest public agitation of the question had, however, commenced long before Montgomery was enabled either by years or station to take either thought or part in it. Indeed, by a somewhat remarkable coincidence, the date of his birth, in 1771, and the remarkable trial of the [redacted] of Somerset, the negro, by the issue of which the courts of law decided, or rather affirmed the important principle, that " slaves cannot breathe in England," were exactly synchronous. It

* Not fewer, indeed, than 300,000 persons, according to Clarkson. As early as 1769, [redacted] Allen, the well known Quaker philanthropist, resolved, " through divine assistance, to persevere in the disuse of sugar, until the slave trade should be abolished : " a resolution to which he steadfastly adhered for upwards of forty-three years, until the Abolition Bill passed, when he resumed the use of it.—*Allen's Life*, vol. i. p. 7.

worth while here mention, that well-known and oft-quoted sentiment of Cowper was recognised almost in every words of the poet, even during the prevalence of Star-Chamber law in this country; Rushworth* expressly says that, in the eleventh of Queen Elizabeth, a person who had bought and wished to scourge a slave called to account, it being resolved by authority, "that England too pure air for slaves breathe in." The history of the abolition of the African Slave Trade by the British Legislature need be epitomised in these pages; but the work of Clarkson on that subject, and still more the personal labours of that indefatigable philanthropist, ought not to be passed over in silence. Speaking of the trying fluctuations which this of humanity subject in its early period of its progress, the historian :—

"In the year 1787, the members of the House of Commons, as well as the people, were enthusiastic in behalf of the Abolition of the Trade. In the year 1788, the fair enthusiasm of the former began to fade. In 1789 died. In 1790 prejudice started up, a noxious weed, in place. In 1791, this prejudice arrived at its full growth. These changes owing delay, during which the mind, having been gradually led to question a commercial, been gradually taken from a moral object."†

Referring to the rejection of a Bill *Gradual Abolition of Negro Slavery*, by the House of Commons, a few earlier than this date, Montgomery says :—

"There a fashion in feeling. Infamous in commodity of God's creatures — for

* Rush. Hist. Collec. vol. ii. p. 468.

† Clarkson's Abolition, vol. ii. 347.

Almighty _____ alienated a _____ of _____ right in a single human being — and who shall dare to dispossess _____ of it? — we _____ infamous traffic, which _____ excited almost universal _____ unqualified abhorrence in _____ country, _____ to have softened into a common-place subject, which _____ contemplate with _____ much composure as the diviners of _____ could pore _____ the palpitating entrails of animals ripped open _____ discover _____ secrets of futurity. The plagues of Egypt _____ the first signal and exemplary punishment _____ by _____ violated Majesty of Heaven _____ slave traders in _____ infancy of _____ world. The plagues of St. Domingo are only _____ beginning of _____ in the West Indies, — that grave of Europe and Africa! — where slaves and their tyrants indiscriminately, rapidly, _____ prematurely _____ _____ dust; — where the _____ of _____ rarely seen _____ the _____ of man as _____ of winter on _____ tops of _____ mountains."

Sympathy _____ the enslaved and distressed Africans, however it might be entertained by many persons only _____ a *fashionable feeling*, _____ in Montgomery, a deeply rooted principle, which would not allow him either _____ remain silent or _____ relax _____ exertions in this great _____ of suffering humanity.

"We strongly recommend," says he ('Iris,' Sep. 25. 1805), "the perusal of _____ article in our _____ on _____ Slave Trade. The atrocities there recorded are _____ the ghosts of antiquated murders, that have mouldered out _____ brance. This blood that cries for vengeance has not lost _____ voice, — it _____ lost its warmth! It boils round the heart, it burns through _____ veins, while the reader alternately trembles with anger and _____ with compassion _____ the crimes and the _____ of _____ fellow creatures. Fellow creatures! Are slaves and slave-dealers our fellow-creatures? To what wickedness — to what misery are _____ akin! No: — the _____ only _____ brother; _____ lordly _____ consanguinity _____ slave; be _____ for thereby he basenates himself; _____ negro _____ assuredly _____ to all _____ the human race!"

We need not attempt to quarrel with anything like minuteness of detail, the resumption and termination, in the Parliament of Great Britain, of the great struggle between the advocates of the slave trade on one side, and the abolitionists on the other; it is sufficient here to record that on the 25th of March, 1807, the Royal Assent was given to the memorable Bill which had been passed by the Legislature for abolishing the trade in human beings, thereby recognising the negro as a fellow-creature, and wiping from our national character the foulest blot that ever disgraced the natural, civil, or religious condition of any country. But we must allow Montgomery to hail this triumph in his own words:—

"At length," says he ('Iris,' March 31. 1807) "the Slave Trade is to be abolished both in England and America. In this country the Bill has received the Royal Assent. Thus the glorious offspring of humanity, which for many years has been passing through a 'burning fiery furnace,' heated into sevenfold fury by the worshippers of the 'golden image,' set free by a greater than Nebuchadnezzar—by 'Mammon' in the West Indies;—thus, we say, the persecuted child of benevolence comes out perfect and pure from the fire; for the angel of mercy, who was seen walking with him in the flames, prevented him from kindling upon it; and in Heaven's own appointed time, he was brought forth unconsumed and uninjured, untainted and untouched."

It is true that the arts of poetry, painting, and sculpture, which had so often been exerted to draw attention to the subject during the struggle, were now employed in commemorating the victory. In the spring of 1807, while suffering under despondency, from various causes already mentioned, Montgomery, in the following words,—

THE POEM, THE "WEST INDIES."

I received a letter from Mr. Bowyer, of Pall-Mall (to whom I was an entire stranger), announcing that he had projected a splendid memorial of the British triumph in justice to humanity, in the abolition of the Slave Trade by an Act of the British Legislature — in a series of pictures, representing the past sufferings and the anticipated blessings of the long-wronged and late-righted Africans, both in their native land and in the West Indies. The engravings from these designs were to be accompanied by a poem illustrative of the subject. This he very courteously requested me to contribute. Soon elated, and then depressed, I eagerly, yet tremblingly, undertook the commission; for I could not help doubting the wisdom of Mr. Bowyer's choice of a poet after his judgment which had been passed upon my former performances by the critical public of my country." [And in consideration the ingenuous poet urged upon Bowyer by letter.] "But," he proceeds, "the prize was worth an any peril to my doubtful reputation, especially as the condemned volume had been more graciously treated by the censors of literature in England than I had adopted me in childhood than in which I had given birth. Wherefore, having, I penned a paragraph, either in prose, for a paper, availed myself of every fair opportunity to expose the iniquities of the Slave Trade and Slavery, I gave my whole mind to the theme. It haunted me day and night, the while I was in the field, alone or in company; however engaged in business, in conversation, or in amusement, the process of thought and of composition was continually in exercise, and under all these various situations and incompatible circumstances, portions of the poem were either suggested, elaborated, or suddenly, not to me spontaneously, produced."

Such is the author's own account of the origin and progress of the poem of the "West Indies," as given in the preface.

We believe the application to Montgomery was made

an instance of Dr. Waugh, a respectable Independent minister in London, seconded by Dr. Aikin; the latter gentleman, as well as to his friend Parken, the poet transmitted portions of his work, written in 1807, and previously to their being placed in the hands of the designer.

James Montgomery to Joseph Aston.

"Sheffield, 1825."

"MY FRIEND,

"I must write a long letter, because I am newspaper-ave, I am wearied with facts and political and moral speculations — the signs of the times, which my very portentous, I can neither write with temper nor safety upon them. The I take up my pen, it kindles between my fingers, and I write fire alarms me when I read afterwards, my thoughts once more familiar with prison scenes,—vice, misfortune, poverty, prodigacy, villainy and folly, immured together, and contaminating, or contaminated by each other. My very heart sick with horror, when I imagine the possibility—the probability, considering my in righteous heaven—of being again buried alive for months, perhaps years, bankrupt in circumstances, forgotten by world, neglected by my friends, in the solitude—or, than solitude, the society—of a gaol! What? For truth, for justice, for liberty, which ought be more precious in principle than freedom of person, life itself; but for which I am not surely called by Heaven to voluntary martyrdom, without profit either myself or my countrymen. I strive, therefore, with my might to restrain my fury for mending mankind by ruining myself, when I write for my newspaper, which makes in general a very dull, equivocal thing, rather than admired or approved. Now then, when I put forth my strength, and strike a blow some conspicuous mark, I make a motion among my brethren, and they copy my paragraphs paper some abuse, with com-

mendation. In case a few weeks when I
 ventured on the profligate connection between
 D. of Y. and Mrs. C. In truth, my paragraph such
 a noise, the reverberated report of a pistol in the
 caverns of the Peak, once multiplying magnifying
 sound, I was terrified at it in the end, and expected
 nothing than information *ex officio*, by the attorney-
 general. However, my attack was solely upon the im-
 morality of the adulterous intercourse, my mind made
 up to live or die by what I said, without retracting or
 qualifying a syllable of it. This squall of alarm now
 blown how another may spring up, and upset
 me, I know not. . . . Concerning my Slave Trade poem,
 I have only to say, that I heard a few days from
 Bowyer, who complains bitterly of ungrateful and mercenary
 engravers, who have both plates and their hands,
 and extricate one from the other: so his
 work may be three months—or, if you round
 number better, months—before it makes its appearance.
 It is very distressing to a poet, impatient of a new
 shape; for a poet works when he is dead,
 he is much in them when he is alive: in fact, he
 undergoes a regular metempsychosis from one form
 another, through every piece he writes; being
 always in esteem, as each body which the
 of transmigration, whether it be
 elephant or an ass, in turn the dearest. . . . My visit
 to London I have talked and written much. I am
 quite weary of it; if I were to attempt to entertain
 you with any of it, I should be too dull to be en-
 dured. I saw Dr. Aikin, Mr. Barbauld, Mr. Bloom-
 field, ought to have seen Thomas Campbell, but illness
 prevented him from meeting according to the invitation
 of a common friend, and he gave me an apology as flattering,
 but half as welcome, as his company would have been.
 I was introduced to so many other great and middling, and
 good and better sort of men, that I cannot now recollect
 half of those I saw, and of those that saw me, not the
 thousandth part,—for in the world I live in

mouth of a bee-hive, where those that are crowding are pressing out under another, on this side or that, just as there may be room and opportunity. . . . This is London !

" I am your sincere friend,

" J. [redacted]

" Mr. Joseph Aston, [redacted]

The " West Indies" lost nothing by the ordeal of friendly criticism previous to publication, little as the poet was disposed hastily to alter what he had deliberately written. We recollect the seasonable caution which Dr. Aikin gave, after a perusal of the second part, viz., of the danger of allowing the exuberance of tropical scenery to lead to a lavish style of description incompatible with that simplicity which is favourable to a just interest in the subject. Of course, the Doctor did not, he said, wish his friend to lower his rich diction down to the level of a school " vult videri pauper pauper," but merely to remember that the fault of simplicity, so turgidity closely borders elevation,—judicious hints neglected by him to whom they were given. The worthy Doctor only shared with his intelligent family circle in the perusal and criticism of the poem while in manuscript, but he kindly offered to read " the proofs" from the press,—a pecuniary as well as a literary convenience, which provincial authors, printing and publishing in London only since the era of *peenny postage*, scarcely appreciate.

The delays from various causes which protracted the execution of Bowyer's spirited design for two years, apparently nearly defeated it; for as late as March 30th, Dr. Aikin, writing to Montgomery, says, " I have no proofs from Bensley since I last wrote; that I suspect Bowyer's publication is really suspended,"—

having previously threatened that the volume make its appearance in six weeks, he would publish poems.

Although Montgomery was not informed that it was intended to publish any other works in connection with his own, the subject proposed, he learned that Bowyer was in treaty with several other poets.* None of these, however, ultimately entered into the arrangement, with the exception of Elizabeth Ogilvy Benger and the Rev. James Grahame, whose poems, along with the "West Indies," appeared in the spring of this year in a five guinea quarto volume, beautifully printed by Bensley, and illustrated with gravings by Raimbach, Scriven, and Worthington, from designs by Smirke, and medallions by Andras.

It was said that the spirited projector of this appropriate commemoration of a noble of British humanity did not spend less than between three or four thousand pounds in the undertaking. But although the work brought out in the first style of typographical and decorative elegance, it was only comparatively successful; the price, the delay, and the defection of some of the poets, having in turn acted unfavourably.

* The prospect of having the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" for a colleague in the projected work, is thus alluded to in a letter to Parkes:—"It is exceedingly consoling to learn that Campbell is charmed with the of Mr. Bowyer, and told him that I had been very ill-used by the Edinburgh Reviewers. They are so jealous of each other, and there was so villainous a trap laid by the 'Ed. Rev.' to catch my contemporaries and flatter them into enemies, whether they were such or not, that I am almost as much surprised as delighted with Campbell's generosity, particularly as he is an utter stranger to me, and am perhaps the most ardent admirer he has in the world."

Montgomery's poem was subsequently made up with the plates, and published separately—a distinction which it well merited. The author received for this edition one hundred guineas, besides several copies of the work.

As Bowyer's splendid volume was neither advertised in the usual manner, nor the price of Montgomery's portion of it within the means of ordinary purchasers, it was not until reprinted in a less expensive and more convenient form, and accompanied by about twenty occasional poems, that the "West Indies" became universally known and appreciated. In this form, upwards of ten thousand copies of the work were sold in ten years, and the author's reputation became established wherever the language of his country was heard.

The poem of the "West Indies," like the "Wanderer of Switzerland," owed its immediate success, in no small degree, to the fact of its embodying a class of sentiments which were universally prevalent among philanthropists at the time when the work appeared. It is scarcely less remarkable for a certain tone of earnestness and vehemence pervading many passages; and which, as a friendly critic told the poet, "give the versification something of the character of loud speaking." In several respects it was far more lucky than its predecessor. It not only became immediately and generally popular, but the critics appeared in concert with the public in general approval: even the "Edinburgh Review" was silent. Apart from the fact that it embodied a universal sympathy with the great national act which it commemorated, the topics and style of the poem were of such a nature as to make almost every couplet suitable for quotation by speakers and writers on the evils or the abolition of slavery; and

perhaps it would hardly be too much to affirm that there is not a single clause in any one of the four parts of this poem, that has been cited, wholly or in part, from the press, the platform, or the pulpit, during "the height of that great argument" which subsequently ensued, and led to the abolition of slavery itself, and the leading features of which were so admirably developed by the poet. Some of these there are, which, while they are not restricted in their bearing to time or place, are to the circumstances of any special condition of society, are at once so exquisitely beautiful in nature, and so poetically perfect in design, that the humblest as well as the most intelligent reader of the "West Indies," alike comprehends and admires them. Need we specify an example the well-known lines, showing how the love of country and of home is the same in all ages and among all nations?—

"This is a land, of every land the pride," &c.

The beautiful thought which occurs in Part II., where the poet speaks of Africa as —

"A world of wonders, where creation seems
No more the work of Nature, but her dreams,"

appears almost identical with one conceived many years before, on the "Heights of Abraham," at Matlock. Viewing the romantic scenery from this spot with great advantage, in the company of his friend Mr. Rhodes*, he produced, impromptu, the following lines, which he wrote with his pencil in the alcove:—

"Here, in wild scenery magnificently bleak,
Stupendous the heights the deeps the sea;

* Author of "Peak Scenery."

Here, [redacted] rocks—on forests, [redacted] rise,
 Spurn [redacted] low earth, and mingle with [redacted] skies !
 [redacted] slumbering by fair Derwent's stream,
 Conceived [redacted] giant mountains [redacted] a dream."

A curious verbal solecism passed through three editions before it [redacted] detected by the author—

"The sire, [redacted] son, the husband, *father*, friend ;"

whereas the word ought to have been *brother*, as it now stands.

In Part III. [redacted] the episodical allusion to Mungo Park, in an ingenious adaptation of the negro daughter's song of the "Poor White Man," whose ultimate return, after repeatedly encountering the perils of exploratory travel in the wilds of Africa, [redacted] then anticipated—alas, in vain ! Among others [redacted] whom Montgomery had [redacted] specimens of the "West Indies," during the progress of composition, [redacted] his friend Standert of Taunton, who thus acknowledged the compliment :—

"It [redacted] curious that [redacted] specimen of your poem, with which you have favoured [redacted] should allude to Mungo [redacted] Mungo Park [redacted] my friend ; I knew [redacted] intimately—and only knew [redacted] to [redacted] him : a man [redacted] greater integrity, simplicity, [redacted] intrepidity [redacted] breathed. Our acquaintance commenced in a singular manner,—I [redacted] [redacted] One morning, previous to a lecture, which I was in the [redacted] of delivering at the Westminster Hospital, I saw a stranger loitering in [redacted] surgery, whose appearance was perfectly distinct from [redacted] of the general [redacted] of medical students. [redacted] particularly [redacted] [redacted] served. As [redacted] walked across [redacted] room, I observed something peculiar in his step, and [redacted] the [redacted] [redacted] occurred to me that he was very like the portrait of Mungo Park [redacted] [redacted] 'Travels in Africa.' The stranger had

only _____ room _____ a _____ hanging _____ the wall;—and _____ he placed _____ finger upon Africa, _____ identity _____ past doubt. _____ instantly _____ him; _____ _____ friends. _____ may have been _____ fate _____ unknown; _____ will certainly _____ be my lot to discover him _____ second time on the banks of the Niger, _____ to deliver _____ from _____ second _____ captivity—though _____ _____ my dream! Now _____ for the poetry."

And the _____ in question touched a _____ string—for Mrs. Montague _____ the poet that when she read it _____ Mungo Park's brother, "he _____ exceedingly affected."

In this part of the poem _____ meet with _____ word, the merit of having first introduced which from the German, it has been thought worth while to claim for Lord Byron, and others*: _____ is, however, more than probable that its earliest transplantation into _____ language was by Montgomery, _____ following line,—

"To fly for ever from the creole strand,
_____ a freeman in his FATHERLAND."

Nor _____ the word _____ accidental compound, which has become interesting merely through _____ lucky coincidence; for _____ happen _____ know that its _____ in the text _____ suggested to the poet by the emphatic tone in which he had heard his friend Henry Steinhauer speak of his *Waterland*.

There _____ one passage in the "West Indies," Part IV., in which _____ equivocal compliment is undesignedly paid _____ the great parliamentary leader in the anti-

* D'Israeli claims the credit of having introduced the word "Fatherland," into our literature.—*Athenæum*, Aug. _____ 18____

slavery cause: see *Las Casas* to the couplet in which the poet *Las Casas*

"—Wilberforce, *Las Casas* of *Las Casas*.
The new *Las Casas* of a ruined race."

Montgomery: "I wish, sir, you had not, in the fourth *edition* of the 'West Indies,' coupled the name of Wilberforce with that of *Las Casas*, as the historical evidence hardly sustains the claims of the Spanish licentiate *Las Casas* regarded as the archetype of the English philanthropist." *Montgomery*: "The character of *Las Casas* has been grossly misunderstood, in consequence of what Dr. Robertson has said of him: the fact is, he was a promoter of slavery, as the historian alleges; much less he the originator of the system, as some persons have asserted: on the other hand, *Las Casas* to have been the avowed friend of the negroes, at a time when no doubt existed as to the abstract propriety of dealing in slaves." *Holland*: "And exactly such was the character, really and ostensibly, of some of the persons in this country, who differed much from the Abolitionists at the commencement of their career. I am sure you will agree with me that many of those persons, in the British Parliament and out of it, who at first were rather anxious to mitigate, as they vainly hoped to have done, the evils of slavery, than willing to abolish the slave trade, were neither destitute of intelligence, humanity, nor religion: but they deserve some of the praise of those who achieved the glorious triumph of 1807." *Montgomery*: "You will perceive in the later editions of the 'West Indies,' a long note, in which I have summed up the evidence for and against *Las Casas*; and I am convinced that *Grégoire* (whose work, in French, was translated and published in this country

by Henry Redhead Yorke) ■ completely exculpated the great ■ good ■ whose ■ I have coupled with that of Wilberforce, ■ the degrading imputations brought against him by Herrera and Robertson." ■ "I have carefully read the note, as you may believe; but ■ whatever extent ■ may extricate the character of Las Casas from the imputations and mistakes of historians, it still, in my humble judgment, ■ ■ short of justifying his claim ■ be coupled with Wilberforce in your poetical compliment, ■ it ■ ■ any evidence whatever, that he either sought or desired ■ abolition of the slave trade, however anxious he may have been to mitigate the sufferings of its victims." ■

■ Very early in the history of ■ abominable traffic—viz., 1511—Ferdinand the Fifth, King of Spain, permitted great numbers of slaves to be carried from Africa into the Spanish colonies in America. After his death, a proposal was made by Las Casas, Bishop of Chiapa, to Cardinal Ximenes, who held the reins of the government of Spain, till Charles the Fifth came to the throne, "for the establishment of a regular system of commerce in ■ persons of the native Africans." These are the words of Thomas Clarkson, who, however, immediately adds, "The object of Bartholomew de las Casas was undoubtedly to save the American Indians, whose cruel treatment and almost extirpation he ■ witnessed during his residence among them, and in whose ■ he had undertaken a voyage to the court of Spain." Still, as he acknowledges, "It is difficult to reconcile this proposal with the humane and charitable spirit of the Bishop of Chiapa." A similar difficulty on the same grounds often occurred to the abolitionists of Montgomery's times. There is no "difficulty" ■ reconciling the sentiments and the office of Cardinal Ximenes, to the honour of whose memory ■ is recorded, that "he refused the proposal" of Las Casas, "not only judging it to be unlawful to consign innocent people to slavery at all, but to be very inconsistent to deliver the inhabitants of one country from a state of misery by consigning it to those of another."—*History of the Abolition of the African Slave Trade*, vol. i. p. 34.

It is not surprising that Montgomery have cherished an ardent respect for the memory of Cowper, the charms of whose poetry have been devoted with success to that service of humanity, the triumphs of which he did not live to witness. With Cowper, also, the Moravian bishop who resided at Fulneck was personally acquainted; and Montgomery, in the habit, during his residence there, of hearing the name, and even, as we have seen, reading the works of a poet who devoted his talents to the service of Christianity—who had applauded Missionary labours in general, and the exertions of the Brethren in particular†, and that too a period when it was not common to cherish such sentiments, especially in poetry. The luminary of Weston was setting behind darker clouds than those of death, when the genius of Montgomery was emerging from the quiet obscurity of Fulneck; but every reader of the “West Indies” will discover upon whom the mantle of the elder bard had fallen, in the following tender apostrophe:—

“Lamented Cowper! in thy path I tread;
O that on me were thy meek spirit shed!
The woes that wring my bosom once were thine;
Be all thy virtues, all thy genius mine!
Peace to thy soul! thy God my portion be;
And in his presence may I rest with thee!”

* Clarkson's Hist. of the Slave Trade.

† “See Germany send forth
Her sons to pour (Gospel Hope) on the farthest north.
Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose,
In icy plains and in eternal snows.”—Hope.

‡ The wrongs and the sufferings of the expatriated Africans had often been incidentally alluded to by English poets, including

Pope, Thomson, Savage, Shenstone, especially Cowper. Perhaps [redacted] which was written, expressly on [redacted] subject, was Day's "Dying Negro," published in 1773; this [redacted] by [redacted] "Wrongs of Africa," [redacted] 1787. Cowper's "Task" appeared [redacted] In 1791, Mrs. [redacted] Wilberforce a poetical epistle in favour of what [redacted] D'Arblay [redacted] "The Demolition of the [redacted] Trade." "Quashy, [redacted] the Coal [redacted] Maid," of Captain Morris, [redacted] published in 1798. The scene is laid in the island of Martinico, where, as in the rest of the French colonies, [redacted] revolutionary government had abolished slavery.

CHAP. XXXV.

REVIEW ■ CRABBE'S "POEMS."—CAMPBELL'S "GERTRUDE OF WYOMING."—BURNS' "RELIQUES."—WORDSWORTH'S POLITICAL PAMPHLET.—CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■
 ■ ■ ■ JOHN ■ ■ ■ ■ ■—EDMUND ■ ■ ■ THOMAS GALES. — ■ ■ ■ ■ ■
 SCHOOL.—WRITING IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—THE JUBILEE.

WE have before us eight letters of Parken's, dated ■ 1809; but not ■ of Montgomery's in reply. He continued, however, his services to the "Eclectic," having reviewed this year Crabbe's "Poems," * Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," † Burns' "Reliques," ‡ and ■ prose pamphlet of Wordsworth's. § "Crabbe," he says, "is a poet half-way between Pope and Goldsmith; but he ■ the ■ of the one, and the tenderness of the other: ■ often reminded of each, yet ■ the servile imitator of either; while his style and his subjects, especially in facetious description, occasionally elevate ■ to ■ equality with both."

■ poem of "Gertrude" is composed in the Spenserian stanza, ■ example of which, so ■ we recollect, exists in the entire ■ of Montgomery's

■ Eclectic Review, vol. ■ p. 40.
 ■ Ibid. vol. ■ p. 393.

† Ibid. ■ 519.; vi. p. 718.
 § Ibid. p. 744.

published poetry. He considers it a "a compact perfect but almost unmanageable stanza, in the present scarcity of rhymes, when poets have neither the power that Spenser exercised of compelling terminations to tally by arbitrary transpositions and inflections, a privilege, which Pope and Gray in the last century enjoyed, of alloying their purer rhymes with flat and discordant sounds."* Byron, presently afterwards, not only gallantly defied, but nobly overleapt, these structural difficulties. Towards the conclusion of this admirable review of Campbell, we meet with a sentiment, the truth of which have been felt by almost every reader of Montgomery's works:—"A poet who genius enough awaken curiosity concerning himself, never charms his readers more than when he incidentally and unexpectedly affords them a glimpse of some circumstances connected with personal history." Coleridge entertained a similar opinion:—"I judge of others by myself," he, "I should hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting in our most interesting poems are those in which the author develops his feelings."†

Montgomery's review of Burns is one of his most elaborate compositions in this class, in none of which has the writer shown a more nice discrimination in-

* A more important question than the metrical structure of the poem afterwards came to be discussed,—namely, the moral injustice alleged to have been done by the poet to one of the personages in the story. In the "New Monthly Magazine" for February, 1822, is a letter from Mr. Campbell, in which he acknowledges himself to have been misled relative to the character of the Indian chief, and the atrocities charged upon him in Wyoming. These retractions were the result of evidence furnished to the poet by the son of that chief, John Brant, a spirited young Mohawk Indian, who was in London in 1822.

† "Coleridge," vol. i. p. 98.

dividual character, or a more thorough insight into the practical influence of *principle* on the human heart. He remarked to me that the article was written with the deepest interest in the feelings and the fate of him who was the subject of it: and no wonder, — for he himself, in early life, experienced the share of that undue mental excitement, and those peculiar temptations, which so often attend "the temperament of genius," and which were, in so large a measure, the fatal heritage of his highly-gifted fellow-countryman! Experience evidently guided the pen in the initial paragraph of this review.—

"In youth, when we first become enamoured of the works of the great poets, we naturally imagine that those themselves are the happiest of men, who communicate unknown and unimagined emotions of pleasure to us, and gratify a secret desire within us, by the magic of their art they render the loveliest of all yet more lovely, make the indifferent things interesting, from themselves awaken a sympathy of joy, unutterably sublime and soothing. He who in his early years has never been so smitten by the love of song as to have wished, nay, even dreamed, himself a poet (as Homer and Virgil have done, though few like Hesiod, *awaking*, have found their dreams fulfilled), is a stranger to some of the purest, noblest, and most enduring sources of earthly enjoyment."

The strain pursued in terms so striking, or less sadly true:—

"When, however, glowing with enthusiastic admiration, we turn from the *works* to the *lives* of these exalted beings, we find that they were only liable to the same passions as ourselves, that, with respect to many of them, the vehement passions which they could kindle and quell in the bosoms of others ruled and ragged with ungovernable fury in their own, hurrying them, and

alternate and profusion, honour abasement, through the changes of life, a deplorable desperate death; while more amiable of ill-starred race, those finer sensibilities, warm the hearts' blood of their readers with delight, possessors slow feeding upon vitals, while they languished in solitude in obscurity grave, bequeathing posterity inheritance, in unrewarded productions of genius, should last through many generations, and once a lustre and a shade on the age in which they *flourished*, as the phrase is,—in which they *perished*, as ought to be. . . . The genius of Burns resembled the pearl Cleopatra, both worth in its fortune; the moulded in secret by nature in the depths of the ocean, the other was produced and perfected by the equal obscurity on the banks of the Ayr; the former suddenly brought to light, and shone for with attractive splendour forehead of beauty; the latter not unexpectedly emerged from the shades, and dazzled delighted an admiring nation; the of both the each wantonly dissolved in the cup of pleasure, and quaffed by its possessor intemperate draught."

The production of Wordsworth, already alluded to, a political pamphlet, the title of which, as Montgomery said, reads like a literal translation from the Latin*, and the contents of which exhibit a still more peculiar *English* style.

"Of latter," the reviewer "it is so exquisitely compounded of words, idioms, phrases,

* "Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, to each other, and the Common Enemy, at this Crisis; and specifically as affected by the Convention of Cintra; the whole brought to the Test of those Principles by which alone the Independence of Nations can be Preserved or Recovered."

authorised, unprecedented ■ vernacular, ■ form alto-
gether a style of a very peculiar gait and character, resem-
bling nothing so nearly as the blank verse of the Westmore-
land triumvirate of bards; who, ■ they have ■
condescended ■ degrade poetry into prose, have occasionally
deigned ■ exalt ■ into poetry. ■ this, ■
us ■ ■ example. ■ Sybilline leaves (full
■ portentous ■ useful denunciations), ■ from ■
winds and stitched loosely together to make ■ pamphlet of
only one day's longer ■ ■ newspaper, there ■ more ■
the spirit ■ fire of genuine poetry than ■ have found ■
many ■ cream-coloured volume of verse, designed ■ delight
■ posterity. The language is ■ splendid
■ obscure, vigorous, yet polite, beautiful, bewildering, ■
uncouth. The sentiments, ardent, free, ■ original, are
frequently ■ clouded with mysticism, subtilised by meta-
physical refinement, ■ ■ with imagination, that
they appear either too dark, ■ thin, or too bright, to ■
steadily viewed ■ clearly comprehended. ■ there ■ a
pulse of philanthropy that ■ through every page
(though not through every line), and ■ soul of patriotism
that breathes through the whole body of the work, which
raise it, ■ an offspring of intellect, far above the political
ephemera quickened from ■ of transient ■
which Time leaves behind ■ in ■ devastating march ■
eternity,—ephemera which ■ for ■ day, then vanish
■ ■ Among ■ ■ fugitive ■ pre-
■ ■ emanation of genius ■ born; ■ with ■
it must perish."

The pamphlet **perished** as predicted; but it seemed due **the** generous tone with which the **field** poet-politician hailed the patriotic Laker in **instance,** **snatch** from immediate oblivion **brief** memento of **a** very reasonable and clever production.

The correspondence between Montgomery and Mr. [redacted] commenced with [redacted] following letter, written by [redacted] former in behalf of his friend Henry Steinhauer.

who are anxious to make a somewhat leisurely survey of the treasures of the Liverpool Botanical Garden:—

James Montgomery to Roscoe.

"Sheffield, June 18.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have no right to intrude myself upon your attention, but I must have done so for my own sake, but I am emboldened by what I have heard of your general character—and, I will venture to add, by what I have heard of your disposition towards me, the author of some small poems, which you have not only not ashamed to commend—to introduce my friend, the Rev. Henry Steinhauer, to you, as a lover of botany; with the request that you will favour him with some means and opportunity, while he is in Liverpool, visiting the botanical garden there. I should have presumed to ask your obligation either for myself or for him, notwithstanding what I have intimated above, that you informed me you are a botanist; and as such, I am sure that it will be a gratification to yourself to see an ingenious and amiable young man, on some occasion which he deems precious, that he is willing to do violence to his modest nature, in becoming the bearer of this letter, that he may avail himself of it to improve and enlarge his acquaintance with the lovely and innocent inhabitants of this earth—the flowers of all the fields beneath the sun. I am aware of being misunderstood: aware of your eminence exposed to have me broken in upon by many impertinent visitors, who come from idle curiosity to see—or, rather, from vanity, to say that they have seen—one of the great lights of the age, and who will be a light to posterity also. Whatever may be the curiosity or the vanity of my botanical friend, neither the one nor the other could have induced him to interrupt you for a moment in your repose. He will not hang upon you, but will only wish to confer, which you will easily confer, and will exceedingly oblige him,—a

recommendation of the steward of the garden, by which I may gain permission leisurely to survey it. I do not intend to say you another word: if I have imperfectly explained my wish, I may explain it better hereafter. He lives at Fulneck, near Leeds, and I enclose this letter to him by post. I should think I am dishonouring rather than complimenting you, if I were to make any further apology for thus frankly asking a favour of you, to whom I am personally a stranger. Accept this letter (as it is sincerely intended to be) as a proof that I am grateful for the delicate but inestimable services which you have rendered to me and to my poetry by condescending to interest yourself for either. That you may not suspect I address you from any presumption of your goodwill towards me, I beg leave to say that Dr. Aikin, Mr. Cromek, and others have occasionally intimated to me that you were disposed to think well of my rhymes. I will only add, that by this letter it is my design nor my desire to inveigle you into correspondence with myself. It is my friend Steinhauser in London, which I anticipate, my sole end in writing this will be answered.

"I am very respectfully,

"Your obliged and affectionate servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Wm. Roscoe, Esq., Allerton Hall, near Liverpool."

Roscoe, bound as he was to his desk, by the triple chain of literature, politics, and private business, was not the man to allow a letter from Montgomery to remain on his file unacknowledged. In how cordial and unassuming a tone he welcomed the introduction of the Sheffield poet, may be imagined from the following letter:—

James Montgomery to William Roscoe.

"DEAR SIR,

"If respect made me silent your first letter with silence, my feeling has prompted me long

before to acknowledge your second with expressions of gratitude; hitherto I have been prevented by a great of business, was my own, and a great of anxiety which I hope was entirely my own; for I am so jealous of that, I would not, good will, my greatest enemy it me. consulting the moon evening (who my chronologer matters), I find by shape her head—a Merlin's head to me—that if I let it grow larger, without writing you, though I have nothing in the world but 'thank you' for your exceedingly welcome letter of 21st of January, I deserve to hear again from you, except you never again from.

"You know that it is not always exactly opinion a man holds of himself—though who else is likely to form a better, half good one?—by which the world is bound to judge of him; nay, the world is perverse and headstrong, it will own opinions, right or wrong, concerning every who by virtue or talents, by want of both (a much commoner in these profligate days), makes himself conspicuous in it. Hence it by no follows, because you are high-minded to think your 'good will worth solicitation,' others may not of a very different sentiment, and a sentiment justly and impartially formed from a fuller and view of the subject; for every man is too near himself to see all proportion; ought in the light in which them. Many truths paradoxes: can scarcely think too humbly of those very things in ourselves, of which scarcely highly in others: your heart bear testimony with mine to this? does, we will defy all the heads under sun disprove it. Now to directly to point, going quite round it, as a spaniel down. I did your good will so well worth solicitation, that though I opportunity to myself

it, recommending my botanical friend Steinhaver, I valued him highly, and was at the same time so anxious of cheapening myself—forgive my pride, which I may as well confess honestly, because you have found me before now in a similar confession—that I was determined, even if I had another equally fair opportunity, to live for ever—that in my whole course of the threescore years and ten I should be a man in this world—a stranger to you, rather than on any occasion, when my appearance might be interpreted as an intrusion, attract your notice by any act or expression unworthy of us both. So much I say is nothing; however, I am now afraid of being thought impertinent; as I should have no letters worth reading if I were to write about anything or nothing. When I write again I may perhaps have something better to say, but I must be as it happens; I do not seek it, because, if I seek it, I shall lose it in trying to secure it. I am now a hand catching flies by throwing bait on their tails; and on that account, thinking with the proverb that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, I always let fly the thoughts I first, not doubting that they will be the most acceptable, because they are the freest. I do not intend anything in this letter, except to thank you for your kind favour, and to say that I am not anxious to drag another from you, but leave you till I hear from you again at your own impulse and convenience, I am your much obliged friend and servant,

“J. MONTGOMERY.

“Wm. Roscoe, Esq., 11 Essex Hall, near Liverpool.”

Mr. Roscoe, writing to Montgomery, on the 11th of March, says:—

“There is a stupid old rule, that a man should not talk of himself; but I should be glad to know on what subject I can talk of which I ought to know so much; I am sure that, whatever I say, I shall say when I make my appearance before the public, yet in the intercourse of private friendship the more I talk about myself the

better. On this account, I always prefer those of those which contain articles of intelligence. The pen speaketh to the head, the heart to the heart; and I think it a good thing either a gazette or a newspaper. Allow me, therefore, to say that in you I have met with a correspondent according to my own mind, who writes as he thinks, and forgets, for a moment, that there are any persons in the world besides his friend and himself. If, whenever you find yourself disposed towards it, you will take up your pen, and give your thoughts freely as they rise, you may be assured that I shall not only receive them with real pleasure, but endeavour to make you the best person in my power."

The rest of the letter relates to the volume entitled the "Butterfly's Birthday," which accompanied it.

James Montgomery to "Blossie" Roscoe.

"Sheffield, April 1840.

"DEAR SIR,

"Though I am persuaded that a friendly correspondence carried on with mercantile punctuality would be the dullest drudgery on earth,—I should if I were made of the same thermometrical clay as I am, rising and falling, expanding and shrinking through every degree of heat and cold from the freezing to the boiling point,—yet there are some letters between friends, which, as they concern the business of friendship rather than its sympathies, ought to be answered as promptly as if they were a much inferior order of epistles than they really are; namely, as if they were of lading or notes, which poets, you know, are magnanimously despise, and for contempt of which are ourselves are in equal contempt by those who know the value of such things. Your letter was of the description [of those] from their nature, as well as worth, claim immediate acknowledgment; and assuredly I shall only my common but legitimate neglecting to write,—hurry of business, low spirits, indolence, and equally excellent and well-approved

apologies,—I [] not have dared [] have been [] long, [] my silence should have been interpreted [] very [] of [] that I think and [] concerning your last letter and [] enclosure. [] indeed [] found me [] indisposition; and though it was [] 'angel visit' of a friend in spirit to one in [] and solitude, yet its cheering influence was soon past, and though I have often remembered it with gratitude and delight, this is truly the first hour since that I have had the fortitude [] down [] you my thanks for your kindness and [] descension. I am very slowly recovering from a [] of [] that brought [] to the grave, [] in [] mind, [] any that I [] experienced before. . . .

"With the [] I certainly was as much delighted as I [] flattered by [] mark of your confidence in entrusting them [] The 'Butterfly's Ball' [] of [] happy conceptions that in [] golden [] of a poet's [] — and few and precious are those moments—*come* unsolicited and unexpectedly into his mind, he knows not from whence, [] by what association with [] other [] at [] very time—was it not so? Whether [] no (if it [] not, you [] the most enviable poet that [] lived [] command such things at pleasure), it is one of [] novel and fascinating productions of genius that instantaneously make [] everlasting impression: [] is, [] I am [] talking nonsense, they make the impression [] reading, and that impression is indelible. This has been [] universally with the 'Butterfly's Ball;' the multitude of imitations that have been published prove its originality, and the eagerness with which these have been read, equally proves [] the idea itself has [] extraordinary power of pleasing. Wherein the secret of [] charm consists I cannot tell; but I felt all its force and enchantment [] time I [] the piece; indeed, the [] I discovered [] plan of the poem in the [] You [] suspect me of [] adulation in speaking [] plainly [] praise of a production of yours, because you [] perceive that I regard it rather as a *felicity* than as a *merit* [] author. Now as I give you credit []

having [redacted] poem by inspiration, or, if you please,
 by any [redacted] and involuntary impulse, [redacted]
 'Butterfly's Birthday' is a poem of just the contrary descrip-
 tion — a subject sought and found in that beautiful creation
 in [redacted] poet's mind, which is in reality a microcosm, a
 counterpart of the visible universe, in which there are
 mountains and forests, [redacted] rivers and [redacted] animals, — nay, [redacted] and stars, — over [redacted]
 his genius exercises absolute dominion. Was it not in
 ranging through [redacted] world in imagination in search [redacted] a
 sequel [redacted] 'Butterfly's Ball,' that you lighted upon a
 spot [redacted] with vernal sunshine, and there witnessed [redacted]
 butterfly's birth, and instantly chose it [redacted] be the theme [redacted]
 another song? My theory may be wrong in both instances;
 [redacted] perhaps [redacted] very impertinent in [redacted] thus to attempt
 [redacted] pierce into the [redacted] of your heart, which I [redacted]
 deavours to assimilate, [redacted] weakness [redacted] capriciousness, [redacted]
 my [redacted] I shall, however, come to a point [redacted]
 [redacted] if I venture [redacted] the success of the two
 [redacted] will [redacted] exactly in the inverse ratio of their relative
 [redacted] I [redacted] that I think the [redacted] a
 piece [redacted] much superior intrinsic worth, [redacted] I have [redacted] little
 [redacted] that [redacted] first [redacted] pleased ten times as many readers
 as you yourself expect [redacted] struck and delighted with [redacted]
 [redacted] — and [redacted] a very plain reason. — To enjoy [redacted]
 sequently [redacted] appreciate the 'Butterfly's Birthday' requires
 [redacted] intellect beyond the capacity of infancy and igno-
 [redacted] whereas, I [redacted] it impossible for a human being,
 above [redacted] rank of an idiot, [redacted] hear the 'Butterfly's Ball'
 read over without being exceedingly amused with the
 grotesque yet exquisite pleasantry of [redacted] conceit — if you
 will allow me to use so base a word [redacted] so delicate a subject.
 . . . I presume, from [redacted] hand-writing, that the poem
 was copied by a very young lady — one, probably, [redacted]
 merry party [redacted] danced at the butterfly's ball: may she
 [redacted] many [redacted] as innocent [redacted] cheerful!

"I am your obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"William Roscoe, Esq., Allerton Hall, Liverpool."

The "Iris" of this year presents a peculiar feature. The editor's townspeople were generally suffering severely in consequence of the stagnation of trade, caused by the war. Indeed, to such an extent did the ordinary resources of the working classes fail in Sheffield, that the poor-rates were inadequate to the exigency, and in January a meeting of the inhabitants was held, at which upwards of thirteen hundred pounds were promptly subscribed; while the applicants for relief were upwards of a thousand! Almost immediately, and for several months ensuing, the people were invited to forget — if they could — their sufferings, in the memorable investigation of Colonel Wardle's charges against the Duke of York. Montgomery reluctantly drew his pen in a letter that filled Europe with scandal; "the House of Commons," he said, "being the only place in the kingdom, in which an Englishman can properly discuss his convictions on a disgusting subject."

In recording the death of John Moore at Corunna, he says: —

"It was an enviable reward of the commander on the day of his triumph, to die at the brightest moment of his life. He fell on the spot; the laurels which he plucked from his brow of glory will spring up from his ashes, and overshadow his grave, till the glory of heroes and the pride of nations are for ever extinguished."

Thomas Gales, the father of the publisher of the "Sheffield Register," died on the 14th of October at Eekington, aged 75. Montgomery attended his funeral there, after which he composed the lines accompanying the following letter: —

James Montgomery

"DEAR SARAH,

"Being quite alone last night, while I smoked my

pipe, my [redacted] naturally [redacted] on that affecting subject which has lately so [redacted] so deeply occupied [redacted] and our thoughts. I send you [redacted] copies of [redacted] fruits of [redacted] musings. The composition [redacted] and [redacted] the sharpest and the tenderest feelings of my breast, though [redacted] perusal may make your wounds of [redacted] afresh, I [redacted] will come when you [redacted] with tranquil though mournful delight. Give [redacted] my [redacted] remembrance, to Eliza, [redacted] keep [redacted] other, if you please, for yourself. I have [redacted] copied [redacted] your dear venerable mother, [redacted] you may either read them to her or not, now or [redacted] any future time, as you [redacted] right. [redacted] cordial sympathy of affection for you all, I remain your faithful friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"[redacted] Sarah Gale, Ekington."

"For [redacted] and the Fatherless.

"When those we love on earth are seen [redacted] more,
[redacted] mourn to think *that they are gone before;*
But if [redacted] pang amidst eternal rest
Could ever reach the bosoms of the Blest,
If Grief in Heaven could [redacted] weak [redacted] find,
[redacted] they not mourn *that [redacted] left behind?* —
Our Friend is gone, our Father snatched away;
Through Death's dark night [redacted] passed [redacted] day:
With [redacted] and sighs, in humble hope [redacted]
His dear, [redacted] sainted relics to the grave:
Yet from [redacted] grave we lift the weeping eye,
To hail [redacted] spirit beckoning from [redacted] sky;
We hear [redacted] voice—in [redacted] divinely sweet,
He [redacted] home to [redacted] Redeemer's feet; —
[redacted] below, a family of love;
[redacted] a family above!"

[redacted] celebrated Joseph Lancaster having visited [redacted] explain [redacted] system of Education, the result was [redacted] establishment of a large school, towards which Mont-

only an original subscriber, but in the management and success of which he ever took a lively interest.

Having occasion to refer to an advertisement in the "Iris," he said:—

"Some conscientious persons have objected to the instruction of the poor in writing at Sunday schools; but if teaching them to read be sanctifying the Sabbath of the Lord, teaching them to write must be conferring yet higher honour on the holy day, by making it doubly so. Our Saviour, on the Sabbath day, not only opened the eyes of him that was born blind, but healed also the man that had the withered hand. Is not teaching the ignorant to read, giving sight to the blind eye? Is not teaching them to write, transfusing virtue through the withered hand?"

This provoked a letter of severe animadversions from an anonymous correspondent, which he published, with the remark "that our Saviour, both by precept and example, taught that it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day; and as he neither limited the doing well to acts of mercy or necessity, nor even such as are otherwise connected with religious duties, it must be left to every man's conscience before God to determine for himself what it is 'to do well' on the Sabbath day: but let not any presume to lay a heavier yoke upon the necks of others than that which Christ himself had laid upon them." The reasonable expression of this sentiment directly contributed toward the immediate erection and extensive usefulness of one of the largest Sunday schools in Sheffield—Red Hill; in which we presently find the poet an active labourer.

The month of October witnessed the celebration of the Jubilee, the honour of the centenary of George the Third the thirty-third year of his reign. The subject

appeared ■■■ to excite in Montgomery feelings of joy than ■■ deepen the earnestness of his sigh for peace. "Could we," said he, "reach the royal ear, we would humbly represent ■■ his Majesty that ■■■ word from him can make ■■ *jubilee* in the nation, more illustrious than all that wealth and ■■■■ can effect — who does not anticipate the word — **PEACE?**" Peace, however, ■■■ yet far off!

CHAP. XXXVI.

1810.

THE "IRIS."—WARREN AND MONTGOMERY.
 TRIPS TO AND FROM MR BOSCH.—LETTER TO MISS
 BROWNE—"AUNT JANE."—TO
 MONTGOMERY.—REVIEW OF BAYLON'S "CO-
 LUMBIA."—"GEORGE."—VISIT TO
 GATE.—EXCURSION.—PARKER AT WESTFIELD.—THOUGHTS ABOUT
 LETTERS FROM BOSCH.—GREGORY.—FROM
 TO MR.

WHAT a contrast, alike in quantity and quality, exhibited between the twelve months' result of original writing, in a provincial newspaper published fifty years ago, and one of current date! In the "Iris" of 1810—and the remark will apply to the whole series preceding—there is hardly a single example of an attempt to reproduce in detail the observations of speakers at public meetings; in fact, we believe Montgomery never employed a regular "reporter" in his establishment. His remarks, brief as they generally were in comparison with the "leading articles" of his contemporaries, were often intermitted, and sometimes for weeks in succession. In his first number, this year, instead of dilating on the aspect of affairs at "the end of war" abroad, or the position of political parties at home, the editor addressed his readers, as usual, on the lapse of time, and the mutability of human hopes—trite topics enough; and he often introduced into newspaper arti-

of the forces in the peninsula, the journalist found plenty of employment for a pen reluctantly withdrawn from more congenial exercise.

James Montgomery to William Roscoe.

"Sheffield, Jan. 1. 1810.

"DEAR SIR,

"Mr. Bowyer's agent having informed me in visiting Liverpool he has a letter to present you, and he lay before you specimens of Mr. B.'s publications, including his work on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, which I have been a contributor, I would omit the opportunity of assuring you that, though it is a long time since I wrote you—and yet longer I was gratified in hearing from you,—I retain the most lively sense of the notice which you have already so pleased me of my former paper, and I say that I feel my heart warmer and my pulse quicker when I think how your eye will pass over the pages, and breathe life into my spirit in this superb book. I know you will read it not only with indulgence, but with a delight; and as the very wish to be pleased is half of the pleasure which we seek, I have at least as much hope that you will not be greatly disappointed, as I have that the poem may fall short of the generous expectations which you have formed concerning it. But I have not a moment of time to throw away on this subject at present; and you may congratulate yourself on escaping a task as tedious, as terrible, as a voyage in the hold of a slave ship from Guinea to the West Indies, concerning my sufferings, and disappointments, on the 'middle passage' between the undertaking and the completion of my task; but, alas! the 'hope deferred,' has made my 'heart sick,' of the appearance of this book, which was pledged to me to be published this day twelve months ago, and is yet in embryo. To console myself—or rather to employ my restless and aspiring mind, by aspiring to heaven or falling headlong to hell again—I have been toiling upon another theme;

of pure invention, in which I have characters incidents to work of very rock thought, and discouragements of others humiliating heart-chilling — discouragements of friends I have about me here — friends as many as a Job had, as well disposed to comfort as the poet, who both the patience of the wife of Job to make censorious critics tolerable. These saw my canto, and wondered, and pitied, and condemned both my choice of subject the execution of it. I became dumbfounded I became silent for nearly three months, began I should my poetical speech again. However, my tongue, like Samson's hair, again had been clipped, and I produced a second my critics (one excepted, whom I would it,) praised as vehemently as they had reprobated predecessor. This triumph encouraged to proceed; yet fear trembling, though I have two cantos, concluding poem, I have show a line of them. Whatever other men do, poets, I pre- always their own advice; I therefore send piece, which I shudder to submit to the press, to press in a few weeks, and cast it to the public — aye, to the Edinburgh reviewers. This may be a very thing, but as I have very wise reasons for doing it, I justify myself to my own vanity, at least, and I take the of what may follow. I shall print with the smaller pieces: of the of these I doubtful,—perhaps for no other than that they are shorter, and likely to please gentle readers, who love no pains, but to receive poetical impressions as a lake images of sky and land around it.

"I am very respectfully, your friend and servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"W. Roscoe, Esq."

James Montgomery

"Feb. 22, 1834.

"DEAR SIR,

"If you find my correspondence troublesome, I hope you will take the blame to yourself for having encouraged me to presume upon a good-nature which ought not to be abused, but which for that very reason is more likely to be tried to the uttermost. I am so great a sinner in neglecting to answer the letters of my friends, till all the patience of idleness is worn out, that I am no longer able to reproach of my own conscience the delays as vexatious as they are to myself as they can be to them, that I am sometimes secretly glad, when they, especially those whom I value most, are guilty of similar faults against me of absent friendship. I am glad for three reasons;—because I have to think others as well as myself in the same sin which, in my darling, I most readily forgive; because in the same place, where I am always welcome when most unexpected,—that is, when 'hope deferred' has made 'the heart sick' and is getting well again by resignation to whatever comes, then, I appeal to yourself, can anything better than a healing leaf from the 'tree of life,' as Solomon speaks of 'desire'? I am I am glad you are in chapter and verse in Proverbs where the sentiment stands, which might help you to understand the meaning of the enigmatical allusion; but I can neither stay to explain it myself, nor to the passage before you is present. If my heart had been thus sickened, your last letter was a healing leaf, that rather than have been so sweetly and soothingly pacified, I would have fretted for months longer in your silence. But as my pen should be filled before my epistle is begun, here I will leave to the pen of yours, to say you truly for the first time with which you received my criticisms on your little poem of the 'Butterfly's Birthday.' What they were I know, but you have generously put them will

not altogether thrown away, because though the consciousness of your good opinion might make me proud, it shall make me humble; for I am humble, and enjoy the delight of being commended by you, more intensely, more exquisitely than if I were puffed up into an unworthy self-conceit of my own merit. I know that at the best of the worth of my remarks in your indulgent comments consist in their being mine, and I cannot conceal from my vanity half of the praise which you have bestowed upon me, came from your heart before you consulted your head. And this is as it ought to be on both sides! Not that I should flatter any one of all our friends, but we should not be ashamed or afraid of being in the wrong, when we are sincerely so, and on the right side, the more liberality. Whatever freedom, however, I may have with your beautiful Butterfly, I desire to give you an opportunity for ample retaliation. When I was out Mr. Bowyer's procrastination in bringing forth his volume on the Slave Trade, I put out a small edition of my poem on the subject *sine die*, and of bringing it as a rider to B.'s book, I published the piece which I mentioned in my having occupied, and indeed almost exhausted, my mind, during the first half of the year. The poem I finished a new poem I wish all the world to see it; the joy of it I forget all the anguish it cost me, I only anticipate the renown it shall bring me for ages to come! When I last I was in my first love with this offspring of my imagination, which has given more pain than any of its elder brethren. I therefore wrote too passionately concerning it, and have probably excited a hope in your breast, of merit which you can never meet with in any work of mine. As it may, my own transports soon subsided, and yielded to fears, of such foreboding and appalling import, that my heart shook them; and though I had arranged with Longman for the early appearance of my volume of poetry, I retreated, and

the manuscript was sent to London. I have been more freely since, though my recollection has nearly been brought my reputation as a writer which would have inevitably been burnt to ashes, but the winds, which shudder, even in the conscious security of being still in manuscript, of which I shall certainly not creep for six or twelve months to come. Therefore, with all its sins upon its head (which my present terrors may, after all, magnify as much beyond the truth, as my former exalted its merits), you shall see it. I therefore write to request you to inform me at your convenience, how I may send the copy to you for its delivery. The MS. will be in the hands of my bookseller, or some friend in London, the latter of whom I have neither time nor time to present to say more concerning it, I defer any further that may be prejudice you in my favour, when you begin the perusal of my wild offspring of my muse. I won't attempt to give your judgment, but I try to give your own, you in the critic's chair. With respectful remembrance to all your family,

"I am truly, your obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

ROSCOE, Esq., Allerton near Liverpool."

*James Montgomery to Mrs. Pearson.**

"Hartshead, Dec. 18, 1834."

"DEAR MRS. PEARSON,

"I enclose letters to my brother [Rev. Ignatius Montgomery] and Messrs. Longman and Co. You need deliver either till it perfectly suits your convenience. Twelve months hence will do as well as next week. They are not letters of a day, I assure you, nor are they every-day letters; but they have no other recommendation (and I know of no other), they accompany my best wishes for your

* A Sheffield lady, for whom Mr. Gales printed a volume of poetry in 1790.

health and happiness in the situation to which you are going, and in every other to which the good Providence of God may direct you hereafter. You will find my brother a plain man; but he is an honest man, and has a heart as warm and a mind as willing to do good as if he had ten times more ostentation about him than you will find. Some men show off best at first, new counters. My brother, old gold, grows brighter with rubbing; aye, if you draw him into wire and him into leaf, he will be sterling to the last.

"Farewell. I am truly your friend and servant,

"J. ■■■■■■■■■■

"Miss Pearson."

On the 10th of April ■■■■ John Brown, M. D., ■■■ individual ■■■ whose benevolent disposition the ■■■ of ■■■■■ was greatly indebted, and whose memory Montgomery ■■■ gratefully embalmed in the "General Preface" ■■■ his Poetical Works, as ■■■ of his "earliest, longest, and best benefactors." The "Iris" contained ■■■ glowing eulogy on the character of this excellent ■■■ and successfully advocated ■■■ placing of a marble bust of him, by Chantrey, in the board-room of the General Infirmary—a noble charity of which ■■■ had been the generous originator and the zealous patron.

The dedication of ■■■ volume published by ■■■ "Associate Minstrels" to "their friend James Montgomery," ■■■ ■ graceful acknowledgment of his complimentary verses "to Anne and Jane" Taylor, written ■■■ the blank leaf of their "Hymns for Infant Minds"—■■■ chaste collection of moral verse, in which ■■■ infantine simplicity of style is combined with direct lessons on a variety of subjects.

Montgomery.

"Allerton, April 1810.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I [] so much to say to you, that I shall make this [] very short, reserving to [] very early opportunity my further remarks. Since I last [] to you, I [] pleasure of reading your fine poem of [] 'W. Indies;' I have [] delighted with [] simplicity [] pathos, [] with [] poetical [] spirit [] which it abounds. I [] confirmed [] in [] opinion which I have before ventured [] advance in public, viz., [] highest [] of poetry [] which is founded on [] simple [] of expression which strikes [] electric spark from [] of the writer [] that of [] reader. When [] can [] effected, it precludes the necessity of all further explanation; [] it is only where [] cannot [] done, that [] writer is obliged to repeat his stroke, and work his way by metaphors [] similes, and all the artillery of poetry, till [] made his reader perceive [] idea as clearly [] he perceives [] himself. Unfortunately, however, these helps [] stilts have been generally considered [] the [] of poetry, and [] people think that the merit of a poem [] in [] quantity of [] materials employed in it; [] in fact [] merit consists in the strength of expression and depth of feeling communicated [] the reader. You [] not, however, suppose [] think your poem [] secondary, and, indeed, in every work, [] [] the contrary, [] think the figurative parts sufficiently frequent, well introduced, [] well supported: [] still [] vital principle of this, as of every other work of art, consists in [] impression made on the feelings by [] simple [] of nature, which [] is impossible [] human bosom to resist.

"I [] scarcely closed this work when I received [] poem [] of the 'W. before [] Flood,' which I have read with all the interest excited by the former work, [] I assure you was fully kept up. [] subject [] grand, striking, and original; without being [] to

extravagant or hazardous extreme which, from description of it, I was in degree prepared to expect. It affords an opportunity of many incidents; amongst them Cain for the harp of Jubal, and soothing of his madness, is conspicuously excellent. In this poem, even more than in your former, you have given interest by those striking, concise, affecting expressions which I have referred, and which you have so frequently drawn from their fountain — of Old Testament and New Testament. As it is, however, yet the work of a potter, I venture, the freedom of friendship, make a few observations upon it, being firmly of opinion that you will not be less with a proceeding than by general and indiscriminate approbation which is easy to give, and which, therefore, is of little value. These observations I must, however, postpone for the present, only assuring you that I have nothing to object to; that I have hitherto no ground for censure; and that the few remarks I will chiefly be the arrangement and disposition of parts, so as to improve the general effect of the whole. Believe me, my dear sir, with the sincerest esteem,

“Yours most truly,

“WILLIAM ROSCOE.

“*James Montgomery. Esq., Sheffield.*”

A letter of critical remarks followed this.

James Montgomery to William Roscoe.

“*Sheffield, April 24.*”

“DEAR SIR,

“I am sorry to have two lines of yours lying unanswered. I am sorry, however, my heart, that I did not write to you last month, as I intended, to prepare you (that is, to prejudice you, if possible) to an indulgent reading of my manuscript poem. In this instance, my inveterate habit has been a service, for which I thank it, but that it is under a thousand times more obligations to me, for being cherished in my bosom

friendship, duty, religion, everything, than it can return by all the good it may do me to the end of my life,—which I may be just as much helped by the service which it has unwittingly rendered me is this, that it spared me the ungracious task of giving you a long and probably very unsatisfactory explanation of my views on writing the poem of the 'World Flood,' anticipating your judgment, and indirectly anxiously endeavouring to conciliate your judgment, to win your applause, by stealth and surprise. I should have attempted all this had I written a fortnight ago; for after I had determined to submit the copy to your examination, I was so solicitous that you should read it with as little difficulty and misunderstanding as possible, that I could not have forborne pleading warmly in behalf of a fair and free hearing of my work before you pronounced a decisive and irrevocable judgment. I felt well from my consciousness of the ordinary value of the piece, particularly with respect to the management and interest of the story, if it can be a story, from the objections, numerous and well-founded, of several critical friends both here and in London. Some of the objections seemed insurmountable; the more discouragingly so because in a few instances where I had exerted, nay, exhausted, all my strength, I had failed even to make myself intelligible. All my labour was vain I have been spared; I am inexpressibly glad that you received, and read, and formed a general opinion of the work. I knew that it had been submitted to your judgment. I have, therefore, no more word to say in behalf of its faults, or in behalf of its merits: both are yours, and your friendly strictures on the former will be exceedingly acceptable, whenever it may suit your convenience to send them. It is sufficient triumph to me to have obtained so liberal a portion of your applause on the whole subject, as your letter contains. I desire no more, I presume; but with a sincerity which I do not feign, I entreat you to be quite frank in stating your senti-

ments on the errors of this poem. I shall be especially *for any plan of which principal defect is the perfect unity of time, place, and action*, that requires so many retrospective and incidental explanations concerning characters and events, almost destroy that very unity, and render the most simple succession of events that *into a poetical tale, more broken perplexed if the time extended, varied, and the action divided, suspended, and renewed occasion required.* The truth is, that this poem, involving *the greatest events in the universe, from the creation to the day of judgment, all in one breath; and that it in a poem I fear it will be found incomprehensible.* I have exercised much thought on *view of the piece, since it was completed according to my original conception, which I still am perverse enough to in the abstract, though I please,—and poetry either please or perish,—I fear I be necessary to introduce alterations in the general arrangement.* I *my humiliating frightful task, for of all possible I yet please myself any scheme; I have not to trouble myself about for months to come.* In *interval I shall hope with anxiety and painful fear your expected comments; you not hurry,—take your time, write, if you think, that you think will do me good.*

"Your obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Roscoe, Esq., Alton Hall, Liverpool."

James Montgomery to William Roscoe.

"*February 1.*"

"DEAR SIR,

"I thank you truly for your remarks on my manuscript, which will come to me far more than it went, having thought worthy since I sent it of exer-

cising the critical powers of five men of distinguished talents, who honour me with friendship. Among these, though 'last,' you are not 'least' in my regard, any more than you are in the eye of the world, which looks up at you above them all; and I really have a good mind to take you for an example of the world, and place you, on this occasion, above your four co-critics,—for that of all possible reasons, because, though I am sure you find fault as sincerely as they do, you find fault much more sparingly and gently than even the dearest of these, who is the friend of my heart, with whose acquaintance I am perhaps more acquainted than any one living beside. Now, though I dare say, if I were to try, I could pay as many compliments for your magnanimous forbearance, as ought to be paid to you and me (though in very different causes), I will say no more on this head, because I am sure I quit ceremonious acknowledgment the more you will be pleased, the less you will have occasion to suspect my integrity, or to doubt my gratitude for the pains which you have taken in my poem. At all, I do not know whether I should have taken your critique as more severe, and given me an opportunity of defending myself in spirit, whereas now I am plead guilty to your charges, either from my own refection, or from my incompetence to follow my own ways. However, as I am not to be censured and must reply, and especially not to reply for want of a word to say, as is literally my case at present, I will fill up the rest of this sheet with explanations which you will not deem impertinent. The first idea of my poem was the fall of Enoch from heaven; this I chose about twelve years ago as a subject, and immediately set about inventing a story to introduce it. When the giants came into my head, I thought of mighty clever fellows, and very much to my purpose; and the noble hint in the fourth book of 'Paradise Lost' suggested the plan of the patriarch's being snatched out of the hands of violence at the moment of most imminent peril. The fable, as it now stands, gradually

grew out of my meditations on this theme, which was to me the most pregnant and promising I had ever conceived. Now as I was always an abhorrer of war,—of every war except the war of liberty, the war is as just and necessary as resistance to the murderer at the door of your bed chamber,—I determined to make my giants the greatest warriors on the face of the earth, and above all, to make them king the greatest hero, not only of the old world, but incomparably superior to all the heroes of the new. At the beginning of the poem, therefore, I introduced him like a meteor in the zenith, outshining all the stars of heaven, and in the end he might be seen in a desert, and his place of disappearance be for ever unknown. I have found him at the completion of his hopes, as well as the summit of his glory, in the entire conquest of the world; and I have left him baffled, without a battle, disgraced, a fugitive, to perish at some uncertain period by the wiles and the villany of a woman. I have made Alexander of my models here; the judgment is just according to my ideas of poetical justice; I acknowledge with you that the death which he is to meet is worthy of him, but you must acknowledge with me that he deserves it. I have exalted him above all that I might humble him in proportion; and thus degrade the virtues, which are held in such admiration to this day, I know not whether the crimes in the valley of Hinnom were more detestable in heaven, than the butcheries of many a well fought battle in Christian Europe. The only reference intended, and the only reference worthy of my subject, from ancient to modern times, from the atrocity of war before the Flood, to the atrocity of war after the Flood. I could not, on such a high argument, stoop to mention any other crimes and living perpetrators of atrocious and gigantic outrages. No; I am not afraid to boast of this, because it is plain matter of fact,—that no other hero was permitted to narrow it: the basis of my

poem is as broad as that of a pyramid, and the form of the superstructure is as simple; I dare not say that the top reaches heaven, but it aspires thither. You have, therefore, read and judged it rightly, notwithstanding you were misled in your first apprehension of it by my own wild and unintelligible remarks concerning it, which I recollect were written in a great haste one evening, and that is all I recollect of them. You may be sure that I am very glad to find my plot, in the whole, was sufficiently comprehensible to you. The digression in the first canto has been a stumbling-block to every reader; yet the point of history (of which if you will) in my view of the whole subject, that I determined to hazard it even as it stood, rather than sacrifice what I regard as the close and the climax of my giant hero's tale, if I could not introduce it better. You have given me a happy hint of which I do not fail to avail myself in one way or other. I know not what to say about the winding up of the poem. Assuredly every reader expects the giants to attempt the storming of Paradise. Their total destruction must be the inevitable and instantaneous consequence; at least, I fear any other will, equally with the present, disappoint the sanguine reader. To this I can add nothing. I could have brought the *Deluge* (the date of the poem is 600 years before the Flood) upon them, I would have eagerly taken advantage of so magnificent a conclusion; but if I destroy now, I must be by fire from Paradise, or by the floods of Euphrates, by the sword of the seraphim, or a convulsion of the earth: against all these I have insuperable objections. However, your remarks on this part of the subject are good seeds in a very willing, if not a fertile soil; they will grow up in my mind, and next autumn, perhaps, produce a satisfactory, though not a very plenteous harvest. My thoughts are already grown warm and active upon the most important point, and they will never cease to turn and tremble till I have compassed the whole circle of invention in search of a surer resting-place at the end of my

labours. The principal objection present seems to be, that it is not sufficiently made out that the giants may not return after their flight. I know of no objection which I neither felt nor anticipated myself; as both you and another of my critics have surmised it, that at least it may be so. I thought, that panic being supernaturally brought about by apparitions, all the invisible powers could disclose, they would return again, to disturb the peace of Eden: but this may be more emphatically impressed upon the reader's mind than it is in the present form. I weary you no longer. Your particular criticisms are all, without exception, just; every passage ought to be retrenched. The latter is a hard word when I refer to the comparison of the feats of the infant Time to those of the infant Hercules. I know that I ought to play the serpent with the comparison, to strangle it in the cradle; but I verily think that it will play the serpent with me, and master me; therefore, be it that I do not pledge myself to exterminate this monster. I am perfectly aware of the degree of relationship between Cain and Jubal; their being contemporaries, I have calculated by the patriarchal ages; Jubal the sixth from Cain; Enock the sixth from Seth, with whom even Noah, on turning to the genealogy, I was living as a boy, was of my poem. Perhaps it may, however, be well to intimate the relationship; but I am not to touch the string of the harp-scene again: my poetry never before deserved or obtained so much praise as has already been bestowed upon it. In one instance I have either miswritten or you misread a line. You quote page 29, line 4., "lovelier loveliness:" "lovelier loweliness" it ought to be; but yet the word *low* occurring in the couplet, almost certainly the quality of the lovely is apt. The song of the Hierophant—here again I am puzzled: the preamble to it is precisely what I intended to deliver, but certainly the language is what the reader expects. I don't know what I may do

hereafter with this passage. I am fully sensible both of its merits and its faults. It must stand over. Here I will say farewell, for I take up another sheet, I shall fill it.

"I am, very respectfully,

"Your obliged friend and servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"William Roscoe, Esq."

James Montgomery to William Roscoe.

"Bristol, July 23. 1825.

"DEAR SIR,

"The 'West India the Flood' reached safely this morning. Once again I thank you for your kind and valuable attention upon it, of which I hope I profit some time or other, when I know not. I shall lie fallow longer; my crop is exhausted. Besides, I am not so impatient now to be immortal as I was when I was a school, and confidently hoped my poetical forerunners in every species of verse. I shall therefore quietly wait a longer watch of the 'West India,' and other smaller poems, just published, which I have seen for the first time in their diminutive form to-day. I enclose two copies, thinking, from your exceedingly friendly disposition towards my provincial muse, that you will be pleased to see her new offspring as early as possible. After all, there really is a gratification (I don't care whether it is a rational one or no) in seeing anything quite new, before every vulgar eye is gazed on it,—or, which is more likely in the present instance, overlooked it. Some of these little pieces you may recollect having seen in the 'Athenaeum.' Others have appeared in print, and have all their dew and fragrant bloom in the very dawn of their day,—a little day perhaps; but a few eyes will look with delight upon them, before the wind scatters, or the hand of time plucks them, and carries them away for ever. Yet thousands would rear up of poetry for a moment? Thousands do it,—but does one intend it? I could not write at

all, if there were ~~any~~ in my breast a wish, so earnest and so strong, that I often mistake it for a hope after immortality. ~~The~~ delightful self-delusion ~~which~~ ~~me~~ every discouragement, ~~and~~ ~~me~~ under every neglect! Yet what is it? I know not; and ~~if~~ I did know, the charm might ~~be~~ broken; I might ~~lose~~ it ~~no~~ longer. Nothing ~~which~~ our reach appears so precious ~~as~~ ~~this~~ ~~which~~ is just beyond ~~our~~ reach, but which ~~we~~ may yet touch, ~~and~~ by touching only prove that ~~we~~ cannot ~~grasp~~ it, like a ~~ball~~ suspended by a single hair. I believe I understand this figure, probably you do not; I have no time ~~to~~ explain it, for which I am glad lest I should make nonsense of it.

"I ~~am~~ very respectfully,

"Your obliged friend ~~and~~ servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

The following is the earliest letter which we have seen from Montgomery ~~to~~ ~~his~~ brother Robert, who at this time carried ~~on~~ ~~a~~ ~~mountain~~ grocery business in Woolwich:—

~~James~~ *Montgomery to Robert Montgomery.*

"Sheffield, July ~~18~~ ~~18~~

"~~My~~ ~~dear~~ BROTHER,

"I ~~received~~ your letter immediately, ~~and~~ I must answer it very briefly. Come down by all ~~means~~ into ~~the~~ country; but come to Sheffield first, and ~~we~~ will then determine where else you may go, and I will certainly accompany you for part, if not the whole, of your time. You will perhaps ~~know~~ Ignatius here; but I do not know yet when to ~~visit~~ him. I am much concerned at your affliction, but I ~~trust~~ in God—I will pray to Him—that you may speedily ~~be~~ thoroughly ~~restored~~ Take ~~care~~ of yourself, I beseech you; why, it is only twelve months since you had ~~the~~ dreadful scarlet fever! If you have an opportunity, pray step ~~on~~ to Doctor Gregory's before you come, with my ~~best~~ remembrance ~~to~~ ~~my~~ ~~dear~~ lady. ~~My~~ ~~dear~~ sister, and ~~my~~ sweet children for me; tell them I will only

borrow you from them for a little time, to return you to them a better husband, and father, and ever you have been yet. God bless you, my dear Robert!

"I am, your affectionate brother,

"J. MONTGOMERY

" Mr. MONTGOMERY, MONTGOMERY,

We have again regret the absence of Montgomery's letters from the "Eclectic" correspondence, the those of Parken are numerous year — and they not always cheerful; — family trials, consequent personal anxieties, qualifying the ardour with which our amiable reviewer was preparing don barrister's wig and gown.

Richard Phillips having recently reprinted in the country American epic, written by celebrated Joel Barlow, and entitled "Columbiad," Montgomery reviewed the work considerable length in the "Eclectic."* The poem, from its nationality, attracted some attention the time; and, Montgomery's critique evinced a good deal of discrimination, it its way, believe, far beyond the ordinary circle "Eclectic" readers. The opinion entertained by the reviewer of Mr. Barlow's poem, anything but favourable: and not aware that it reversed by other higher authority. Merit it has of a kind — that is, labour: in this point of view the "Columbiad" is declared be "of the extraordinary production of the age; it the work of a but very perverted, mind. talents and information which have been," the reviewer, "exhausted heaping together mountain of all miseries verse, had they been directed by elegant taste, ennobled by religious principle, might have raised a

* Review, vol. vi.

more durable than to the honour of poet and his country. who contemplate speculations of degrading influence of infidel (not say atheistic) philosophy, should read the 'Columbiad.' " have heard Montgomery quote and admire, as he has done in the "Review," the closing thought of the following lines in allusion to the stupendous height of the mountains of the world: —

"For here great Nature, with a bolder hand,
Rolled the broad stream, and heaved the lifted land;
And here, from finished earth, triumphant trod
The last ascending steps of her creating God."

He also gives a review of Grahame's "Georgics."* Didactic poetry, which class his countryman's work emphatically belonged, did not rank high in the reviewer's estimation, on the ground that it has superiority over prose in the delivery and recommendation of practical precepts: —

"Hence," says he, "in a didactic poem, the finest are invariably which are not didactic, — bearing flowers and fruit engrafted on a stock which of itself would bring nothing but leaves. Every of kind, the days of Hesiod to those of Grahame (not excepting the of ancient times, the 'Georgics' of Virgil), truth, rather truism, down."

In Montgomery went Harrogate, where he with his friend Dr. Gregory, in company whom, Beddome (afterwards M. Gregory), visited, for time, Fountain Abbey Studley Royal: —

* Eclectic Review, vol. vi. p. 769.

"It was," said he, "one of the most agreeable little rambles I ever enjoyed. The ruins of the Abbey, you know, were considered among the most magnificent of the kind in the kingdom : though there is a good deal of formality in the arrangement of the walks and of the water, still there is so much beauty and even luxuriousness in the grounds, especially in the trees, that Art has not been utterly to destroy Nature."

Another circumstance was two connected with the Harrogate visit may be mentioned. A lady of distinction was very formally introduced to the poet as an admirer of his genius, but who, it was obvious from her observations, had never even read his works ! She was adduced by him as a set-off against the overpraise of parties better informed. Another visitor, a Quaker, was represented by his friend as being anxious to be introduced to the poet; the latter, accordingly, was led up to the stranger, who appeared to be waiting for the interview, and said, "My friend Mr. Montgomery." — "I have heard of thee," was the reply of Broadbrim : and then both parties stood silent some time ! The poet's Montgomery time was a repent of his good-natured simplicity ; for he was the last man in the world to intrude himself upon any person's attention. His old friend, heretofore Mr. Hoole, who had become the friend of Hosland, the landscape painter, with whom she was residing at Harrogate, having solicited a line of recommendation from Montgomery on behalf of her husband, who was anxious to be elected an associate of the Liverpool Academy of Arts : he immediately follows Roscoe :—

Mr. Montgomery to William Roscoe

Harrogate, Aug. 1810.

"DEAR SIR,

"Though your letter is to ask a favour, I will

itself be a proof of gratitude for your past kindness, by evincing my confidence both in your generosity and your independence, for I would not ask any thing of you, unless I were persuaded that you would do it for yourself in perfect liberty to comply with my request or decline it, according to your convenience or choice. A few minutes ago I applied to Mrs. Hosland, of this place, to know whether I could recommend her husband, as a candidate for a place among the members of your newly-established Academy of Painting, in Liverpool. I immediately mentioned your name, I trust without presumption; for I know her honestly and I had a right to calculate upon your friendship on such an occasion, that, if you were entirely disengaged, you would give my recommendation pay an equal weight to Mr. Hosland's (the only claims that ought to prevail) as would enable you to determine for yourself whether he were worthy of the honour to which he aspires, and of still more gratifying honour of having been advanced to by your approbation and influence. Mr. Hosland, personally, I know little, and of his performances less: he appears to me in conversation a man of much vivacity and a powerful intellect; his paintings, as far as I can judge (but I do not pretend to decide) are of an ordinary performance; at least some which are now exhibiting here are many of them by various artists, when I consider (perhaps with partiality, the partiality of a poet who loves ideal excellence, and will forgive a thousand blemishes for one grace snatched beyond the reach of art, whether by happy chance or inspiration),—I say, when I look at some of his pictures here, I feel, or think I feel, some of that intellectual delight which genius alone has the power of the privilege of communicating in the exercise of a noble talent. The less I say on this subject, the better probably for my credit, which I have put to hazard, since I have said that Mr. Hosland has some pictures in your exhibition; I will therefore only refer you to them, wishing that I may be a better letter of recommendation than I can write, to induce you, if you are not pre-engaged to a rival, to

him ~~the~~ good ~~as~~ as may please, if they cannot ~~him~~ him ~~the~~ height of his ~~height~~ *Mrs. Hofland* (formerly *Mrs. H. Hoole*) I have been long and intimately acquainted. ~~is~~ is ~~a~~ singular genius, and I ~~have~~ known her through ~~many~~ many sorrows and ~~in~~ ings, acting ~~in~~ in my mind a glorious part, ~~I~~ I could not refuse her ~~a~~ small ~~a~~ request ~~to~~ name her ~~to~~ to you in such a way as might direct your eye towards ~~her~~ merits, whatever they may be, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ leave you ~~to~~ act with perfect freedom according ~~to~~ ~~the~~ circumstances ~~and~~ respect ~~the~~ other candidates in ~~which~~ you ~~may~~ be placed now or hereafter; for, if I know my own heart, I am incapable ~~of~~ desiring in ~~the~~ ~~my~~ recesses ~~to~~ abuse your goodness, or ~~to~~ you by surprise ~~in~~ any way whatever. The greatest favour—yes, all the favour—I ~~am~~ ~~of~~ of you is, ~~in~~ reading this letter, to ~~be~~ as ~~it~~ seem best to yourself. I know you ~~will~~ do right. I have been ~~suddenly~~ upon to perform this little ~~of~~ of friendship to ~~Mrs.~~ Hofland, ~~and~~ I have ~~no~~ no time ~~to~~ study ~~the~~ most respectful terms wherein to hide the boldness of my application; but you will ~~be~~ ~~the~~ apparent rudeness of speech, liberally persuading yourself that I could ~~be~~ ~~be~~ guilty of wilful or even negligent disrespect to you. I am making a short stay at ~~my~~ place, and ~~will~~ be ~~at~~ home in about ~~ten~~ days. Do ~~not~~ trouble yourself to acknowledge ~~my~~ letter formally; ~~but~~ whenever you ~~shall~~ please ~~to~~ write ~~me~~ me, ~~and~~ you forgive the liberty which I have taken. I have no poetical news to communicate, and ~~if~~ I had, I have ~~no~~ time, ~~and~~ Mr. Hofland is sending to Liverpool this evening.

"I ~~am~~ with very great respect,

"Your much obliged ~~and~~ and servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

~~Mr.~~ Roscoe very willingly complied with ~~my~~ friend's request, and ~~he~~ was ~~at~~ elected ~~an~~ Associate ~~of~~ Liverpool Academy.

~~Mr.~~ Montgomery's ~~name~~ from Harrogate, Parken

paid a visit to Sheffield; when he only shared "the hallow tree, the crust of bread, and liberty," promised by his friend, but enjoyed some delightful moments amidst the beautiful scenery of the district. The interview was a gratifying one to both parties. On his return to London, Parken (Oct. 9th), giving an account of his journey, and expressing the respect which he cherished towards his correspondent: he rejoiced that they had become intimate on paper, that they had known each other until friendship had been riveted; for had it been otherwise, he might have been awed by the gravity of his correspondent, who might in turn have despised his youth.

The foregoing remark may perhaps appear necessary to justify what the writer presently says on a delicate topic: —

"It is," he proceeds, "to write one's feelings than to speak them; few subjects on which I could so happily show you my whole heart, as I promise myself. One of the topics, therefore, which I am most interested in, you may be sure, that I am most interested in. I presumed, as far as I could, your presence, but quite unable to express fully my conviction (derived from very good sources) that your apprehensions of infelicity were totally unfounded; that any one who was really worthy of you, would consider it only a much happiness to be united to you as a friend and a nurse; and that such a union would infallibly relieve the greater part of those very infirmities, both mental and bodily, which appear to you such insuperable impediments. I advised, my dear friend; I am procrastinate: I still hope it is not too late — but that if you attempt to succeed; and then I am confident you will thank me as long as you live. How I should rejoice to see you in the summer — a third time — friendship, and — a female!"

and judicious advice, in this, as in many a similar case, easily given than taken.

Parken closed his long letter by telling Montgomery that he had met the Gregoys, the Montagues, the Jonah Condes, but had delivered his civilities to the Beddome and the Gutteridge families; that he had read Southey's "Maidoc," and thought highly of it as himself, and again thanked him for his inspiring conversation and personal kindness during their intercourse in Sheffield.

Roscoe, Esq, to James Montgomery.

"Oct 8 1811"

"DEAR SIR,

"I have also a long arrears of thanks to pay you for the present of your late volume of poems, which will add another wreath to the laurels you have already won. The ode on the lady * 'Blest you with her latest breath,' is exquisitely affecting, almost beyond anything I have read. There may, however, be something in sympathy of feeling; and I perhaps resemble a musical instrument, which, although it can produce nothing of itself, may be tuned to vibrate when another string is struck in unison. This, you will observe, is said to preserve you from vanity, to show you that the merit is not wholly your own, depends in part upon us, your readers, with whose taste and judgment, and all that, your delightful poem might as well be given to the wind."

James Montgomery to Robert Montgomery.

"Sheffield, Oct 7 1811"

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"I have acknowledged three lines from you since you were in Sheffield, your visit to which place, I assure you, has drawn yet closer the ties of brotherly kindness which always united my heart with yours; but which, by this long and wide separation is somewhat distant beyond our

have between us, has not so renewed strengthened to it would have been, we nearer one another. we have removed, I found dearer we were when met; and I that, in future, spared a few years longer, shall oftener each other's face, other's love expressed in neither be written nor performed distance, and which the heart acknowledges with gratitude and delight. I should have written a fortnight Mr. John Bailey being expected from Harrogate, I return, that I might tell you about him, as you particularly curious hear of your old fellow-traveller chum the Bell. During the last fortnight of stay grew better, and has returned home apparently much improved. To this improvement, *for aught I know*, hour's conversation with Sir Francis Burdett may have greatly contributed. The baronet honoured him with a call morning at the Bell, and they settled all the rights wrongs of England, I presume, in a very little compass. I wish you and I could have been present at their *été-à-été* invisibly: it would have greatly enlightened me, I dare say, on many abstruse and incomprehensible subjects; but I suspect it would have diverted you, and you would have betrayed us by coughing their solemn significant phizzes,—and I I have joined you, notwithstanding my profound veneration for the august personages. Last week I a letter from Ignatius, from Matlock, whither had been compelled repair the recovery of Agnes is with him; they stop till the end of this week, I think I shall go over them for a day or two. . . . I am well; and you and your family.

"Your brother,

"J.

"Mr. Montgomery, Woolwich."

A remark having been relative fervent

the following letter, Montgomery it was among "the coolest" he ever received from his worthy friend.

Dr. Gregory to James Montgomery.

"Royal Military Academy,

"Dec. 18, 1844.

"It is well, my dear sir, that friendship should require frequency of letter-writing to keep it alive. If I did, I am persuaded subsists between you and myself as cold as death for the last year and a half. But I have a confidence that it rests upon a firm foundation, and therefore, though I much regret our long silence, I have no apprehension that it either betrays, or will produce, a diminution of esteem or of affection. It is a severe trial to be long and far separated from those we love, with whose conversation we are delighted, and by which we are improved: but it is more so to be so circumstanced as scarcely ever have leisure to write any other than a mere hurried letter of business. Such, however, is my case, and such, I know, is yours. But, though I have thus for so long a period been kept from writing you, be assured I have not forgotten you. My dear Anne and I frequently talk of you; speak of the two or three delightful rambles we had with you in Yorkshire; and wish we could revisit and explore the same scenes in the same company. If your mind yearns with the same kind of sympathy towards us as ours towards you, and if there be anything in that communion of souls of which I sometimes dream in my waking hours, our spirits may have often met together in some mid-way sylvan spot in Nottinghamshire (Clifton churchyard, for example), where you may have been seated, and drop your 'Harp of Sorrow,' and touch some extatic strains on a favourite instrument. In truth, I often work myself into a very serious belief of the existence of such a fellowship; nay, according to the notions I commonly entertain, I cannot avoid it. Whenever I think of my friends, I think of nothing but their minds; or, at least, if I think of their

at all, as far as they embody or bring some virtue or excellence: and to the delights experienced in reading a letter from a friend, I consider them as results of the true operation of mind upon mind, communicated through a medium which brings souls into contact, and makes them without any incumbrance of our 'clogs of clay.'

"Why do I trouble you with my theories? Let me rather ask you how you are? and how you are going on? Whether you are again cultivating your acquaintance with the inhabitants of the 'World before the Flood?' and whether you are soon mean to make us nearly as well acquainted with them as you are? We were much delighted with some of the (I think the 4th); and I sincerely hope you will alter them much. Indeed, according to the impression they have left upon my mind, none but yourself could make them all better; and I don't see how you could manage it, unless your should be prompted by the angel Gabriel.

We have had Parken's sister, Caroline, tarrying a few days with us this week. She is a very clever, amiable, interesting girl, and, like the of us, a passionate admirer of her brother. She has just off for Bourton, in Gloucestershire, to attend the sick, and I fear the dying, bed of her elder sister, Mary. She has gone with a heavy heart: well she may, for this will be the third sister whose eyes she has closed in a very few years. I mention all this, because I know you are as interested in what your friend Parken as we do. His anxiety about the branches of his family has so pressed very heavily on his spirits, and has so much injured him at times, that we are seriously uneasy for him.

"Having brought myself nearly to the end of my paper, I introduce my greetings and good wishes of my dear Anne, who is very affectionately to you. We heard from your your autumnal sojournment at Harrogate; and sincerely hope you received benefit from it. Pray let me hear from you

judge of my interpretation of word by tardity of my correspondence.

"Believe me, dear sir,

"affectionately yours,

"OLINTHUS GREGORY."

At Dr. Gregory's table Montgomery met with T. D. Alexander, Esq., the architect, who many years afterwards wrote to ask Mrs. Gregory if she recollected what her husband paid for the portrait of himself by Chantrey, which used to hang in the dining-room at Woolwich? "And do you recollect," he adds, "a meeting at your house, at which I met Montgomery and Chantrey, to hear the former read, I think, his poem of the 'World before the Flood' — was Daniel Parken there? and not that in 1809, or so?" These inquiries were transmitted by Mrs. Gregory to Montgomery, who answered as follows:—

Montgomery to Mrs. Gregory.

"Sheffield, Dec. 1844

"MY FRIEND,

"Though I do not indeed recognise your handwriting under the post-mark of Brighton, yet in every line of your letter I recognised the kind of whom I so long known and esteemed at Woolwich; many, many precious hours of days that are with the years beyond the Flood are in remembrance, not from their graves, but from their sleeping-rooms, for awhile my spirit in their recollected images and associations of the living and the dead, especially (among the latter) of two,—him who was the dearest, he lived, you, now I will not say amongst the dead, but amongst the Immortals,

"Dr. Gregory had the 'World before the Flood' in his hands some time; but I never read the poem, or any part of it, in company. — J. M." was, in fact, Parken who read it.

dearer still,—if ~~that~~ may be between souls ~~as~~ happily ~~as~~ as yours ~~are~~ ~~in~~ the bonds of the tenderest affection ~~on~~ earth, ~~and~~ by ~~these~~ ~~same~~ indissoluble ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ your union ~~a~~ seal of unbroken love, ~~as~~ ~~was~~ in Christ, and I ~~was~~ ~~as~~ one with Him, heirs of eternal salvation through ~~the~~ power which He gives to those that believe in ~~It~~ to become the ~~sons~~ of God (John, i. 12.). ~~I~~ ~~was~~ in peace in ~~the~~ Father's house. The other, whose spirit your letter raised before me—seen only by the eye that sees ~~the~~ things which are invisible, ~~as~~ he looked, ~~and~~ as he spoke, ~~and~~ as he moved, and verily as he ~~was~~ when ~~an~~ inhabitant of this world, yet sainted to my mind as now, and for ~~a~~ long time past, the inhabitant of another world, wherein dwelleth righteousness—was Daniel Parken, whom you ~~the~~ mention as associated in your memory with myself, both of ~~us~~ being deeply and delightfully ~~attached~~ to dear Dr. Gregory for innumerable tokens of ~~affection~~ which ~~he~~ showed us, when opportunity ~~enabled~~ him to ~~let~~ us ~~feel~~ the warmth of ~~his~~ heart, and ~~the~~ ~~pressure~~ of his hand, in which he carried ~~the~~ heart, ~~and~~ with which he expressed, ~~as~~ well ~~as~~ with ~~his~~ eyes ~~and~~ ~~his~~ voice, ~~the~~ welcome with which he ~~was~~ wont ~~to~~ meet, and ~~the~~ ~~farewell~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ he ~~was~~ ~~to~~ part with ~~us~~.

"I am sorry ~~that~~ I ~~cannot~~ give you any clear information ~~on~~ the subject concerning which you inquire; ~~but~~ I will tell you ~~that~~ I ~~can~~ call ~~to~~ mind, ~~the~~ connection ~~with~~ Dr. Gregory, Mr. Parken, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ Francis Chantrey. ~~The~~ latter was ~~then~~ a young man, little known in the metropolis, ~~and~~ just beginning ~~to~~ break out of obscurity, in which ~~he~~ was helped by a gentleman whom I dined with at your house,—Mr. Alexander, an architect, who was then engaged in building ~~the~~ ~~new~~ Naval Asylum at Greenwich. It ~~was~~ in the ~~month~~ of 1808, that, being in London, my friend Parken introduced ~~me~~ ~~to~~ Dr. Gregory. We ~~soon~~ became cordial ~~and~~ acquaintances, and I repeatedly saw him during ~~that~~ time. But I think, though I ~~am~~ ~~quite~~ ~~sure~~, ~~that~~ ~~in~~ 1812, in the spring, when, being again ~~a~~ visitor in London ~~and~~ Woolwich alternately, I ~~met~~ Mr. Alexander ~~at~~ your ~~house~~. He ~~was~~ I ~~was~~ together at dinner, and being informed ~~that~~ ~~he~~ had

given Chantrey a commission of four of our great (Howe, Vincent, Dunth, Nelson, I believe), I was glad to have an opportunity of answering A's questions concerning him, and the fervency of friendly feeling, and the sincerity of truth, an artist of the highest promise, and in every respect worthy of the patronage of those who might have been of serving him in his profession. Mr. A. listened to my representations with great favour, and expressed himself much pleased with what he already knew of his young man and his performances. Some days afterwards, calling on Chantrey at Mrs. D'Oyley's, in Curzon Street* (who proved herself his earliest, and, through her connections, the most critical friend, in the most critical period of his life, by giving him a fair chance of being known by his works, — no easy matter in the events of a genius in any line, working himself out of the quarry of his art into a figure claiming, commanding, and at length compelling the admiration of mankind, especially that class of society whose admiration is fame and fortune in a liberal art like sculpture, which he cultivated without the countenance and support of wealth and station, and recommend his reward as aspiring to the level of his practitioners.

"Chantrey gained such a vantage ground by Mr. Alexander's commission, that he afterwards carried forward his career of ambition and himself by exalting to the peculiar branch of which he eventually became the glory. His busts, so real, ideal, and intellectual, the expression of soul as well as features, rank among the finest productions of the kind, if in making marble live, yet showing life in marble, as love and friendship like it, especially when the archetype has disappeared in the light of eternity, as in the case of the grave; for how little, how almost nothing, we think

* The sentence thus commenced is evidently unfinished, the writer having been carried away by the general sentiments which follow the mark of parenthesis, from the special object mentioned by the dozen words preceding.

the departed in [REDACTED] sojourn of their mortal part! No; our thoughts of [REDACTED] are — they *were* — living, breathing beings under [REDACTED] sun; — they *are* — unimaginably transfigured into forms too pure for eyes of [REDACTED] look upon, but yet which affection, exalted by devotion, [REDACTED] beatitude to [REDACTED] like [REDACTED] Tabor, for they see him as he is.

"I [REDACTED] recollect that [REDACTED] met Chantrey [REDACTED] Woolwich; if I had, I could hardly have forgotten [REDACTED] circumstance, because I was enthusiastically watching [REDACTED] and encouraging (so far as [REDACTED] could) him [REDACTED] greater things [REDACTED] he ever ventured upon, though [REDACTED] had deeply [REDACTED] on two about which I have had repeated conversation and correspondence with him. [REDACTED] happy [REDACTED] he [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] limited range of monumental sculpture, he either wanted the faculty of invention in [REDACTED] high degree or ceased [REDACTED] cultivate it when wealth and honours flowed [REDACTED] him in [REDACTED] spring-tide, without requiring [REDACTED] to labour or wait for them, [REDACTED] men of talent above stone-masonry [REDACTED] cabinet-making, [REDACTED] often [REDACTED] their lives, yet [REDACTED] rise beyond precarious bread [REDACTED] questionable reputation, in [REDACTED] art where all below the highest rank is unattractive mediocrity in conception [REDACTED] execution, if [REDACTED] both. Chantrey, I know, took [REDACTED] of Parken's face*, of which he promised me a copy, [REDACTED] gave [REDACTED] [REDACTED] imagine [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [Parken] who introduced Dr. Gregory to the artist, [REDACTED] you [REDACTED] portrait was painted from the [REDACTED] without a sitting of the original. It must have been planned and executed between [REDACTED] three parties. I [REDACTED] not know [REDACTED] Chantrey painted portraits [REDACTED] all when I [REDACTED] him [REDACTED] London, and have [REDACTED] idea what his charges for such performances might be: [REDACTED] Sheffield, his charge was five guineas for a head — [REDACTED] probably might [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] more in [REDACTED] metropolis.

"I am, truly, your friend,

"J. [REDACTED]

"Mrs. Gregory, Brighton."

* And also of Dr. Gregory; he likewise painted a portrait of Parken, only just before he finally laid down the pencil.

"Mr. Montgomery's letter," said Mr. Alexander Gregory, "interested me extremely; and the more so, as he holds precisely the same opinion as I do of Chantrey's view of art, having been confined exclusively to monumental sculpture. If you could, with propriety, Mr. M. what the two subjects were which he says Chantrey had deeply meditated upon, it would be very kind." The lady accordingly wrote again, and promptly received the following letter, which, although equally with the former out of chronological order according to its date, may be properly introduced here in illustration of the period and matters which it chiefly refers. The æsthetic remarks contained in it will probably be allowed to possess an interest beyond the subject which gave rise to them.

Montgomery to Mrs. Gregory.

"The Mount, Sheffield, Dec. 1841."

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"You need not wait till next year for my answer to your letter. I was glad, from the evidence under my own hand, to see Mr. Alexander, whom I mentioned to you as one of my early and efficient friends of the late Francis Chantrey, still in the vigour of his living, and, I hope, making the world better by his presence in it, as a Christian, as well as adorning the surface with elegant and comfortable structures in the way of his profession of one of those arts which, when worthily exercised, may fairly rank with painting, sculpture, and poetry itself. For, though architecture be thoroughly artificial, it requires consummate skill and mastery of all its forms, combinations, and capabilities for arresting attention, for awakening solemn, sublime, and affecting emotions, associated with the memory of those which temples, palaces, hospitals, mausoleums, and (in proportion to their beauty and usefulness) other and humbler buildings, are raised in civilised countries. Bold imagination and inventive invention are as necessary for the

architect ■ for his poet, ■ musician, ■ orator, ■ works, ■ all, may ■ the most enduring of all that ■ mind of ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ But ■ ■ nothing ■ ■ subject of ■ present hasty letter,—the ■ projected, but unaccomplished (probably unattempted), sculptures by Chantrey, when he ■ luxuriating in ■ ■ of hope long deferred, coming ■ ■ ■ a ■ of life,— ■ ■ fortune both appearing ■ ■ rather than ■ elude him, from ■ time that Mr. Alexander befriended him. ■ ■ subjects ■ the execution of a full-length ■ of Satan (Milton's Satan, of course, for no other ■ worthy of ■ chisel), for which he had a commission from Lord Egremont, ■ he produced ■ ■ own ■ ■ ■ his own terms; or, if he preferred it, a work ■ equal magnificence, representing any other hero of history ■ of song;—he might follow ■ own choice.

"The fact ■ that Chantrey, among his ■ attempts ■ modelling, had formed in clay, on ■ grand scale, ■ head ■ bust of that Evil One, in the ■ and attitude of addressing ■ Sun, ■ tell him how he hated the beams that reminded him from what glory he had fallen. This, with two or three models of heads from the life, had been ■ in the Royal Exhibition, about the year 1806, ■ 1806. ■ very ■ ception (which, I believe, was his own) of such ■ subject by an inexperienced youth, and the embodiment of the same with such acknowledged ability ■ ■ ■ the admiration of such a ■ ■ the late ■ of Egremont, ■ ■ a proof ■ ■ (if from prudence and faint-heartedness ■ afterwards expended ■ ■ ■ matter-of-fact things) ■ had, ■ theless, latent powers of invention, and ■ of imagination, which would have exalted him into rivalry with ■ greatest of ancient or modern artists in the highest line, ■ ■ given ■ whole soul ■ strength ■ the achievement ■ of the ■ marketable, but of the ■ elaborate ■ performances of which ■ genius was capable.

"At ■ very time when I ■ him in London, after ■ ■ of the four ■ of Admirals, ■ ■ ■ fur- ■ him, ■ I could, with a subject for a companion-piece to

above mentioned. In consideration, I (Milton's Samson), as exhibited in the opening of the tragedy 'Samson Agonistes.' He instantly caught the suggestion; the time met, the passage, it may be found in the first where Samson, bound and blind, led forth from prison, on a festival day of the Philistines, a pleasant bank, with 'choice of sun and shade,' might enjoy the fresh air, and the cheering warmth of the luminary of day, he left to bewail, and bewail vain, the total and irrecoverable 'of light, the prime work of God, (him) extinct.' Chantrey so heartily entered into the view, that, if he remained on him, he happened have hands with tempered clay the moment, Samson would have come of them, such one would have shown that he himself was a Samson in art. But I doubt whether he ever put forth a finger the palpable idea.

"Two finer subjects for the display of excellence in their kind could not easily be selected: *singly*, each might have been a paragon; *associated*, the would have been as kindred and striking perfection in such a case could require. he intended, at least hoped, some time perpetuate in marble,—but, alas! the confidence in his own genius to justice to it; his genius deserved and better hands than he rendered it in employing them embody its conceptions.

"Only what a pair of companions! seeing Sun, cursing beams! Samson, with eyeless sockets, raising face to light which could long—longing in vain—to bless Sun, and life, not less than light, how loved beams,—the never must again. 'Lucifer, son of the morning,' from heaven; Samson, mightiest of men of woman born, too as low on earth as man can be cast down by his fellow, malignity and of revenge for wrongs not be forgiven, when an

oft-beaten enemy, by violence or treason, gets his otherwise invincible conqueror into his power,—as Philistines Samson. But I not expatiate on this. Chantrey appeared in all conversations on the question, attempt (as if conscious it, though I am sure mistaken) representing action of almost any kind statuary. I recol- once mentioned of Cicero, by liac either in Oxford Cambridge, [?] in the of eloquent inspiration, uttering of mighty orations, *speaking* (as it were) *all over*, every limb whole body taking part in the delivery and discharge of thunders; but apparent life and action to him (Chantrey) real, similar, that the fine of intellectual power, which it is the skill of the sculptor body forth in the strength of comparative repose, lost in the intensity of apparent passion, and the violence of muscular exertion.

"I understand (at least I think I can) his objection to, and therefore fear of, hazarding the exhibition of motion in marble; but I feel quite certain that it rather a morbid than a sound feeling of and correct judgment of the capability of his art, which need be a whit behind painting in representing all that man can do suffer, so limited range of subjects for the chisel can compete with the infinity of those on which the pencil exercised. not St. Paul been preaching for three centuries Athens in Raphael's cartoon, audience, every one of them (each expressing, in only, in attitude equally, how affected), to this hour sitting, standing, leaning, stretching, to gather his meaning while he brought strange things to their ears? talking of Jesus and resurrection, some mocked, some incredulous, some disposed to hear further concerning Now cannot be that the whole of marvellous composition might be sculptured in by such wrought Elgin marbles, the high relief and per- development of many of the figures in which prove no of action passion grotesque or

from, with the modesty of nature, expressed in stone, as well as on marble. The attitude of St. Paul is bold, and beyond the technical rule of the disposal of the limbs, and the pillar-like uprightness of the body itself, that it may be questioned whether any living painter, in treating the subject, durst have such an experiment upon the diseased nerves of modern dilettanti; though that very figure, in spite of sundry carping criticisms that have been passed upon it, and which the parrots of noisiseurship occasionally repeat, remains the admiration of all unsophisticated judges. Now that very figure might as triumphantly brought out of marble as it has been 'so simply, so severely,' on perishable paper.

"Had Angelo translated Raphael's St. Paul from marble into Parian stone, his own would not have been the unrivalled master-piece of his wonder-working hand. But, the Elgin reliques, of the perfect specimens of antique sculpture (indeed the marvellous one, — because it is overcome the insuperable stumbling-block of Chantrey's advance to the crowning pinnacle of his art, — namely, the successful exhibition of muscular action, and bodily anguish, in the beyond further exertion of the one further endurance of the other), Laocoon and his children, struggling the force of serpents of dragon-like dimensions, inextricably involving them in their strangulating folds, confident in action — passion of the living — dying, after this, which the genius of Phidias, or Angelo, or a Chantrey, might not master, if determined to yield.

"In my conversation with the latter the commission from Lord Egremont, after fighting as hard as I could against objections and self-created difficulties, we seemed to have come to an agreement respecting the poetic position in which he placed his Satan, that, instead of the magnificent, stepdons, full-length, full-stretch of him, about middle of 'Paradise Lost,' when, burning lake, he calls his prostrated legions,—

'Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!'
—(see the description beginning with

'He ██████ ceased, when the superior ██████
Was moving towards the shore: his ponderous shield,
██████ temper, massy, large, ██████ round,
Behind him cast,' &c.,

██████ of that paragraph,)—presenting ██████ highest point of glory in that ██████ of darkness and despair, ██████ thought that ██████ take ██████ as he struggles ██████ emerge from the abyss, as he is shown a few paragraphs before—

'Thus Swain talking to his ██████
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
██████ sparkling blazed; his other parts ██████
Prone ██████ flood,' &c.;

—in ██████ resurrection posture, while all ██████ mighty ██████ sufficiently developed ██████ once to satisfy ██████ eye, ██████ excite ██████ imagination, by what was signified, though concealed, of his giant bulk,—advantage might be taken from every personal ██████ which the poet ██████ given him, and the military panoply with which ██████ has ██████ him—wings, spear, and shield. The human mind never conceived, nor did language ██████ paint ██████ other minds than ██████ of ██████ inventor, ██████ image of such transcendent grandeur ██████ that of the 'superior fiend,' ██████ risen legions, ██████ further ██████ in ██████ book—

—————'He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness; nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured.'

Then follows the famous simile of the eclipse of the sun, who

 'from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight ██████
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel: but his face

Deep scars of thunder had intrenched ; and cure
 Sat on [redacted] cheek, but under [redacted]
 Of [redacted] courage, and [redacted] pride
 Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of [redacted] and passion, to [redacted]
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemned
 For ever now to have their lot in pain ;
 [redacted] of spirits for [redacted] fault amerced
 Of Heaven, and from [redacted] splendours flung
 For his revolt ; yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory withered ! As when Heaven's fire
 [redacted] scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
 [redacted] singed top their stately growth, though bare,
 [redacted] as [redacted] blasted heath, [redacted]

Here I [redacted] leave off, lest I only darken counsel with a multitude of words, which [redacted] depict the image that [redacted] in Chantrey's mind, and to which I believe he [redacted] attempted [redacted] give a marble existence. 'Faint heart never [redacted] fair lady,' Chantrey's heart [redacted] him on this occasion, and what he missed in youth he could not regain in [redacted] hood ; nor, had he lived a hundred years, [redacted] it to be imagined that he would have achieved [redacted] victory over himself, to qualify him for such a conquest and triumph [redacted] were then within his reach, once, and [redacted] again, — to bring from the depths of the infernal abyss that mysterious being whom Milton has, with unsurpassable sublimity, so painted [redacted] the mind, that [redacted] portrait [redacted] drawn from the life, and [redacted] ing only [redacted] the statuary [redacted] make it visible to [redacted] eye of [redacted] and blood.

" Chantrey, [redacted] as a painter, showed, [redacted] the time of which I am writing, [redacted] he [redacted] not so destitute of original invention [redacted] might [redacted] supposed by those who know [redacted] power only by the half-formed creations of busts, [redacted] which he [redacted] contemporize, but necessarily [redacted] short of himself, and [redacted] undeveloped capabilities, by limiting [redacted] works of a [redacted] comparatively inferior [redacted] which he might have tried, with not less success, in that greater, nobler, [redacted] more comprehensive [redacted] of heroic enterprises. [redacted]

designed ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ a picture in ■ ■ ■ our Saviour, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ disciples, ■ ■ ■ Emmaus,—in ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ of ■ ■ ■ vanishing ■ ■ ■ of ■ ■ ■ sight, ■ ■ ■ he ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ known to ■ ■ ■ in breaking ■ ■ ■ Now the youth who by his own mind, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ neither sculptor nor painter, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ tating between both, and felt within ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ power ■ ■ ■ choice ■ ■ ■ excel in either,—the youth who, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ earliest ■ ■ ■ in modelling, ■ ■ ■ upon ■ ■ ■ 'Satan addressing ■ ■ ■ Sun,' ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ only historic composition ■ ■ ■ (so ■ ■ ■ I know) ■ ■ ■ attempted,—that wonderfully ■ ■ ■ ing ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ Supper ■ ■ ■ Emmaus,—must have ■ ■ ■ strength ■ ■ ■ fertility of original genius ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ place, ■ ■ ■ maintained ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ inventor, with ■ ■ ■ possibility —and *possibility* in such a case is *probability* —among the ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ of ■ ■ ■ predecessors, whether ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ temporary,—with the possibility (I think) of rivalling the greatest, ■ ■ ■ excelling the multitude, in the ■ ■ ■ proportion ■ ■ ■ he did actually rival ■ ■ ■ former and excel the ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ what may be ■ ■ ■ the portraiture of his art,—rendering 'the human ■ ■ ■ divine,' ■ ■ ■ 'divine,' ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ 'the music breathing in (that) face' ■ ■ ■ give intelligent note of 'the divinity that stirs ■ ■ ■ us,' when 'heaven itself points out to an hereafter —and intimates eternity ■ ■ ■ man.' But enough ■ ■ ■ these crude hints of what Chantrey might have done, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ not do, 'the germins' of things spilled ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ quickened. Pray forgive ■ ■ ■ rhapsody, which was begun on Friday, the 30th of December, but was broken ■ ■ ■ the end ■ ■ ■ the former sheet, and ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ sittings since, interrupted by vexatious ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ drew ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ tion, hastily concluded ■ ■ ■ afternoon, January 3rd, ■ ■ ■ I ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ myself into a corner ■ ■ ■ last, ■ ■ ■ have barely room ■ ■ ■ say

"I am truly your friend,

"J. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

"Mrs. Gregory, Beck Gardens, Brighton."

CHAP. XXXVII.

1811.

"WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD."—ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE
 FORM.—TRANSMISSION OF THE MS. TO MONTGOMERY OF
 THE DESIGN RECOMMENDED AND IMPROVEMENTS OF HIS
 FRIENDS.—POETICAL NOTION.—LETTER FROM MONTGOMERY TO
 ROBERT MONTGOMERY.—EDITORSHIP OF THE
 "SCOTCH REVIEW."—CRITICISM OF THE
 BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.—MONTGOMERY'S
 INTEREST IN THEM.—BIBLE SOCIETY.—AGED FEMALES.—INFLUENCE
 OF MONTGOMERY ON OFFICIAL DUTY.—LETTER FROM WALTER
 ROSCOE TO WILLIAM ROSCOE.—THE "VALENTINE WREATH."—
 BIRTHDAY OF JOHN COCHRAN.—LETTER TO ROBERT MONTGOMERY.—COMPLIMENTARY TO

THE reader will have perceived, from the letters of Roscoe and Gregory, that Montgomery had not only commenced the "World before the Flood," but that the cantos, at least, were written before the end of 1810. In the origin and progress of this beautiful and generally admired poem, the author has given a succinct account in his collected works.

Entirely consonant with what he there mentions, which he had previously given us in conversation, viz., that, during the delay of the publication of the "West Indies," and while in quest of a theme for a leading essay in form, with many minor pieces, a new volume, he happened one Sunday morning, before starting at his usual place of worship, to be meditating on the history of Noah and his relation to the antedilu-

vians, as recorded in the fifth chapter of the book of Genesis, which he believe he had been reading; at the same time, a well-known passage in the eleventh book of "Paradise Lost," in which Milton applies the striking imagery connected with the Scripture account of the vision of Elijah in a chariot of fire to the translation of Enoch, forcibly occurred to his recollection. This determined his choice. The passage alluded to occurs at the close of that affecting portion of the vision of futurity opened by Michael the Archangel to fallen Adam, which extends from line 686 to line 711.

To say that it was not very easy immediately to perceive by what principle of the law of mental association these lines in "Paradise Lost" have suggested even the rudimental idea of the elaborate scriptural story of the "World before the Flood," is merely to record a fresh instance of the difficulty of accounting for the operations of what is often conveniently and demonstratively termed—Genius. True, however, it is, that, in the reading of a few lines in the Bible, or the recollection of a few lines from Milton, somewhat more in number than those of a sonnet, Montgomery caught a momentary glimpse of antediluvian history—not as it is revealed to the geologist in the monster-museums of ancient rocks—but as perceived by the poet in "a large web of fiction, involving a small fact of Scripture;" and in the course of a few months, the plan thus suddenly conceived was diligently elaborated into a poem of four cantos. The copy was then despatched to Parken, with a request that, after having perused it himself, he would deliver it into the hands of Messrs. Longman and Co. for immediate publication. Accordingly, Parken not only read, but so much approved of the performance, that in the words of the poet—

"To think ~~it~~ ~~was~~ mending, and capable of being *greatly* mended, ~~the~~ ~~man~~ had not ~~the~~ justice ~~to~~ himself or ~~the~~ theme in ~~he~~ contracted a compass. Wherefore, with a courage and candour not often hazarded by one friend towards another, in an ~~act~~ of peculiar delicacy, where the ~~man~~ jealous of personal feelings must ~~in~~ necessity ~~be~~ wounded, how tenderly ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~ tion may be performed, he ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~a~~ brief but earnest letter to ~~the~~ correspondent, imploring permission ~~to~~ detain ~~the~~ manuscript a few days longer, before he consigned it ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~ for ~~the~~ ~~man~~ till the author himself had given further consideration to ~~the~~ subject, with a view ~~to~~ bringing out its latent capabilities ~~the~~ effectually ~~the~~ had ~~the~~ attempted ~~the~~ ~~man~~ draft, or rather in the sketch which ~~the~~ been ~~the~~ ~~man~~ him."

This, ~~the~~ Montgomery confessed, ~~the~~ "touching the apple of a poet's eye;" and for ~~a~~ moment his ~~the~~ ~~man~~ exquisitely pained, not by ~~the~~ frankness, but by ~~the~~ bearing of his friend's advice. Having, however, calmly re-perused the letter, he started ~~the~~ once on ~~a~~ long meditative ramble amidst the ~~the~~ scenery around Page Hall, about five miles north of ~~the~~; and here, after ~~a~~ somewhat hard struggle with himself, the poet "determined ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~the~~ outdone by ~~the~~ adviser in magnanimity, ~~the~~ ~~man~~ give him in return ~~a~~ corresponding token of genuine friendship and confidence, by unreservedly bowing ~~the~~ his judgment and adopting his counsel."

Having come to this conclusion, the author resolved ~~the~~ take the opinion of four other literary friends, viz. Dr. Aikin, Dr. Gregory, Mr. Roscoe*, and Mr. Rees,

* Mr. Roscoe always preferred the original form of the work. He considered that ~~the~~ even then presented a grand poetical representation of the first ages of mankind—affording a wide scope for imagination; comprehending subjects of the highest importance to the human race, and taking a rapid glance at the destinies of

also a friend of Southey's, so far from admitting any such ~~_____~~ as yours, contends that poetry, considered *as fiction*, is ~~_____~~ finest species of ethics; and goes so far as to call religion the most perfect poetry, because it has all the glory of fiction, ~~_____~~ all ~~_____~~ reality of fact. He insists upon ~~_____~~ that poetry, like ~~_____~~ other ~~_____~~ arts, ~~_____~~ chiefly beneficial, ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ supplies nobler images, ~~_____~~ a higher ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ excellence, to ~~_____~~ imagination than nature can furnish to the ~~_____~~; ~~_____~~ elevates man to ~~_____~~ loftiest pitch ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ capable of attaining, by pointing ~~_____~~ to ~~_____~~ which ~~_____~~ beyond ~~_____~~ reach. However, ~~_____~~ may be, I am ~~_____~~ there ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ immorality inherent in fictions, ~~_____~~ such, which ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ *practical tendency contrary* ~~_____~~ *fact*. I *hope* my metaphysics ~~_____~~ morals are intelligible to you; I ~~_____~~ they are ~~_____~~ myself. In your poem, there is no intention ~~_____~~ deceive; ~~_____~~ is ~~_____~~ probability that any person will be deceived: ~~_____~~ if the whole world ~~_____~~ to be deceived, not a single feeling ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ excited ~~_____~~ a single action performed which would not ~~_____~~ sanctioned by enlarged views of our nature, ~~_____~~ which ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ in the ~~_____~~ degree ~~_____~~ to the happiness of ~~_____~~ single individual. If I wanted proofs, I would only cite the apologies and parables of Scripture, ~~_____~~ of which, ~~_____~~ not all, are unquestionably fictitious. The ~~_____~~ of fiction in literature ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ to me exactly analogous to the conception of quantities in mathematics, ~~_____~~ to come home to my ~~_____~~ peculiar ~~_____~~ favourite studies, ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ of imaginary cases ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ determination of points in law. Many cases ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ be imagined which probably ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ occur in ~~_____~~ life, but ~~_____~~ might have occurred, ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ and ~~_____~~ time ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ probably will. All the ~~_____~~ involved in the ~~_____~~ case ~~_____~~ equally involved in the imaginary ~~_____~~ and surely there ~~_____~~ nothing very immoral ~~_____~~ pernicious in getting ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ *before* an event actually ~~_____~~ place, which ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ be sound and salutary afterwards. If there is any objection to ~~_____~~ use of fiction ~~_____~~ connection with facts of ~~_____~~ history, ~~_____~~ a poetical work, it must rest upon ~~_____~~ ~~_____~~ dinary power of ~~_____~~ and illusion which the highest order of poetry possesses. The popular creed with respect

THE "WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD."

to the fall of man, the war of the angels, and the character of Satan, is probably derived at least as much from 'Paradise Lost' as from the book of Genesis or of Isaiah. Happily there is no real variance between them; and what there is, a moment's reflection detects the illusion, and is always at hand to dispel it. May your poem be as harmless as Milton's in this way, and as much good by gravating religious facts and principles on the public mind! The palm is then entwined with your bays, and you stand both at the feet of the Redeemer, shouting Hosanna!

"I am most affectionately yours,

"D. PARKER.

"Mr. Montgomery, Sheffield."

Four copies of the "World before the Flood," in an enlarged form, having been forwarded to Parker, I read them in a large party, including Mr. Conder, who, writing to Montgomery, says:—"I tell you Southey expressed regret at hearing you chosen the heroic couplet,—the least adapted, as he maintains, for a long poem—and especially such a poem. Blank verse, without comparison, he recommended; and I am disposed to coincide with him." An appeal from my opinion, accompanied by a portion of the manuscript, was made by the poet to his distinguished contemporary, whose reply is less interesting for its concession on the point in question, than for the affecting insight which it affords of the feelings and opinions of the writer in an important period of his own personal history.

Southey to Montgomery.

"Kerwick, May 6 1811.

"My dear MONTGOMERY,

"Your copy of Adam is what I need; and the apparition at the close brings with it all the comfort, and

light, and glory ~~and~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~. ~~The~~ departure is admirably conceived. I did not expect it, because I was ~~not~~ too much as I ~~was~~ along ~~to~~ expect anything; but ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~effect~~ ~~is~~ ~~naturally~~, that it produced ~~an~~ ~~effect~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~mind~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~reader~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~truth~~. I should ~~not~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~objected~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~couplet~~, ~~as~~ ~~it~~ ~~has~~ ~~often~~ ~~been~~ ~~written~~ ~~as~~ ~~you~~ ~~wrote~~ ~~it~~—with ~~the~~ ~~full~~ ~~and~~ ~~yet~~ ~~unwearying~~ ~~harmony~~, ~~and~~ ~~varied~~, ~~and~~ ~~never~~ ~~interrupted~~. There are but ~~two~~ ~~expressions~~ ~~that~~ ~~are~~ ~~struck~~ ~~as~~ ~~blemishes~~: concerning ~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~you~~ ~~will~~ ~~not~~ ~~find~~ ~~me~~; about the other, perhaps you ~~will~~ ~~not~~ ~~find~~ ~~me~~. The first is the epithet 'unreturning,' in the last line of the first paragraph: the other ~~is~~ ~~'this~~ ~~congenial~~ ~~side.'~~ The direct reference to the rib is perfectly proper; ~~and~~ ~~yet~~ ~~I~~ ~~wish~~ ~~the~~ ~~word~~ ~~'breast'~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~used~~ ~~instead~~ ~~of~~ ~~'side.'~~

"No ~~man~~ ~~who~~ ~~looks~~ ~~into~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~ ~~heart~~ ~~when~~ ~~he~~ ~~is~~ ~~capable~~ ~~of~~ ~~understanding~~ ~~it~~, can doubt that there is a disease in human nature, for which ~~the~~ ~~grace~~ ~~of~~ ~~God~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~only~~ ~~remedy~~: with this belief, ~~and~~ ~~with~~ ~~this~~ ~~conviction~~, ~~there~~ ~~can~~ ~~be~~ ~~no~~ ~~presumption~~ ~~in~~ ~~saying~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~regard~~ ~~the~~ ~~first~~ ~~chapter~~ ~~of~~ ~~Genesis~~ ~~not~~ ~~as~~ ~~an~~ ~~historical~~ ~~narration~~, but ~~as~~ ~~an~~ ~~allegorical~~ ~~veil~~ ~~for~~ ~~this~~ ~~mystery~~—a mystery ~~which~~ ~~has~~ ~~been~~ ~~unconsciously~~ ~~acknowledged~~ ~~by~~ ~~mankind~~, ~~and~~ ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~has~~ ~~been~~ ~~universally~~ ~~felt~~. If ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~understood~~ ~~the~~ ~~story~~ ~~literally~~, ~~then~~ ~~I~~ ~~should~~ ~~read~~ ~~the~~ ~~story~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~feeling~~ ~~with~~ ~~which~~ ~~you~~ ~~have~~ ~~written~~ ~~it~~: but that the ~~story~~ ~~of~~ ~~Eve~~ ~~is~~ ~~only~~ ~~part~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~very~~ ~~beautiful~~ ~~narrative~~ ~~which~~ ~~includes~~ ~~the~~ ~~solemnity~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~rest~~, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~apparent~~ ~~numberless~~ ~~light~~ ~~allusions~~ ~~which~~ ~~it~~ ~~has~~ ~~given~~ ~~rise~~, from men who had no irreverent thought ~~or~~ ~~intention~~.

"I have passed through many changes of belief, as is likely to be the case with every man of ardent mind who is ~~an~~ ~~early~~ ~~gifted~~ ~~with~~ ~~humility~~. Gibbon ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~Christian~~ ~~when~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~school-boy~~ ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~Christian~~ ~~when~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~college~~ ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~Christian~~ ~~when~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~height~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~French~~ ~~Revolution~~—and I ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~deeply~~ ~~of~~ ~~that~~ ~~cup~~. I had a friend there ~~whose~~ ~~name~~ ~~you~~ ~~will~~ ~~not~~ ~~find~~ ~~in~~ ~~my~~ ~~poems~~—Edmund Seward, ~~and~~ ~~many~~ ~~other~~ ~~men~~ ~~and~~ ~~things~~, whose only ~~fault~~ ~~was~~ ~~that~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~too~~ ~~humble~~; for humble, even to a fault, he was.

In his [redacted] my religious interests were strengthened. [redacted] who [redacted] any religious feeling, you [redacted] he told how chilling and withering the lip-service of a university [redacted] the college chapel [redacted] church, we [redacted] meeting-house; [redacted] there [redacted] disgusted [redacted] Seward left college meaning to take orders; I, who had the [redacted] destination, became a deist after he left [redacted] my thoughts [redacted] the profession of physic. Godwin's [redacted] into my hands: many of [redacted] appeared as monstrous to me then as they do now; but I [redacted] of a philosophical millennium. Coleridge [redacted] from Cambridge to visit a friend [redacted] Oxford [redacted] a journey [redacted] Wales. That friend [redacted] my [redacted] companion: Coleridge [redacted] brought [redacted] my rooms—and [redacted] meeting [redacted] future fortunes of [redacted] both.

Coleridge [redacted] that [redacted] thought little of politics; in morals he was as loose as men at a university usually [redacted] but [redacted] a Unitarian. My [redacted] of the [redacted] stoicism: [redacted] feeling which made [redacted] a poet kept [redacted] pure—before I had used Werther and [redacted] for Epictetus. Our meeting [redacted] mutually agreeable; I reformed his life, [redacted] disposed [redacted] towards Christianity, by showing me that none of the arguments that had led me to renounce it [redacted] applicable against [redacted] Socinian scheme. He [redacted] remained three or four weeks at Oxford, [redacted] we planned an Utopia of our own, to be founded in the wilds of America upon [redacted] of common property—each labouring for all—a Pantisocracy—a republic of Reason [redacted] Virtue.

“For this [redacted] I gave [redacted] every other prospect. [redacted] painfully and slowly I was awakened from it, this is not the [redacted] say; [redacted] is but [redacted] you where [redacted] have [redacted] my pilgrim's [redacted] and how [redacted] I have [redacted] upon the way. I became a [redacted] from the reasonableness of the scheme; and still [redacted] so because I [redacted] by the consequences of irreligion, such as they were seen [redacted] my daily intercourse with sceptics, unbelievers, and [redacted]. I reasoned on it till I learnt and felt how [redacted] it [redacted] [redacted] up a religion wholly upon [redacted].

proofs. I learnt that religion could never be a living and quickening principle if we only assented to it as a mere act of the understanding. Something more was necessary—an operation of grace—a manifestation of the Spirit—an inward revelation—a recognition of truth. This drew me towards Quakerism, yet with too clear a perception of the errors and follies of the Quakers to be wholly in with them. In what has all this ended? you will ask.—That I am still what in old times was called a *seater*—a sheep without a fold, but not without a shepherd; clinging to all that was clearly taught, shrinking from all attempts at defending, by articles of faith, points which the gospels have left indefinite. I am of no church, but assuredly I feel myself in communion with

“Hence perhaps it is, that wherever I find love and faith and devotion, there I am, so far, in communion. I look at the points which are in common, and overlook the accidents which accompany them in the individual. I am indifferent to the differences of belief; on the contrary, no one has a stronger conviction of the consequences which result from the corruptions of Christianity. You have what I have of the Inquisition: you may find some of my feelings upon the subject in the eighth number of the ‘Quarterly,’ upon the Evangelical Sects; and in the first, upon the Baptist Mission in India.

“Vanderkemp’s history is in the first volume of the Transactions of the Missionary Society. I have some of the works of Crantz, which you offer me; and Laskiel. I have two volumes of the Moravian I thought you might possibly have been able to procure for me, as the neighbourhood of Fulneck seemed to imply a Moravian population in that part of the country. The other volumes I possess: those I want were borrowed for me from Mr. Latrobe, and I have extracted from them the most material parts, especially those relating to Bavaria’s Kloof. The scene of Schmidt’s house, and the remains of his mission in old Helen and her Bible,

are worthy subjects for your pen.* I consider that you are too strongly on these subjects. I have often said that, of things in the world, nothing could give me so high a gratification as to see one of my countrymen among Fox's Martyrs! nay, if I were to find one among the popish martyrs of Henry VIII. or James, the feeling would be little abated. That Henry VIII. papists and protestants at Smithfield upon the same hurdle: each thought the other worthy of death, and in the sure road to perdition; I verily believe both parties will be the same day in Paradise. Dear Montgomery, though you may think me a heretic, you will not rank this among my heresies. I would say something more, what I look upon as yours—implied in one mournful sentence. When you speak of experience to your 'eternal and irreparable cost,' I hope and am sure upon this point also there is no radical difference between you and me, and in a happier state of bodily health, you would not, I am sure, have written these words. I long to see you and to talk with you of the present and of the next. When will you come to me? From London there is a stage to Kendal; from Kendal there is one here. By this letter you have more knowledge of my inner life than half the world has of the whole lives; I am one who shrinks in a shell, when I find no sympathy—but when I do, opening myself to a friend in the morning, I am all yours.

"Your affectionate friend,

"ROBERT SOUTHY.

"To Montgomery, Kendal."

The following passage from a long letter addressed by the poet to his brother Robert, on the 7th of July, although relating to a family affair, is so indicative of the fraternal generosity and thoughtfulness of the writer, that we think our readers will pardon it with

much pleasure as the transcription of it had afforded us. It was indeed a remarkable as well as a beautiful feature in the secret benevolence of Montgomery, that, with the least possible view about housekeeping on his own account, he always entered anxiously and generously into the *res angusta domi* of those who by accident as well as affinity became entitled to his assistance. —

"If your health requires, as your physician will permit, I should rejoice to see you again this year at Sheffield; and if you would bring Betsey as usual with you, your presence would be rendered thrice welcome by such a precious addition to it. There is one thing lies very near my heart, dear Robert, and I will now mention it freely, knowing that you will justly estimate my motives, and that you comply with my recommendation or not. I am that Betsey has not been so well instructed as she ought which she was at New Woolwich, as I think she ought to have been. It may be right to afford yourself the opportunity of our brother and sister, living at Oxbrook, to send Betsey to the school there, which is a very good one, and the terms are reasonable; but I press this upon your consideration principally because the dear child would derive much of her instruction from Agnes, who is a very kind friend to her, and whose presence would be a pleasant one for her. Besides this, she would learn, and, I trust, learn much of her eternal happiness, and she is improving her mind, and acquiring those humble accomplishments that are absolutely necessary to her future comfort and respectability in that modest rank of society, which she will probably enjoy hereafter. If the expense be the chief obstacle, I will pay any share of it, which you may find inconvenient to bear at present, and I know no way in which I should employ my money more to my profit, if I perceived her 'growth in stature, and in knowledge, and in favour with God and man.' She might, on this plan, spend the Christmas-holidays with me at Oxbrook."

the ■■■■■ at ■■■■■ I am ■■■ her ■■■ would ■■■ first to acknowledge ■■■ excellence ■■■ my advice, after ■■■ ■■■ it a single half-year. My dear brother, I entreat you to think seriously of this, as you love your child, and desire her happiness ■■■ and hereafter."

The immediate removal of the Rev. Ignatius Montgomery ■■■ London prevented any chance of carrying out the proposed arrangement.

Dr. Styles, who, visited Parken ■■■ Lymington ■■■ the latter ■■■ of the summer of this year, says:—

"The genius of Montgomery, ■■■ ■■■ feeling, and his soul ■■■ fire, passed under review. The manuscript ■■■ 'World before the Flood,' written according ■■■ the first conception of ■■■ author*, was ■■■ possession ■■■ ■■■; ■■■ ■■■ producing it, which would perhaps ■■■ ■■■ of confidence, Parken desisted on its grandeur, ■■■ beauty, and, ■■■ all, ■■■ consecration ■■■ religion. Though he was going through it as a critic, and was ■■■ to ■■■ sacredly just to ■■■ faults, ■■■ religiously ■■■ of ■■■ reputation of its author, ■■■ did ■■■ betray the ■■■ that was reserved for the survivor to tell, ■■■ ■■■ with all ■■■ eloquence of gratitude ■■■ truth."†

Parken being ■■■ about ■■■ ■■■ practice ■■■ barrister ■■■ circuit, the editorship of the "Eclectic" ■■■ undertaken by Theodore Williams, a son of the Divinity ■■■ the Dissenter's academy, ■■■ Rotherham; Montgomery being ■■■ the ■■■ time earnestly requested ■■■ continue his services.

In ■■■ January number he ■■■ reviewed, ■■■ some length, ■■■ "Poetical Works of Anna Seward," and ■■■ estimate there recorded of the talents and character

* It was a portion of the poem in its enlarged form.

† Early Blossoms, p. 222.

of the [REDACTED] poetess, is, [REDACTED] believe, on the whole, [REDACTED] sanctioned. Speaking [REDACTED] that " [REDACTED] fame," that "longing after immortality," which pertains especially [REDACTED] heroes [REDACTED] authors, [REDACTED] reviewer says:—

"The poets, we suppose, are by far the most sanguine of all [REDACTED] for fame. Five [REDACTED] millions [REDACTED] human beings have probably [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] world since [REDACTED] creation. [REDACTED] would [REDACTED] how many of these have been poets in their age, and expected [REDACTED] poets through all succeeding generations. [REDACTED] is certain there [REDACTED] but [REDACTED] Homer—one Virgil—one Horace—one Shakspeare—one Milton—surviving [REDACTED] verse [REDACTED] day; and these, with about three hundred [REDACTED] of secondary note, comprehend all the poets of all times and all countries, who [REDACTED] still partially [REDACTED] generally admired, [REDACTED] who have obtained even a part of their [REDACTED] wish [REDACTED] universal [REDACTED]. It is not impossible [REDACTED] wish for [REDACTED] [REDACTED] evidently impossible [REDACTED] obtain: but though the [REDACTED] of five hundred thousand millions [REDACTED] is [REDACTED] to impossible, yet since it is not *quite* impossible, and as there *is* one Homer—one Virgil—one Horace, [REDACTED] number of human beings, [REDACTED] may [REDACTED] another, [REDACTED] 'I may [REDACTED] he!' [REDACTED] reasons every poet in whose breast is once kindled the flame [REDACTED] [REDACTED] immortality—a flame that eclipses, involves, [REDACTED] outlives every other."*

In the October number† he reviewed, in a still more extended article, the six volumes of Miss Seward's "Letters," [REDACTED] recently published. The introductory paragraphs [REDACTED] of a pleasing, as well [REDACTED] appropriate cast; and they were, many years after their [REDACTED] appearance, transferred by the author [REDACTED] his Introductory Essay prefixed [REDACTED] the "Christian Correspondent."

It [REDACTED] [REDACTED] "Eclectic" was found [REDACTED] [REDACTED] "a losing

* Eclectic Review, vol. vii. p. 20.

† Ibid. p. 349.

concern;" yet the poet [redacted] that it was "inferior [redacted] no monthly review on [redacted] whole, and in some department [redacted] it [redacted] equal [redacted] least to the 'Quarterly,' and, except in malignant wit, yields not [redacted] the 'Edinburgh' itself on particular occasions.

"Have you," he asks Parken, "seen 'Reviewers Reviewed,' a pamphlet printed at Oxford, [redacted] published by Mr. Conder? I am therein dragged forth [redacted] public animadversion [redacted] a reviewer in the 'Eclectic' corps. [redacted] I am [redacted] ashamed, but I [redacted] afraid if you [redacted] distinguish between [redacted] feelings so nearly alike in [redacted] a [redacted]. But, as a poet, occasionally appearing before the petty [redacted] every reviewer, I [redacted] easily foresee what [redacted] who [redacted] [redacted] poetry [redacted] insinuate about my suspected [redacted] contemporaries. I do not recollect any article, however, written by [redacted] concerning any poetical rival,—for all living poets are rivals under circumstances that bring them into comparison with each other,—which I should [redacted] [redacted] avow either in public [redacted] private, if it [redacted] necessary; but I dread *general* charges which never can be *particularly* confuted; and I have certainly [redacted] [redacted] judgments in the 'E. R.,' [redacted] which I could not agree. This, after all, [redacted] vain murmuring; a consequence [redacted] inevitable has [redacted] length ensued: I have been an occasional writer in [redacted] 'E. R.' for five years, and [redacted] now found out. I blame [redacted] one really entrusted with the secret, as circumstances out of the power of you [redacted] [redacted] or any body concerned with us, necessarily developed it by degrees, [redacted] it was [redacted] notorious either [redacted] be betrayed [redacted] concealed."*

He then congratulates [redacted] upon having escaped the fangs of the Edinburgh Reviewers in the "West Indies," but he anticipates their onslaught in [redacted] "World before [redacted] Flood."

* Letter to Parken, July 7. 1811.

"There, indeed," says he, "these giants must out, and war against me with all their might, or I may con- my my my speedy inevitable oblivion,—for I consider praise antirely of question, work has enough provoke spleen, have enough permanent admiration on the part of the public. I am endeavouring up for of gradual or failure. I in my own views of the subject, and so many imperfections execution of the plan, that these, added discouragements which have in my way by others, have greatly my hopes, though I believe they quickened my exertions, and more than doubled my diligence in touching and retouching those please provoke the most."

These confidential disclosures of agonizing solicitude about such work at such crisis deeply affecting; and they will probably strike with double force the minds of persons who or have been similarly cised; for, in this respect, assuredly, adopt the words of Cowper—

"They judge a poet's worth,
 While themselves have known
 Of a poetic
 By labours of their own."

Montgomery felt himself amenable a higher tribunal than that of human criticism judgment the "innocency criminality" of labour:—

"Anxious," says he, "miserably anxious, as I am for the praise of men, I pray that this work may either never brought conclusion; unhappily finished, may fall still-born from the press, unless the effect of be con-

with a Christian poet, calculated to promote the glory of God."

We have now, already intimated, reached the period little before or after which several of those religious and benevolent institutions, which destined to become conspicuously useful in after years, either their origin or were reinvigorated with fresh impulses. Of these societies, whether local or otherwise, Montgomery became a member and advocate: and it was among the humble but pious managers of one of the humblest but most useful of them—the Methodist Religious Tract Society—that the poet first led to take an active part in matters which afterwards supplied him largely subjects for his pen, and the topics of his platform addresses. We have repeatedly heard him advert, with deep feeling, to the little vestry in Norfolk Street Wesleyan Chapel, where he, along with a few poor, plain, but zealous men, used to be found early on a cold winter's morning; on the table a single halfpenny candle, that just served to make "darkness visible;"—their object being "the dispatch of business" of a religious nature, before the ordinary secular duties of the day commenced.

But if he had felt it his duty to join his fellow-worshippers in this unpretending of evangelical schemes, the operation of which was confined mostly to the circulation of a few single leaves of religious knowledge in his own town and neighbourhood; how irrepressible have been his emotions, in finding himself, about the same time, in personal contact with zealous agents of that noblest of modern institutions, the Society for the Propagation of the Holy Scriptures to every part of the world under heaven!

March 1844. About twelve hundred of the inhabitants of Glasgow assembled to hear the Revs. John Owen, Joseph Hughes, and Dr. Steinkopff, the ministers of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Montgomery attended the meeting, not as a speaker, but, in common with many others, as an auditor, hardly knowing what to expect on such a novel occasion. At the close of a detailed account of the proceedings given in the "Iris," he says:—

"To confess the truth, we surrendered our feelings so entirely to the speakers on this delightful occasion, that we were perfectly passive to every momentary impression which they made in the course of their respective addresses; and it was not long after the meeting was over, that we were so compose ourselves, as to endeavour to fix in our mind some faint idea of the pleasure which we had enjoyed, and recollect even the prominent portions of the speeches which we had heard. We certainly never witnessed such a contrast so well and so successfully employed. Yet, after all, what were the men, and what was their power of speech, in comparison with the inspiring subject on which they exercised their talents! Let us give God the glory: it was the altar which gave gifts to the Father; it was the gifts; though we may heap such precious offerings there, yet we must bring what we have, though it be nothing but a broken heart and a contrite spirit. When the wise men from the East had opened their treasures, they presented the infant Saviour with gold, frankincense, and myrrh; yet was the simple homage of the shepherds at the manger-side accepted. Let each, let all of us, then, join hand and heart, however poor, however weak we may be, to forward the glorious work in which these our elder brethren are so eminently engaged."

This advice, so earnestly given to others, was by him practically exemplified: he immediately became,

and afterwards continued, an indefatigable advocate and supporter of the Bible Society. The "Aged Society," for the relief of widows and poor single women of sixty-five years of age upwards, in the of which Montgomery took a lively interest, this year formed in . And so far the poet from ever afterwards becoming either indifferent to or ashamed of this usually neglected class of persons, that even when presenting himself to the circles of polite literature, in "Prose by a Poet," he devotes them a chapter, under the homely title of "Old Women." In pleading of these venerable claimants, he recollect that he used the following ingenious simile illustration of the ravages of Time on ranks of both sexes:—

"A generation of men may be represented as of a shore, bounded, towards the interior, by mountains, preclude possibility of escaping beyond; and so steep, that, except particular places (and only to a small height), they cannot be scaled by the adventurous feet. Over this beach the tide of may be said to flow in an age, steadily advancing through all the lapse of threescore years and ten. Now, imagining a whole generation to come into being at once,—the crisis of birth is the point to which the waters ebb, and they begin their ministration of death; for infants disappear as soon as they have seen the light! Out of sternity they come, as by the impulse of a wave, and into sternity they are drawn back by its revulsion. In the few years which constitute childhood, one fifth of those that have passed through perils encompassing into life, are swept away by the rising of this septuagenarian . In the progress of youth, and to the perfection of manhood thirty years, one half of the remainder have already gone down beneath the deep, and the survivors is fearfully straitened, both in front and on

either hand. As the surge behind rolls onward, in greater greater proportion their numbers, are the fugitives overtaken ingulphed, though continually shifting habitations, travellers striking their every morning, and pitching them further inland every evening, avoid the pursuing destruction. At length, seventy years, which the high-water mark, we decry but a of stragglers, here and scattered and insulated from each other. These, having found strength to climb the barrier rocks, are seated on loose ledges, or hang by slight-rooted shrubs, tide swelling them, the wind roaring, and the waves beating vehemently their feet, till they are either shaken from their seats, let go their hold from weariness, or, the being undermined, and upturned which they depend, one by they drop abyss beneath. A few, a very few, reach of a century, these all perish inevitably as rest, for death is only the more certain the longer escaped."

While the selection execution of such a theme the "World before Flood" indicate Scriptural bent of his genius, we have abundant evidence also, at this time, of the advance of in the knowledge, enjoyment, and advocacy of personal religion. In his newspaper especially was strikingly, and to some persons distastefully, apparent; not only in the general bearing of his lected matter, and the prominence which he constantly gave to notices of local proceedings of a like character, but in the which he often made of his editorial position give a spiritual turn to his remarks. Nor was he less ready to defend than improve the social character of the population amidst which his lot had been cast. A disturbance having arisen in a public meeting about a proposed Police Act, the editor of "Iris," duly animadverting on the outbreak, said

that, after nineteen years' residence among them, he would "still continue to regard the humbler classes in Sheffield as being on the whole more decorous in their conduct, and better informed in their minds, than those of the same rank in any other manufacturing town in the kingdom."

[REDACTED] *Scott* to *James Montgomery*.

"Aberdeen, Aug. 8 1811.

"SIR,

"I am favoured with a copy of your poem in which you have been so good as to insert [REDACTED] from a poetical attempt of mine with a very flattering introduction.* I more readily embrace [REDACTED] opportunity of returning thanks for your public attention that I have been long [REDACTED] opportunity of expressing the pleasure I have received from your poetry, and [REDACTED] interest I have taken in it. I [REDACTED] you, Sir, [REDACTED] having [REDACTED] late [REDACTED] into the literary world, and being somewhat philosophical respecting popular applause, I am doubly [REDACTED] of the value of the approbation of a [REDACTED] of talents, and [REDACTED] I am respectfully,

"Your obliged, [REDACTED] servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Mr. Montgomery, [REDACTED]

"Mr. Walter Scott, with a liberality which does honour to his feelings, has given the sum which he received for the copyright of a new poem to the unfortunate sufferers in Portugal, and the poem is no less honourable to his genius. The work is entitled the 'Vision of Don Roderick;' and our readers, we are sure, will be gratified by the following extract, which contains an elegant and, we trust, a just tribute to the respective character of the [REDACTED] nations which compose the British Empire, as well as a real and merited compliment to Lord Wellington:—

"'A various host — from kindred realms they come,' &c.

Iris, Aug. 1.

James Montgomery to William Montgomery

"Sheffield, Aug. 18 1834

"DEAR SIR,

"The month of the year reminds me that it is twelve months since I wrote you, and I then asked a favour of you, which you immediately granted, and which remains unacknowledged on my part this hour. Surely you have not me to thank for what I am, and I am not, an ungrateful being; and though you are wrong, you are not unjust, if you have done so, for I believe that I must appear to be so in every eye that cannot see my heart. Forgive my neglect, I believe you; neglect it has been, but nothing more, though it deserves in such a case a severe only punishment than unthankfulness itself. Accept of my sincere acknowledgments for your kind recommendation of Mr. [redacted] as an Associate of your Liverpool Academy. I believe that neither his talents nor his character will be found unworthy of the honour you and your friends have conferred upon him. He is certainly an improving artist, and till he arrived at the full maturity of his genius, he will hope that he will yet raise his head far above the mob of painters, and rank among the few who are privileged by superiority of talents to the nobles and the princes of their profession. There is in a thousand instances a vain hope, even when indulged with respect to a young man of more than ordinary powers, and favoured with every auxiliary advantage: great painters, in the order of which must be broken, as well as great poets; and, indeed, great men in every walk of glory, must be like the stars of the firmament, singly and widely, inferior lustres, from which almost rival them. In the eye of the eye is immeasurable distance. In a constellation of stars, if one is eclipsed, I cannot foresee. He has my best wishes, and will help no more than if he had them not; they will not harm him, however, and that is an essential quality of good will. He is happily distinguished from

good [REDACTED] ourselves; [REDACTED] latter, [REDACTED] I have bitterly known [REDACTED] many a fond occasion, being apt [REDACTED] [REDACTED] cherishes these, [REDACTED] wring it [REDACTED] regret and disappointment: for [REDACTED] warmly [REDACTED] into hopes, and hopes [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] necessarily [REDACTED] young, [REDACTED] leave [REDACTED] that [REDACTED] them. Yet [REDACTED] of clouds in [REDACTED] hemisphere, assuming every form [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] loveliness, is [REDACTED] more constant [REDACTED] of wishes and hopes in the human heart, following [REDACTED] flying in [REDACTED] diversity [REDACTED] perpetual migration; [REDACTED] descending [REDACTED] storms that lay waste, [REDACTED] rains that refresh it, [REDACTED] oftener passing beyond the horizon, or melting into air, [REDACTED] leaving [REDACTED] little remembrance of [REDACTED] behind, as real clouds leave impression of their [REDACTED] land that they have overcast in their progress through the air. Whither will this metaphor lead me? I [REDACTED] castle-building far above my height, [REDACTED] lest I [REDACTED] I [REDACTED] descend. On turning to your last letter (dated Oct. 6th), I am much struck [REDACTED] pleased with [REDACTED] paragraph in which you mention by what sympathy you enjoyed my [REDACTED] to the memory of M. S. (Mary Steevens, a Quaker female), and intimate that [REDACTED] such saint, in the hour of beatification, had blessed you too—if I guess rightly. Perhaps you will sometime give [REDACTED] information on this subject, which, I confess, awakened both interest and curiosity in my [REDACTED] time, and had I not expected from a hint [REDACTED] the end of the same letter that I should hear from you soon again (in which, however, [REDACTED] was deservedly disappointed), I [REDACTED] I should have inquired long [REDACTED] concerning [REDACTED] circumstance, whatever [REDACTED] might be, to which you alluded. [REDACTED] waiting for what [REDACTED] [REDACTED] neglected from week [REDACTED] week to thank you for what had come, till I grew confirmed [REDACTED] indolent procrastination, [REDACTED] which [REDACTED] length [REDACTED] and shame, [REDACTED] of losing your friendship, have roused me.—Since [REDACTED] received [REDACTED] my manuscript of [REDACTED] 'World [REDACTED] Flood' [REDACTED] you, [REDACTED] entire [REDACTED] chief, I [REDACTED] the only object of my poetical studies; they [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

hours I could spare to them, the hurry of business, the languor of constitutional melancholy, the discouragements which I have experienced in my progress, both from the misgivings of my own mind, the forebodings of some of my friends, who from the beginning augured my inevitable miscarriage, and who still, to support the credit of their own prescience, their own make me miscarry, by hinting their fears concerning my hopes. You will, perhaps, add some to the number of these, though some from precisely similar feelings; but I mean you will probably be some of those who doubt my prudence and quake for my success, when I tell you that I have partially altered the plan of the piece, that it will be twice the length of the original, should I live to complete it. A poet seldom, perhaps never, improves upon a plot once deliberately formed and laboriously executed, when he would rather whole and remodels the materials with the addition of many others. Consequently, you will fear my new poem, whatever be its merits, will be inferior to the old one, whatever even be its faults. I shall endeavour to disprove this, not by argument but by fact, of which you will be the judge when my work is published. Meanwhile it is only reasonable, may it be imperatively just, that my friends should suspend their expressions of condemnation till the crime be committed for which they condemn it. You will do this; and whatever may be your doubts of my success, you will assist to prevent it by expressing your disapproval harshly. It is impossible in a letter to communicate an outline of my projected alterations, and indeed, if I could I would not; my plan is so vast and judged in its execution, and so new in the abstract; for it might appear good in the latter, and miserable in the former, as in the latter it might promise little, and in the former work miracles. I will only say, that on reconsideration of the original, and judging of it by the favourable impression it had made on my friends, I am convinced too much, rather too multifarious, too crowded into a small space, and by the exhibition of scenes past, present, and to come, in a

poetic panorama; consequently, there [redacted] tumult [redacted] action, [redacted] long digression, destroying [redacted] feeling [redacted] intelligence of the subject throughout. I have, therefore, extended the time to three or four days, and relieved the various themes [redacted] ought [redacted] compose one harmonious whole by separating them further asunder, and exciting [redacted] possible a personal interest for those of the characters whom by expansion I have made the suffering heroes of the piece. I have written four [redacted] of nearly all [redacted] matter, introductory [redacted] the grand catastrophe which [redacted] the burthen of [redacted] former poem. I have much more yet [redacted] write, [redacted] well [redacted] [redacted] from [redacted] old. This will employ [redacted] the end of the year [redacted] least. I have [redacted] say more; but before [redacted] complete, I hope both [redacted] write [redacted] you again, and to hear from you. With [redacted] grateful remembrance to your family,

"I am, truly, your obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"[redacted] Roscoe, Esq., Liverpool."

[redacted] occasional pieces, he wrote this year the "Valentine Wreath;"* and the lines entitled "A Daughter [redacted] her Mother on her Birth-day," already mentioned.

The latter months of 1811 [redacted] remarkable for the appearance of [redacted] of the largest [redacted] which have been visible in modern times. Indeed, so brilliant [redacted] it ultimately become, that many persons not ordinarily superstitiously inclined, could not regard the extension of its luminous train across the heavens without [redacted] feeling of mysterious awe. Montgomery watched with intense interest, and, [redacted] usual, moralised the phenomenon.

"Nothing [redacted] the imagination [redacted] uncommon [redacted] in [redacted] heavens; the [redacted] [redacted] a [redacted] deeper awe than [redacted] spectacle of [redacted] the stars; and comets, [redacted] [redacted] immemorial, have [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

amazement, as the executioners of divine wrath. The poets have the happy advantage of this superstition, and none more nobly employed it than Milton :—

‘On th’ other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and burning,
That length of Ophiuchus huge
In th’ arctic sky, and his horrid hair
Peestilence and war.’ *Par. Lost.*

“The mysterious stranger now shines ‘in the arctic sky’ impressed our mind with very different feelings ; we have gazed with delightful wonder at the same and tranquil aspect ; and, instead of Satan, we would compare him to Raphael, ‘sociably mild,’ of whom the poet, by the mouth of Adam, thus speaks, in language so exquisite for us as profane as by a parody suit a temporary purpose :—

‘Hither, Eve, and worth thy sight
Eastward, what trees, what glorious shape
Comes way moving ; seems another morn
Risen mid-noon ; great from
perhaps brings.’

“From the presence of a messenger we need fear no evil ; he brings the pleasantest weather we have experienced this year, and he comes to witness ‘the joy of harvest’ in our fields. Had we calamities to dread but those which come upon him from celestial influences, the golden age would return—or rather the Christian Millennium would be anticipated. . . . If we served God in this sphere, as these glorious but inanimate bodies serve him in theirs, we could not be alarmed at the sight of any prodigy ; we might lift up our heads with confidence, if the comet before us were commissioned to bring the Day of Judgment in its train, and if with us we saw ‘the sign of the Son of Man coming in clouds of heaven, with power and great glory.’”
—*Iris*, Sept. 1844.

James Montgomery to Robert Montgomery

Oxbrook, Dec. 12, 1836.

"MY DEAR ROBERT,

... "Many, many times have I lived ~~me~~ again in my thoughts the days of your ~~me~~ visit to Sheffield, during ~~me~~ I enjoyed more of your company than I had done ~~me~~ any period during the last twenty years, and, of consequence, I had more opportunity of looking into your heart, and observing its ~~me~~ ~~me~~ and sacred emotions; not ~~me~~ I was ~~me~~ upon my brother's conduct, ~~me~~ ~~me~~ a single ~~me~~ ~~me~~ entrap him in his speech. No; I ~~me~~ no occasion to employ craft ~~me~~ stratagems of any kind to discover all that I wished to know, ~~me~~ all ~~me~~ I had ~~me~~ right ~~me~~ know, of your feelings, sentiments, ~~me~~ disposition. Whatever I found in you, my ~~me~~ Robert, ~~me~~ assured that I loved and respected you more ~~me~~ more I became acquainted with you. On my part, I can conscientiously declare that I endeavoured ~~me~~ appear before you without any disguise either in my conduct ~~me~~ my ~~me~~ ~~me~~ sation; in sincerity and ~~me~~ I wished ~~me~~ ~~me~~ that, and ~~me~~ only, in your esteem, which my heart ~~me~~ ~~me~~ I was in reality, and which, I trust, I shall ~~me~~ remain, your ~~me~~ brother, ~~me~~ your friend indeed. . . . Do write soon, ~~me~~ ~~me~~ know fully and truly how you are; I am not ~~me~~ of your using deceit towards ~~me~~ ~~me~~ any other subject but this; I therefore charge you, as you love me, ~~me~~ ~~me~~ ~~me~~ this, ~~me~~ you love your family, that you always tell me candidly how you ~~me~~ affected in this most serious concern of ~~me~~ poor transitory life which you, ~~me~~ ~~me~~ ~~me~~ every ~~me~~ of Adam born to die, are leading in this vain world of trial and suffering, and danger and death. Here, too, let ~~me~~ ~~me~~ you to 'remember in this your day the things ~~me~~ belong ~~me~~ your peace;' and O may ~~me~~ Saviour ~~me~~ have ~~me~~ ~~me~~ weep over you and me, as ~~me~~ ~~me~~ ~~me~~ over Jerusalem, ~~me~~ ~~me~~ ~~me~~ 'those things' which ~~me~~ rejected ~~me~~ they were offered to us, ~~me~~ 'for ever hidden from our eyes!' The feelings, deep and awful, ~~me~~ this reflection has awakened, naturally ~~me~~ me to ~~me~~ my visit ~~me~~ Oxbrook, about

17th of October. I met Ignatius and Agnes at Matlock, where they had been a short time for the benefit of the waters, poor Ignatius being very weak, and indeed, you saw how you found him on your return. He was pale and thin, but in other respects little changed since I saw him six years before. He was languid, but his meekness, and heavenly-mindedness in his looks, that rendered him inexpressibly interesting to me. Agnes, whom I then met for the first time since the children at Fulneck, appeared much healthier and stronger than I expected. We were both brother and sister, you may say, but I was charmed with her in every point of view in which I saw her at Matlock and at Oobrook, an affectionate helpmate to our dear infirm Ignatius, an excellent nurse both to him and John James, and a most worthy and accomplished person. He is, in my esteem, a guardian angel, sent by the express command of Heaven to minister to poor Ignatius; and I will add, he is worthy of her; a kinder, humbler, nobler heart than I surely ever warmed a human breast. As for John James, he is full of roses, and his very first smile made me love him from my soul, but he did not make me forget Betsy, or Harriet—my Betsy and my Harriet, I ought to say; no; he only reminded me more and more of them . . .

"I am, very truly,

"Your affectionate brother,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

"Mr. MONTGOMERY, Woolwich."

The following rhyming epistle has no date; but it is a pleasant specimen of the lively writer's skill, in which at this time she adopted for an ingenious composition a length*, while the compiler paid the poet, with "a woman's delicacy,"

* "A Season at Harrogate."

just, that we venture to insert it here. The "Dial" mentioned in the first line, was written in 1807.*

Mrs. Hofland to James Montgomery.

"Harrogate.

"The you send, is most beautiful I grant,
But it is not, my friend, just the dial I ;
Give me light shadow that pointed your hours,
 a lawn all enamelled with flowers,
Where stream of Fancy rapid clear,
And bright summer bloomed thro' the year ;
Give youth's blushing painted by you,
 seen thro' a medium lovely than true ;
 the world's chilling on your bosom had played,
And involved best wishes, best hopes, in a ;
 vision, romantic as bright,
And sunk morning in premature night.
 all vanished, but long
The flow'rets of fancy drenched deep their rain.
Tho' lovely, tho' fragrant, sad, so deprest,
They harrow the bosom loves them best.
 man, all benignant! O Poet divine!
 the of thy Muse with such lustre shine,
That soul which has them melt in her eye,
 its emotion in sympathy's sigh ;
What of rapture inspire,
When hope, love, and ecstasy waken the lyre?
And memory, temper sublime,
Throws round mellowing mantle of Time.
If e'er to spirit of man there was given
 sacred illusion, this day-dream of Heaven,
It surely thine ; when, elastic as air,
Untouched by affliction, unfettered by
Unknown minions of malice and guile,
Unknown world, that smile ;

■ ■ lovely ■ ■ ■ where true Piety roves,
 ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ handmaid, thro' ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ groves,
 'T was ■ ■ ■ the first breezes of morn to inhale,
 And sweep ■ ■ ■ dew-drops that spangle the vale,
 Pierce thro' the deep thicket and ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ green glade,
 Where tranquil solemnity ■ ■ ■ ■ the ■ ■ ■ ■
 What then were thy feelings, O exquisite boy?
 ■ ■ ■ rapt ■ ■ ■ devotion, when treading with joy,
 From the light blade of grass just impearled by the dawn,
 ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ archangel by seraphim drawn,
 ■ ■ ■ earth ■ ■ ■ all heaven ■ ■ thy view were unclosed,
 And futurity's bard on religion reposed;
 ■ ■ ■ thrilling with transport, ■ ■ ■ kindling ■ ■ ■ fire,
 ■ ■ ■ deep of ■ ■ ■ spirit, and ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ the lyre;
 Thou only ■ ■ ■ sing this aurora of youth,
 ■ ■ ■ halo of Genius!—the day star of Truth!
 Canst wake that fine sense so transcendently dear,
 When speechless delight is expressed by a tear. . . .

"B. H."

CHAP. XXXVIII

1812.

LETTER FROM SOUTHEY. — FROM BOSCON AND [REDACTED] — PROVINCIAL DISTURBANCES. — EDITORIAL [REDACTED] — POLITICAL SPIES. — RIOTING IN [REDACTED] — A MOB. — LETTER FROM SOUTHEY. — MONTAGUE MONTGOMERY AND HIS FAMILY. — THE POET IN THE MONTGOMERY. — MAY MEETINGS. — LECTURES BY CAMPBELL AND COLERIDGE. — MISS BUNGER. — CONVERSATION. — EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. — CHARTREY. — "ODE ON EDUCATION." — THE "MEDITERRANEAN." — SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

THE poet in his study, recasting his story of the "World before the Flood" — the politician, compelled to listen to the sounds of party strife, and to be made acquainted with the [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] of social distress — the Christian believer, exercised by spiritual conflicts, which "to be known, [REDACTED] be felt," are the three characters in which Montgomery entered upon "the battle of life" [REDACTED] year. But amidst all this, there [REDACTED] pleasant voices and welcome letters of genuine friendship; seldom unsympathising, and happily [REDACTED] often sad.

[REDACTED] *Southey to James Montgomery.*

"Kewick, Jan. 2. 1812.

"MY DEAR MONTGOMERY,

"You talk of yourself and of me in terms of comparison upon [REDACTED] I must not comment, lest you should

as much pained by the [redacted] as I am by the text. Let that [redacted] If I had not admired your poetry, and [redacted] it, [redacted] loved it, [redacted] loved you for its sake, I should not so [redacted] [redacted] thought of you, [redacted] spoken of you, [redacted] determined to see you, [redacted] have broken through [redacted] [redacted] of [redacted] [redacted]

"You [redacted] me a sounder frame, [redacted] of body [redacted] mind, [redacted] your [redacted] My body, [redacted] be thanked! [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] occupier could [redacted] [redacted] you [redacted] me you will fancy [redacted] [redacted] advanced [redacted] consumption, [redacted] little is [redacted] of it; but there has [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] though it [redacted] by [redacted] [redacted] unlikely (from family predisposition) that this may be my appointed end, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] all [redacted] [redacted] likely because of my lean [redacted] hungry appearance. I am in far [redacted] danger of nervous diseases, from which nothing but perpetual self-management, and the fortunate circumstances of my life [redacted] disposition, preserve [redacted] Nature gave [redacted] [redacted] indefatigable activity of mind, [redacted] [redacted] buoyancy of spirit which [redacted] [redacted] enabled me [redacted] think little of difficulties, and to live [redacted] the light of hope; [redacted] gifts, too, [redacted] accompanied with [redacted] hilarity which has enabled me [redacted] retain a boy's heart to the [redacted] of eight-and-thirty: but my [redacted] are perilously acute—impressions [redacted] into [redacted] too deeply: [redacted] at one time [redacted] had all [redacted] vividness and apparent reality of actual impressions to such [redacted] degree, that I believe [redacted] speedy removal [redacted] a foreign country, bringing with [redacted] [redacted] total change of all external objects, [redacted] [redacted] from imminent danger. [redacted] remedy, or, [redacted] least, the prevention, of [redacted] [redacted] variety of employment; [redacted] that [redacted] is [redacted] has made me the various writer [redacted] I [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] than the necessity of pursuing [redacted] gainful paths [redacted] literature. If I [redacted] my attention, morning [redacted] evening, upon [redacted] subject, and [redacted] my [redacted] evening [redacted] are of [redacted] kind [redacted] interest [redacted] deeply, my [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]; [redacted] [redacted] bodily derangements [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] great [redacted] susceptibility. Experience having taught [redacted] this, I fly from one thing to another, each new train of thought neutralising, as [redacted] were, the last; [redacted] [redacted] in general

maintain the balance so steadily, that I lay down at night
my mind as tranquil as an infant's.

"That I am a very happy man I owe to my early marriage. When I was one-and-twenty, I was in circumstances so singular as they well could be—and, to all appearances, so improvident; from that hour to this, I have had reason to bless the day. The main cause of disquietude was soon put off; I was filled with hope and went upon the most agitating and most important action of life, and my heart was soothed. Several years elapsed before I became a father; and then the sorrow which I ever endured was for the loss of an only child, twelve months old. Since then I have had five children, three of whom have been taken from me; all these are the most poignant; but I am the wiser for them, and have put out my eyes with-
out acknowledging that the dispensations have drawn me to God.

"But I will pursue this subject no more. The changes in my mind through many changes of mass opinion, you shall know hereafter; and the up-hill work which I have had in the world—up-hill, indeed, but by a path of my own choosing, and always with the conviction that I was gaining the ascent, as I was toiling in it. Something I must say, while there is yet time for it, concerning the 'World and the Flood.' You say you are beginning again: before you do this, reconsider during a half-hour,—what doubtless you have considered long ago,—whether it would not be better to make the Flood the termination of the poem, which would render no other alteration of the story [necessary], as I understand it, than that of relating the assumption of Enoch in the person of a narrator instead of your own. It seems to me you would gain a grandeur and even a unity beyond your present design affords. My intention was to follow Burnett's theory [of the Deluge], a book almost unequalled in power of imagination, and to connect it with the power of imagination, it. I have conceived a youth, the bosom friend of Japhet,

perfectly convinced by Noah, but refusing to leave from the ark because the maid whom he loved (though convinced also) not forsake her parents. Their death, attended by their benediction, have made an impressive scene. The outstanding figure of the Jacobinical party (for I see no parallel strongly in my mind) was a man with strong feelings for the oppressed; but erring in this—that he trusted out God in the world; that he trusted in his own strength; and, provided he were likely to attain his end, was regardless of the means. He, after a St Bartholomew massacre of all his party, was to have burnt (***?) a sacrifice to the god-tyrant. The great temple-palace was to have been the Tower-of-Babel edifice, in despite of prophecy, as if defying the vengeance that was denounced. It would have resisted the weight of the waters of the Flood, and have overstood all things, till (following Burnett's sublime vision) the shell of the earth gave way. You have here all that is worth remembering of a plan which was more than this. If any part of it could give you as a hint, believe me, Montgomery, I should feel glad to have one unhewn stone to your building. God bless you.

— Your affectionate friend,

“ROBERT SOUTHBY.

“Mr. James Montgomery, Sheffield.”

Reverend James Montgomery.

“Allerton, Dec. 2. 1844

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I have been quite shocked on seeing the ‘World before the Flood’ advertised, as being in a state of forwardness, by the booksellers, at the end of the ‘Edinburgh Review.’ Is it possible that my very culpable neglect in not replying to your last kind letter can have deprived me of the opportunity of seeing it in its improved state as it appears in public? I assure you, very feelingly, that this will give me the greatest concern—not that I conceive that any suggestions of mine can be of the least service—but

[REDACTED] I shall [REDACTED] deprived [REDACTED] a high gratification, and perhaps lead you [REDACTED] an opinion that I am indifferent to the [REDACTED] of a work of which I have the highest opinion, as far as I was favoured with a personal. You were so good as say that I should probably hear from you again before [REDACTED] publication, but [REDACTED] [REDACTED] coupled with [REDACTED] unperformed contingency, [REDACTED] I should write in the [REDACTED] time, I [REDACTED] pervert it [REDACTED] [REDACTED] of promise. I presume from the circumstances to which [REDACTED] have referred, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] work [REDACTED] already at [REDACTED] [REDACTED] that I [REDACTED] not get a sight of [REDACTED] published. If [REDACTED] [REDACTED] the case, allow me [REDACTED] least the [REDACTED] tion of thinking [REDACTED] my silence has [REDACTED] been [REDACTED] [REDACTED] a wrong cause, or [REDACTED] I could [REDACTED] supposed for a moment [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] solicitous either for your favourable opinion, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] of your productions. I believe I might have [REDACTED] good [REDACTED] right [REDACTED] most others to allege [REDACTED] of business, &c., but the truth is, that [REDACTED] procrastinating disposition, and an unconquerable reluctance [REDACTED] take up [REDACTED] pen when I once [REDACTED] it out of my fingers, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] principal causes of [REDACTED] offence, and [REDACTED] great plagues of my life.

"Could [REDACTED] this inconvenience [REDACTED] degree [REDACTED] [REDACTED] medled, and could we not contrive [REDACTED] have [REDACTED] interview, when more can [REDACTED] said in an hour than [REDACTED] be written in a week? [REDACTED] my son William had the pleasure of seeing you [REDACTED] [REDACTED] he formed some expectation that you might be induced [REDACTED] visit this part of the country. Let me then [REDACTED] you [REDACTED] I have lately enlarged my house, and [REDACTED] I [REDACTED] accommodate a friend; [REDACTED] that I know no [REDACTED] whom it [REDACTED] give [REDACTED] greater pleasure to [REDACTED] under my roof than yourself, where you [REDACTED] [REDACTED] your own master, and divide [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and country, reading [REDACTED] exercise, [REDACTED] you [REDACTED] No [REDACTED] can [REDACTED] inconvenient, [REDACTED] I have only a day [REDACTED] two's notice [REDACTED] be in the way; [REDACTED] I shall only add, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] sooner [REDACTED] [REDACTED] place, the more agreeable [REDACTED] will [REDACTED] to,

" My [REDACTED] Sir,

" Your ever [REDACTED] friend,

" W. [REDACTED]

" [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Montgomery, Sheffield."

James Montgomery to William Roscoe.

Jan. 17. 1812.

"DEAR SIR,

"I do not know whether I was more pleased or sorry at the concern which you express in your kind letter, that I had prepared my long poem for the public, without again laying it before you in manuscript. But I should, indeed, have been grieved, if your apprehension had been well-founded, and I had not given you mine, when it was due, where I might expect to be essentially benefited by your but indulgent criticisms. I tell you the truth. You were the friend to whom I communicated the poem in its original state. When I received it back from you, I laid it aside, with all the corrections which had been made upon it, for several months, and, indeed, shut it up as much as possible of my thoughts; my mind was wearied of the subject; I looked upon it, as one may look upon the sun till it becomes darkness, and the eye seeks refreshment to green fields. Glorious as it had appeared to me at first, at length it either lost its lustre or I my sight with gazing at it. Indeed, I was dissatisfied with my own execution of the poem, and disheartened, almost to despair, by the strictures which had been passed upon it by some of my best friends. You and Dr. Aikin were by far the most favourable in your judgments, and I attribute much of my misery on this occasion to the opinion of you; at the same time I do not mean to arraign the severer sentences of my other friends, as they were not with more candour of the merits of my poem, and were persuaded me that it was worthless, or my mind powerless, for I could not for a very long time conceive any way to render the plan more interesting, without they convinced me it was impossible to please the public with such a piece. I was meditating the renovation of it, Longman and Co. have asked me to say they were preparing a series of works for publication, and they thought my poem might have been included. It was in autumn

I gave the title of the 'World before Flood,' but they certainly will be ready in twelve months. It was, however, pronounced, prematurely, as I now find, my poem, though again after the lapse of a year, is likely to be for publication before Christmas, the earliest. In the latter part of 1810, having seen my piece, I began to work upon it with consistent spirit, and continued diligently at my task till June last; when, having written four cantos, the greater part of original matter, I sent the manuscript to my favourite critic, who is at the same time one of my sincerest and warmest of my friends. He kept the copy till November, and then returned it with such a terrifying string of remarks attached to it, that I was ready to commit both poem and the manuscript to the flames, when I found I had been labouring eighteen months almost in vain. I laid them aside of my sight for a month, and then with a trembling hand began to trace the same line by line over again, altering, if amending, wherever he found fault, but pertinaciously adhering to my own plan. I have nearly gone through the four first cantos; I have written a fifth, which my Aristarchus had not seen, being composed in the interval while he had the others in his Inquisition chambers. This is the last part of the 'World before Flood,' and as I have health and a sound mind, I mean to execute my plan in my own way now; and, availing myself of all the criticisms which lie by me on the poem in its original state, I will guard myself by future interference of no kind till I have completely gone through the task which I have set myself. Then, indeed, I trust I shall be as willing as a poet ought to be, to hear the opinions of those whom he esteems, in order to amend, concerning the merit and probable success of the work. I shall seize any opportunity, in the course of the work, of safely conveying to you any considerable portion of the poem in its progress, I will most gladly send myself to it, and thankfully receive your criticisms. Till I have two copies of the MS., I dare not

again trust ■ to a coach-office entry, for I was held in miserable suspense when I sent the four first ■■■■■ to ■■■■■ above-mentioned, who lives ■ London, and ■■■■■ just ■ the time ■ my precious packet arrived, and did not acknowledge ■■■■■ receipt of ■ for several weeks. I had no transcript, ■■■■■ a very imperfect remembrance of upwards of eleven ■■■■■ lines, ■■■■■ scanty painful fruit of eight months' labour. ■■■■■ I be enabled (though ■ present I ■■■■■ no prospect of it), ■■■■■ accept of your very ■■■■■ invitation ■■■■■ year, ■■■■■ pay a visit to Liverpool, you shall see all I may ■■■■■ at the time, and we will discuss freely every part of it, ■■■■■ you ■■■■■ already sick ■■■■■ subject ■■■■■ (the ■■■■■ ■■■■■ of circumstances sadly interesting ■■■■■ ■■■■■ ■■■■■ importance ■■■■■ anybody else. I have ■■■■■ ■■■■■ particular, ■■■■■ ■■■■■ indulge ■■■■■ petulance ■■■■■ ■■■■■ vanity of my own feelings, but from sincere respect to you, and an ■■■■■ ■■■■■ ■■■■■ convince you that I have ■■■■■ wilfully either alighted ■■■■■ neglected one to ■■■■■ I ■■■■■ so truly and gratefully ■■■■■ ■■■■■ Since I last ■■■■■ ■■■■■ you ■■■■■ have had an unexpected opportunity ■■■■■ opening a friendly ■■■■■ ■■■■■ Mr. Southey; a man whom I now feel ■■■■■ much disposed ■■■■■ love for his own sake, as I before admired ■■■■■ ■■■■■ incomparable ■■■■■ I am ■■■■■ suddenly ■■■■■ of ■■■■■ rich acquisition to my ■■■■■ but ■■■■■ ■■■■■ friendships with ■■■■■ ■■■■■ well as excellent men, by having just ■■■■■ ceived ■■■■■ frank, enclosing ■■■■■ transcript of ■■■■■ ■■■■■ ■■■■■ ■■■■■ poem, 'Pelayo,' ■■■■■ ■■■■■ ■■■■■ previously promised ■■■■■ He, ■■■■■ ■■■■■ is ■■■■■ ■■■■■ to submit ■■■■■ unpublished poems ■■■■■ the ■■■■■ of confidential criticism, which I have found of all criticism the most ■■■■■ ■■■■■ meet; because ■■■■■ ■■■■■ is ■■■■■ delicacy and respect due to the persons exercising it, that whatever be the honest judgment ■■■■■ ■■■■■ poet's own mind (which, ■■■■■ all, he is ■■■■■ bound to ■■■■■ by, no less in justice to the public than to himself), when he ■■■■■ ■■■■■ their decisions (and ■■■■■ ■■■■■ are ■■■■■ contradictory), ■■■■■ ■■■■■ to do so from ■■■■■ ■■■■■ self-love, ■■■■■ ■■■■■ ■■■■■ gravely told, ■■■■■ a poet ■■■■■ ■■■■■ ■■■■■ incompetent judge ■■■■■ ■■■■■ ■■■■■ works. This I do positively deny, ■■■■■ I

affirm on the contrary, that that man, whom all allow to be a poet, is the best individual judge of our productions, though unquestionably the true worth of them can only be ascertained by the general estimation in which they are held by others who are qualified, each for himself but no one for the public, to judge of them. I have hastily, but earnestly, read over Mr. S.'s canto of 'Pelayo,' and my impression on my mind concerning it is, that after the general opening, which does not strike me particularly, the remainder is the most awakening and interesting to a story that I have met with in modern poetry. I always thought Southey stand foremost and alone—for the most part far behind him—of his contemporaries. I find a number of faults in him, and perhaps there may be half a dozen fairly chargeable upon his poetry, but they are of a style and manner—wilful faults, and therefore incorrigible; yet I delight in him beyond any one of his brethren, because I am more in his power—he carries me whither he pleases with an ease and a velocity so deeply transporting, that it seems less the force of another mind than my spontaneous impulse of my own mind. I have been along with him a summer or a fortnight longer than from my present foresight and the tables of mortality I am likely to be, I will certainly endeavour to employ it well, by making an excursion that should include both Liverpool and Keswick; a few days spent at each would be such a relief to my mind, sick of its solitary meditations, and weary of its imperfect and laborious communication of a few of its thoughts in letters, greatly needs to quicken and warm me on these subjects, the very interest of which is so much ennobled in loneliness,—for I have no literary society here; and amidst the vexations of business, troubles of heart known only to myself, and, indeed, shared by others, together with exercises of my understanding and my feelings on subjects the most awful and important,—amidst these trials and occupations, I find literary discourse with superior men to be a great enjoyment to me, who have not the pleasure

sures of dissipation, or even [redacted] sports and pastimes. When you [redacted] me with [redacted] letter, will you say when you [redacted] of [redacted] Carey, [redacted] poet and artist, who has cast me off for more than two years, without assigning [redacted] cause [redacted] a silence [redacted] distresses me, principally [redacted]. I fear I have unwittingly offended him. Even if I knew where he was, I should not [redacted] myself upon him, but I shall always be glad to hear that he [redacted] well, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] doing well. With [redacted] remembrance [redacted] your family,

"I remain your obliged friend,"

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Wm. Roscoe, Esq., Allerton Hall, near Liverpool."

It [redacted] difficult, if not impossible, for the generation that has been born and has grown up within the last thirty or forty years, fully to conceive the [redacted] of the population in the large manufacturing towns for [redacted] time previous to the peace of 1814. In 1812, especially, the operation of the "Orders in Council" contributed, by closing the mercantile intercourse with the United States, to render the continuance of the continental [redacted] in a tenfold degree [redacted] [redacted] Sheffield. In discussing, reprobating, and finally obtaining the removal of this "suicidal" decree, the editor of the "Iris" heartily seconded the [redacted] of [redacted] fellow-townsmen. Meanwhile, with hundreds of artisans [redacted] of employment, [redacted] only employed in [redacted] that reminded them of the labour and degradation of convicts,—with flour [redacted] five shillings per stone, [redacted] [redacted] outrages of the "Luddites" going [redacted] in [redacted] weaving districts, and the excessive local poor-rate requiring [redacted] be supplemented by a voluntary subscription of upwards of eighteen hundred pounds,—it [redacted] hardly [redacted] be wondered [redacted] [redacted] the fact of [redacted] noc-

turnal meetings of hungry and excited desperadoes in the light, or that rioting took place in Sheffield. In fact, not only were several provision shops sacked, but the dépôt of the local militia broken open, and thirty stand of arms, with some other military stores, destroyed.

At this fearful crisis, the prudence and firmness of the editor of the "Iris" were severely tried; not much by the consideration of what he felt it his duty to himself and his readers to say in his columns, with regard to the intervention of correspondents, who, having no direct responsibility there, were anxious to discuss passing events with the feelings which passion and interest inspired.

Montgomery felt, indeed, that his conscientiousness exposed him to the payment of a double penalty; for while, on the one hand, he was railed at, and said threatened, for refusing to give the prevailing spirit of sedition which reigned at that time abroad; on the other hand, he was alarmed and disgusted with the conviction which was forced upon his mind, that government mercenaries were actually instigating men to crimes of which they meant to accuse them before the public prosecution. In the "Life of Lord Sidmouth,"* various palliatives of this ambiguous policy are offered by the biographer; and the whole is viewed in the light of its political success, altogether, perhaps, without effect. At that time, the employment of spies is, in the best, so dangerous—so repugnant to the common notions of English liberty—and the agents of such a system are always so universally odious, that no justification of the act—if such be possible—seems to comprehend the agents themselves. Mont

gomery, ■ is true, was a Whig—but loyal, peace-loving, and conciliatory, ■ many persons thought, in ■ excessive degree—and exactly such, in all respects, ■ ■ friend, Hugh Parker, Esq., the magistrate.

* Now ■ reader ■ imagine, ■ he can, the ■ of the following disclosure on the judgment and feelings of the ■ of the “Iris,” and his friend on the bench. In ■ neighbourhood of Sheffield, ■ well ■ in other places, it ■ known to the local authorities, not only that nocturnal meetings of disaffected individuals were held, ■ which something like military drilling took place, but that ■ mysterious stranger ■ usually present, taking an active, and, ■ ■ alleged, ■ directive part in the proceedings. Mr. Parker, ■ became him, in his responsible situation, wrote to inform the Home Secretary of the state of the locality, and take ■ advice. But what ■ ■ horror, to be officially told in reply, that the suspected stranger was ■ government agent, actually doing his duty.* ■ turned out, in fact, ■ be ■ of those wretches who presently acquired such an infamous celebrity in the brief annals of espionage in England. The atrocity of this proceeding ■ ■ aggravated, in Montgomery’s estimation, by the belief that some of these illegal meetings ■ ■ just within ■ verge of the estate of ■ well-known indi-

* In fact, Lord Sidmouth’s reply was in these words, “He is my man (or our man), and you may trust him.” There is, after all, a wide ■ between the ■ of Lord ■ biographer, “that it is not probable” the spies “in any instance instigated the conspirators to crime, in order to betray them;” and the allegation of the “Leeds Mercury,” as read before the House of Commons, on the 16th of June 1817, to the effect that “the whole series of plots had been got up under the direction of an agent from London.” Did the minister of the crown believe it possible for a stranger to mix himself up with these seditious ■ without aggravating them ■

vidual, who, although quite innocent of all connection with the proceedings, ■■■ no doubt, intended ■■ be compromised in the designs of the informer.

Those who may have personally known Montgomery, ■■ whatever period of his life, will ■■ need ■■ be told, that of ■■ ■■ living he ■■ the greatest repugnance ■■ getting into a crowd: indeed, ■■ delicate ■■ ■■ was he ■■ this period, that "a ■■ upon ■■ stream" might ■■ inaptly represent him, if he chanced ■■ get into such a predicament. Nevertheless, that he ■■ not without personal ■■ well as moral intrepidity, ■■ incident which occurred during ■■ of the riots ■■ which ■■ have alluded will sufficiently show. Flour having actually, ■■ one moment, risen to *six shillings and four pence a stone*, and potatoes being dear in proportion, a mob ■■ collected, the leading ■■ directing their vengeance against certain provision stores. A place of this description in the Hartshead ■■ attacked, and the rabble, after throwing about the contents of the cellar, ■■ proceeding somewhat roughly to handle the owner, who ■■ attempting to ■■ her property. Montgomery witnessed the proceedings from ■■ window; and ■■ being the ■■ indifferently to stand by and see any woman in danger, he sallied forth into the thick of the mob, ■■ spiritedly, but kindly, remonstrating with them ■■ the impropriety of their conduct, brought the frightened huckster away in safety. He ■■ hardly regained the house, when a potatoe, thrown by chance, broke a pane ■■ glass in the window; and fearing lest there might ■■ ■■ attempt at further mischief, he again ■■ countered the multitude outside, venturing ■■ exhort them ■■ order. While in ■■ unpleasant situation, and beginning ■■ ■■ himself somewhat roughly hustled, ■■ voice ■■ the crowd exclaimed, "*Master! Master! get yo in — they'll mully-crush yo else!*" — "*Nay, ■■*

sir," replied another, "we won't hurt you—you **ONCE** **friend!**"—But it is grateful **turn** from these scenes.

Robert Southey to James Montgomery.

"Kerwick, **24** **1811**."

"MY **MONTGOMERY,**

"So **have** lost Vanderkemp. I am far from sympathising with **directors** of **Missionary Society** in **their** opinions and feelings; but I **whole** heroism of such a **as** much **they** can do,—and would **that** **could** see the importance of **as** clearly as I do! That souls which have **of** redemption may **saved** I certainly believe; **God** forbid **I** **ever** blaspheme **by** thinking otherwise: but I **equally** certain **barbarous** **reclaimed** by nothing but Christianity. In thinking **a** missionary, therefore, **consider** his creed,—a martyr in Japan **less** to me an object of admiration than a martyr **Smithfield**, though I **him** the same gratitude: I could **ground** **which** Xavier or Nabrega **trod** **zealously** **bigoted** Jesuit; **I** hold Egged **reverence** as if I were a Moravian; and could not **a** deeper interest in **proceedings** **society** **Serampore**, if I had been dipped **baptistery**. **is** not from indifference; **one** principle is **all** these men, and that principle is the light **life** of **the** world. God knows I am no indifferentist: I am for **and** establishments, **would** rather **our** **revoke** some of her concessions, than yield a foot more either **which** she has trampled, or **puritanism**, which by a coalition as monstrous as any of Mr. Fox's, **at** this time leagued with popery, infidelity, **every** kind, in the hope of pulling her down.

"Vanderkemp **in** many respects, **interesting** character among all the missionaries. The state of his mind **conversion** shows a **perpetually**

against ■■■ which perplexed ■■■ faith, and ■■■ sophisms in ■■■ ■■■ bewildered his understanding. His conversion manifestly ■■■ place in a ■■■ of delirium produced by ■■■ dreadful calamity ■■■ ■■■ befallen him — but never ■■■ there a happier delusion. ■■■ led him ■■■ the only ■■■ of comfort; and the impression continued through life. I ■■■ ■■■ surprised at finding ■■■ ■■■ to ■■■ ■■■ interest with heaven to procure rain for the Caffrs: ■■■ rather surprises me ■■■ under such ■■■ impression ■■■ did not attempt ■■■ work ■■■ miracles, and, ■■■ Catholic mission- ■■■ in many instances undoubtedly have done, actually work them.

"This leads me to ■■■ you if it be possible to purchase the ■■■ ■■■ volumes of the Moravian periodical ■■■ in your part of ■■■ country, where they have their head-quarters: ■■■ I am very desirous of possessing them. Mr. Latrobe's copy was borrowed ■■■ me ■■■ but ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ I ■■■ ■■■ have ■■■ hand. ■■■ time will, permit ■■■ I purpose giving a view of all ■■■ existing ■■■ in ■■■ 'Quarterly,' showing the policy as well as ■■■ duty of these ■■■.

"Thank you for your comments on 'Kehama.' The best ■■■ ply I ■■■ make ■■■ what you ■■■ the line — 'Never ■■■ behold ■■■ more,' is to say that it ■■■ altered upon your suggestion. You ■■■ Kailyal ■■■ a Christian, — is ■■■ ■■■ the poem, supposing ■■■ truth of the mythology ■■■ which ■■■ is built, requires from her faith ■■■ resignation? I know ■■■ how it ■■■ that in my youth the mythologies ■■■ superstitions of various nations laid strong hold on my imagination ■■■ struck deep ■■■ in it; so that before I ■■■ twenty, ■■■ of my numerous plans ■■■ that of exhibiting the most striking fiction of each in a long poem. Thalaba ■■■ Kehama are the fruits of that early plan. ■■■ partakes of it, but only incidentally. ■■■ I had gained money as well ■■■ reputation by ■■■ poems, the whole ■■■ would ■■■ ■■■ completed. Do not ■■■ me — when ■■■ of gaining money, nothing more ■■■ than supporting myself by my labours; and the literal truth is, that

for many years I did not write a line of poetry, because I could not afford it! 'Kahana' was written before I was in hours borrowed sleep; and so is 'Pelayo,' as far as it has yet proceeded. The sun is brightening upon me now. I have paid for prose; and yet even in this the capricious humour of the sun is apparent. Some of the poems of my life have been devoted to the 'History of Portugal Dependencies,' a series of works of which only one volume has yet reached the public, but upon which an amount of labour and scrupulous research has been bestowed as if it was to be given as historical compilation. These works are scarcely, while I live, any for their own materials; but I might be employed, if I chose, from morning till night in reviewing the productions of Messrs. Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, at one guinea per sheet.

"From the age of eight, my heart was upon poetry, a passion owing, in the first instance, to Shakspeare, which would have taken a dramatic turn, if it had not been diverted by execrable modern versions of Tasso's Ariosto, and then first by Spenser, for whom I have an entire love as you have—and if you had not loved him as I you would not have spoken of Una. No writer has ever given me such hours and days of intense delight as Spenser. Before I was born I had resolved to finish 'Faerie Queene.' Three cantos of the intended continuation were part of a huge pile which some years ago I committed to the flames. I rather regret that the memoranda of this notable undertaking were destroyed also, for, young as I was, they were a good deal in the spirit of Spenser; and I had in my library repeated perusals gathered together every which can be found throughout the whole six books, as intimations of what the author designed to do in the other parts. Nothing that I have ever gave me so much delight as the contemplation of what I intended to do. I was in a fairy land with Puck and Belphebe, Sir Arthur, the Satrap, the young Tristram, Sir Sophy, Arthegal who won Achilles' Time produced little change in my feelings of poetry; but it

left me feeling ■■■■ for it. I have ■■■■ prefer
 ■■■■ calmer pleasure which ■ to be found ■ ■■■■ pur-
 suits, which ■■■■ excites ■■■■ passion, but when ■ does,
 ■■■■ ■■■■ the impressions of truth. My expectations
 ■■■■ ardent about the 'History of Portugal' as ■■■■ they were
 about 'Joan of Arc,' and on far better grounds. Then ■■■■
 ■■■■ my own imagination delighted ■■■■ deceived me:
 ■■■■ historian I may be deceived concerning my ■■■■ power;
 ■■■■ knowing what the duties of ■■■■ historian are, those duties
 I know I have performed.

"Dear Montgomery, you ■■■■ you wrote of nothing but
 yourself; only ■■■■ back upon ■■■■ great I's which I have ■■■■
 you in ■■■■ I have always said ■■■■ English ■■■■
 ■■■■ people in ■■■■ world, ■■■■ ■■■■ are the only people
 who always write that important word with ■ capital letter,
 ■■■■ to show every man's sense of its consequence. I long ■■■■
 see your antediluvian work. Do not talk to ■■■■ of Alfred,—
 for I ■■■■ engaged three subjects deep after Pelayo, and Heaven
 knows when that will be completed. The ■■■■ in order ■■■■
 Philip's ■■■■ in New England, with a primitive Quaker ■■■■
 the hero.

"Farewell. Yours ■■■■ truly,

"R. SOUTHEY.

"Mr. ■■■■ Montgomery, ■■■■

In the spring Montgomery went ■■■■ London; ■■■■ per-
 ticular attraction to him being what ■■■■ emphatically
 termed the "May Meetings." He ■■■■ domiciled with
 his brother Ignatius, at this period ■■■■ minister of the
 Moravian congregation in Fetter Lane, and of whose
 household we get ■■■■ pleasing glimpse in the following
 passage of a long and friendly letter from Parken to
 the poet, dated Jan. 7th:—

"In ■■■■ ■■■■ of your brother's family, I seem transported
 ■■■■ the bustling and wicked world, ■■■■ only ■■■■
 pleasure in ■■■■ agreeable conversation, ■■■■ in ■■■■

We are all great admirers of Mr. Montgomery in particular, of your promising nephew, John James, who, if Mr. [redacted] spirit of Mr. [redacted] maternal [redacted] enjoys, ought to grow to the most affectionate and eloquent of men. Your brother's unaffected good sense and piety, together with Mr. [redacted] mind, Mr. [redacted] animated expression, and Mr. [redacted] serenity Mr. Henry Steinhauser, make the hours I spend in their society some of the most gratifying I ever enjoy. Oh! if you had an Agnes such as this real one is, or your [redacted] ought to be."

It was during this visit that Montgomery attended for the first and only time the anniversary of the Bible Society, and of several other religious and benevolent institutions in the metropolis. He lost the impression which was made on his mind and feelings by the proceedings: and three years afterwards, when attending the public meeting of the Sheffield Sunday School Union, in Queen Street Chapel, Sheffield, he resorted to the subject with evident delight:—

"Though the Sunday School Union in Sheffield," said he, in addressing the Chairman, "was projected in this place, we may trace its origin to the previous establishment of similar societies in various other neighbourhoods, but more immediately, as you have told us, to the existence and example of a Sunday School Union in London, which, as from a dispensation of Providence, other dispensations of Providence influence and effect have been appointed in this country. London may be called the metropolis of vice, but it is the metropolis of virtue also. In London there, more than elsewhere, good likewise abounds; and thence universally diffused through the nation. It is plain; in London the masses of good and evil are so contrasted, that when we contemplate them together, we are appalled at the disproportion; but when we look at the evil separately, we tremble lest fire from

heaven suddenly come down and the city more guilty than Sodom or Gomorrah ; yet when we behold the good that is there, we might hope London is permitted to stand for ever, for the sake of the righteous who dwell in it. Every lover of nature, and of God in his visible works, prefers the country to the town. Of all the months, the month of May—and such a May as smiles and blooms around us now—of all the months the month of May is justly celebrated by the poet as being,

‘If not the first, the fairest of the year.’

“At this enchanting season, when an invisible hand is awakening the woods, and shaking the trees into foliage,—when an invisible foot is walking the plains and the valleys, where flowers and fragrance follow its steps,—when a voice, unheard by man, is teaching every bird to sing, in every bush, the praises of God,—when a beneficent power, perceived only in its effects, is diffusing life, light, and liberty, and joy throughout the whole creation,—at such a time chanting hymns, who would love the country? Who would choose the filth, and confinement, and tumult of the town? I love the country; I love the month of May; yet the month of May, when the country is so beautiful (had I freedom of choice), I would spend in London. And why? Because in this month the assemblies of the people of God are so frequent and so full. Then, too, the tribes from the provinces go up to worship there at the anniversaries of various institutions. The bliss and festivity of the season in spring are but imperfect resemblances of the enjoyment of those assemblies of refreshing from the presence of the Holy High.”

At this period Campbell and Coleridge were delivering Lectures on Poetry at the Royal Institution; and to each Montgomery devoted an evening. While he naturally wished for an interview with both his gifted brother

poets, Miss Benger was particularly anxious that I should hear and meet the former:—

Miss Benger to James Montgomery.

"I am sorry I have to inform Mr. Montgomery that Mr. Campbell cannot lecture till Wednesday se'nnight, but I think his stay will be prolonged beyond next week.

"Mrs. Blackburne depends upon seeing you on Wednesday next, at or before eight o'clock. I shall then hope to prevail upon you to name some evening for visiting Kenton Street. Mr. Campbell desires me to present his respects to you. You may stay to hear him lecture. I shall be much gratified if you do not allow me to have the pleasure of bringing you together. My pleasures are so few, that I patiently submit to forego any agreeable anticipation. My mother begs to send her remembrance.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,

"Your obliged,

"L. L. L."

"Monday, 18th,

"3. Kenton Street, Cavendish Square.

"P.S.—I can promise you a pleasant evening if you will visit Kenton Street; but Dr. Blackburne's, 25. Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, I can ensure you an agreeable party."

Montgomery: I heard Campbell deliver one of his Lectures on Poetry at the Royal Institution before one of the most brilliant audiences I ever assembled on such an occasion." *Holland*: "Was Lord Byron present?" *Montgomery*: "He did not make his appearance that evening, and I was disappointed in the expectation I had entertained of seeing him. You could not be upon the company without recognising some individual eminent in rank, or distinguished in literature: but as the lecturer began, I

no longer a disposition to regard the celebrities about him. He read from a paper before him; but in such an energetic manner, and with such visible effect, as I should hardly have supposed possible. His manner was clear, his style elegant, and his reasoning conclusive. After having wound up the attention of his hearers to the highest pitch, brought his arguments to a magnificent climax, and closed with a quotation from Shakspeare, in his best manner, off he went, like a rocket! This lecture was the most striking, from its contrast with that delivered by Coleridge the evening before from the same rostrum. In the former case, the lecturer, though impressing us once, and in a high degree, with the power of genius, occasionally accompanied the most sublime but inconclusive trains of reasoning with the most intense—not to say painful—physiognomical expression I ever beheld; his brows being knit, and his cheeks puckered into deep triangular wrinkles, by the violence of his own emotions. But, notwithstanding the frequent obacurity of his sentiments, and this 'painful' accompaniment, when the lecture closed, you could not say you had been disappointed." *Everett*: "What were the subjects of the lectures?" *Montgomery*: "Campbell's the French and English rhyming tragedies, and Coleridge's Greek tragedy." *Holland*: "I think Campbell has the best managed powers of any living poet, and exceeds Coleridge much in this—he is inferior to him in the deep pathos of pure genius." *Montgomery*: "I believe that is about the fact: whatever Campbell undertakes he finishes; Coleridge too often leaves splendid attempts incomplete: the former, when I heard him, seemed like a race-horse, starting, careering, and coming in with admirable effect: the latter resembled that of the King's heavy dragoons, rearing, plunging, and

prancing in a crowd, performing grand evolutions, but making progress." *Everett*: "It may be regretted that Campbell had not published his lectures." *Montgomery*: "I believe they have been purchased by Colburn, and are to appear in the 'New Monthly Magazine.'"^{*} *Everett*: "What is your opinion of his 'Specimens of the British Poets?'" *Montgomery*: "His Essay on English Poetry, comprised in the first volume, is admirable; his selections are good, and many of them rare; and you are sorry that his critical remarks are so brief on several of the authors of his 'Specimens.' I was requested to review the work for the 'Eclectic,' but declined the task." *Montgomery* then introduced Campbell at the close of the lecture, as he had previously been to Coleridge, who pressed him to spend a day at Highgate.

In company with Parken, he visited the Exhibition of the Royal Academy; the principal source of gratification being the busts by Chantrey, which formed a main attraction of the Sculpture Room. The sculptor himself was in high spirits, having just returned from Edinburgh, commissioned to execute those of Lord Melville and President Blair which had sustained and increased his reputation. The interest which *Montgomery* always evinced in the rising fame of his friend appears in the following paragraph, which he wrote at this time:—

"Mr. Chantrey's ascent up the steps of fame has not been long so laborious; he has him, however, not to loiter by any way, but steadily to persevere for the attainment of excellence which may distinguish modern sculpture from the mediocrity, and challenge competition with the

^{*} They did appear in that periodical.

works of Phidias, of which [redacted] exquisite specimens have [redacted] recently brought [redacted] country by Lord Elgin ; not, we hope, [redacted] [redacted] British artist despair, but [redacted] increase his capabilities, and animate him to greater and [redacted] [redacted] ceaseless exertions."

Of the value of these celebrated remains of ancient art, it is hardly necessary [redacted] add, nobody thought [redacted] highly than Chantrey himself.

That Montgomery's muse should have slumbered amidst the incessant hum, changes, and interruptions of [redacted] short and busy visit to the metropolis, would have been less surprising, than that it should not have been, [redacted] least temporarily, awakened with the impressions produced, [redacted] we have seen, by the poet's attendance [redacted] public meetings. He, however, wrote, at the solicitation of [redacted] friend, [redacted] "Occasional Ode [redacted] the Royal British System of Education." It [redacted] sung by Braham, at the anniversary meeting held in the Freemason's Tavern, May 16. 1812, and consisted originally but of four stanzas ; that which at present stands first, and is so remarkable for its boldness, being afterwards added on revision :—

"The lion, o'er his [redacted] domains,
[redacted] with the terror of his eye ;
The eagle of the rock maintains
By force [redacted] empire [redacted] the sky ;
The shark, the tyrant of the flood,
Reigns through the deep with quenchless rage ;
Parent [redacted] young, unweaned from blood,
Are still the same from age [redacted] ago."

These lines, with some others, [redacted] [redacted] repeated by the Rev. Robert Newton, in [redacted] speech [redacted] [redacted] Missionary Meeting, where their author was present.

"I thought," Montgomery to us, "I had with lines somewhere before, and was quite charmed with for the At length I recollected they were my own, when I was a little ashamed of the interest I seemed manifest them. But though the pleasure, yet I say that, with Newton's fine voice, and manner of delivery, I never, that moment, the full of my own poetry on my A similar mistake occurred once, with a piece published without name, and with a title, in Todd's paper. I into the of it, said to myself, 'I have seen before,' and by glancing the commencement, it my 'Monody on M. S.' There frequently a confused recollection of former impressions sentiments, for which we can scarcely account for a time, and which often leads us to attribute to another what really belongs selves."

This is well expressed by Sheridan:—"Faded recollections float in the fancy, like half-forgotten dreams, and the imagination, in the fullest enjoyment, becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created adopted."

III received from anonymous admirer a note suggesting a poem on the "May Meetings;" the singing of the "Ode on Education," by Braham, having, it appeared, originated the idea. Another individual, dating from Plymouth, strongly recommended the "Mediterranean" as the subject of a poem, and citing, in favour of it, the well-known remark of Dr. Johnson. III unknown correspondent, the time, asked him render into English, xxviii. of Petrarch, "*Solo e penso i piè deserti campi*," &c. With the latter request, it appears, presently complied.*

CHAP. XXXIX.

1844

LETTER TO PARKER.—HIS DEATH AND BURIAL.—LETTER TO MR.
 MONTGOMERY'S VISIT TO BUXTON.—THE "PEAK MOUNTAINS."—LETTER
 TO THE REV. MONTGOMERY.—LETTER FROM LORD MILTON AT
 LORD MILTON AT

ON Montgomery's return to London from a visit to the Taylors at Ongar in Essex, he found his friend Parker rather indisposed in health, but parted with him cheerfully, and, on his own arrival at home, wrote him as follows:—

James Montgomery to Daniel Parker.

* Sheffield, 1844.

"MY FRIEND,

"This letter I have written to-day (you would say it is yet written, but it will be before you tell me so, Mr. Special Pleader!) and, therefore, I promise you it shall be a brief one. Indeed, I have nothing to say except that I am once more in Sheffield, but am yet settled into myself; neither the whirl of mind, nor the agitation of my frame, have yet wearied into me. I am home in the beginning of May. I have never yet had an hour of sober thinking, or sober feeling,—I am every-day thinking and feeling,—thinking and feeling that do not wear and tear out of itself, with

joys ■■■■ torments, reveries ■■ trances. O how I long ■■■■
quietude! after all the excesses and exhaustion of such in-
 ■■■■ as I ■■■■ in London with spirits of fire, ■■■■ air,
 and earth, and water,—for spirits of each of these descrip-
 tions I encountered,—my heart and soul desire nothing ■■■■
 earnestly as peace in solitude. In ■■■■ I had ■■■■ much
 society; ■■■■ home I have ■■■■ little; four weeks of the former
 have therefore so unsettled me, that it will require four
 weeks of the latter to bring me back to my lonely habits—
 I ■■■■ ■■■■ the enjoyment of them, in the ■■■■ regular, un-
 conscious exercise of them. Certainly I ■■■■ and ■■■■ ■■■■
 great deal in London, but it ■■■■ like seeing the hedges,
 ■■■■ hearing the nightingale (as ■■■■ actually did), out of ■■■■ stage-
 coach window, the former in such rapid retrograde motion,
 that no distinct picture of ■■■■ could be retained, ■■■■ ■■■■
 of the latter so interrupted or deadened with the lumbering
 of wheels, and the cracking of the whip, that they ■■■■
 caught ■■■■ the accidental ■■■■ of the Æolian harp, when
 the wind will neither play on it, nor yet let it alone, but
 dallies with ■■■■ strings, till they tremble into momentary
 music, instantly dissolving, ■■■■ disappointing the ■■■■ that
 aches with listening. I wonder if you will understand this;
 I am sure I do; and yet I doubt whether I ■■■■ make ■■■■
 ■■■■ else. But all the sights ■■■■ sounds of the ■■■■ month
 ■■■■ not thus ineffable and ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ Your ■■■■
 ■■■■ ■■■■ still smiling upon me, and your ■■■■ words ■■■■
 heard in my heart. I was often ■■■■ and distracted in your
 presence; but it ■■■■ 'my weakness and my melancholy'
 made ■■■■ so; for towards the latter end of my visit, I was
 much indisposed, and most so when I had ■■■■ occasion to
 ■■■■ otherwise. My brother ■■■■ sister, to whom ■■■■ have
 written, will tell you more of this, and of my wretched
 journey home. I ■■■■ however, I thank God, greatly ■■■■
 covered, ■■■■ ■■■■ a review of ■■■■ whole, I ■■■■ unfeignedly
 grateful ■■■■ Father of ■■■■ mercies as well ■■■■ what I suf-
 fered as what I enjoyed during my stay ■■■■ the metropolis
 and its neighbourhood. When you ■■■■ Doctor or ■■■■
 Gregory, remember ■■■■ most kindly ■■■■ them; I ■■■■ never

forget the delightful hours I have spent in their society : every blessing of time and eternity theirs! . . .

"When I spoke of the Woolwich, I mean exclude your interesting sister, of whom I little, enough to forget her, for her sake as well as for yours. The letter which you wrote me I left Sheffield, but which, though well directed, missed me the wing, very welcome and seasonable when I got home again. I thank you for its precious contents, for all it says, and a hundred times more, all it but a friend could have written it, and none such a friend as you would have written its loveliest. My best respects to Mr. Williams, indeed he will accept them; but remember, if I disappointed him on Monday morning, the fault, or rather the mistake, is yours; see that you make my peace with him again. For yourself accept my warmest good wishes and prayers.

"I am your affectionate friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"D. Parken, Esq."

Having waited till July, in the expectation of again hearing from his friend, he wrote what he called "a peevish letter, full of complaints." That letter he have not but he have before Parken's reply to it; in the opening sentence of which he says:—

"My dear Friend,—I am sure you are unwell, because I am sure you are unreasonable. Not but you are a right man to expect a letter from some one—if from all your cursed friends; but that you upbraid me as hardly for having inadvertently concurred in neglecting you."

The writer in a postscript says he is about to start on circuit; and after mentioning the places where he might be found by letter, closes with the date of intended return to London. "I saw," Montgomery, "that I had wounded my friend's feelings,

though I [redacted] such intention, [redacted] I immediately
[redacted] him to say so."

James Montgomery to Daniel Parker.

"Sheffield, July 11. 1812.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"My letter of last Monday must have been a very foolish and wicked one, to have merited such an answer from you as I have just received. Indeed I do reproach myself for having written it, whatever were its [redacted]. Of these I remember almost as little as you wish [redacted] nothing that ought [redacted] have wounded my best friend in his [redacted] amiable feelings. [redacted] evil spirit, your enemy [redacted] mine, prompted me to express my disappointment [redacted] not having heard from [redacted] of my London friends, since my [redacted] home, in [redacted] of [redacted] [redacted] and cruel raillery as [redacted] frighten you into [redacted] belief that I was in earnest, even to the letter of my [redacted] proaches, I know not; for [redacted] punishment may be felt, [redacted] he repents and makes [redacted] for his sin (if atonement [redacted] possible), all the pain that [redacted] felt [redacted] reading my letter, and I on reading yours! [redacted] it [redacted] my own evil spirit (and I know no other [redacted] whom to lay the blame of my faults, though you seem to hint at another), [redacted] will not retract [redacted] iota of my malediction, though I hope that [redacted] sheet will prove my contrition, and be accepted as a peace-offering by offended friendship. I am sure [redacted] my language [redacted] have been [redacted] harsh and unkind [redacted] you understood it, for you could not be mistaken; yet I am equally, nay, more [redacted] [redacted] if it [redacted] so, my hand was unfaithful to my heart, and wrote down words which conveyed meanings to your mind [redacted] [redacted] not, and could not come, from mine. I [redacted] unwell when I wrote that letter: I am [redacted] still. I [redacted] perplexed with a multiplicity of business-cares and bosom-anxieties, which hurried and pressed upon me [redacted] morning; and I wrote to you and another friend in such [redacted] [redacted] fusion, that I scarcely knew what I [redacted] [redacted] time; I might [redacted] [redacted] of a windmill-sail in [redacted] motion, [redacted] only

to the moments of my ascension for writing
 thoughts as you may imagine me throng-
 ing through my head the giddy horrible whirl.
 When I took up my pen to write to you, I intended only
 to scribble a line to request you to forward the books
 immediately, as I really want some of them; but it
 was that mischievous impulse carried away my hand,
 with a speed and fury that stopped the windmill-
 in revolution, so that, instead of a gentle tap to
 your slumbering attention, it struck blows which would
 have been to any mortal friendship, have only
 proved the immortality of yours. Immortality! O my
 friend, you and I ever be immortal in place? It
 is one of the bitterest anticipations of the world of dark-
 despair, which 'rolls not within the precincts of
 mercy,' that the society of the will be no comfort there.
 If I have my 'portion of that burneth with
 brimstone,' may whom I have loved on earth
 for separated from me! But I will draw back my
 from touching this distracting chord, on which hang my
 mysterious sorrows, you should think me indeed
 possessed by another evil spirit than my own. . . . I told
 you, I intended to tell you, that I had been much indis-
 posed since my return: my illness was the
 quence of fatigue in travelling; it had seized me with vio-
 lent pains, in the forenoon, before I got out, and I was
 misery, that fear that made that misery torture, when I got
 into the road, with night and a long jolting journey before
 me. Since my arrival in Sheffield, though I have neither
 been confined to my room nor my room, I have not been in a
 healthy state of feeling for an hour. Colds, coughs, pains
 in the chest, *numbness of brain*, bowel-irregularities, and
 and numberless hypochondriacal plagues, singly,
 sively, partially, or altogether, have assailed me and pre-
 sent I expect an early relief. But the wounded spirit
 breaking heart, these hardest to bear with resig-
 nation—resignation to the will of God. That I
 much personal suffering, or repine at my temporal lot,

with various disorders of my perishing frame, there was confusion, doubt, and darkness, my soul, that the powers of my mind were palsied, the affections of my heart withered, and every source of hope and comfort passed away. Then, when I can neither think, write, converse, or pray with ease and self-possession, I do indeed deem myself smitten, forsaken of God, and afflicted,—worthily smitten, forsaken of God, because I will not, cannot, come to him,—and afflicted, because I perversely, and yet inevitably, refuse consolation of his Spirit. O what a mystery of woe, what a mystery of iniquity is this! God deliver me from it, carry me through it, by his wisdom and his goodness. It is fit! You will, perhaps, ascribe my relapse into this melancholy to the interest and anxiety which I feel in the welfare of the person by whom I wrote my last unfortunate letter. It is true that I have learned to suffer and sympathise with her and love her, in a very difficult manner in which she ignorantly placed herself, during my visit in London, in which I found her on my return in Sheffield but believe me, if my heart bore no other, no heavier weight of sorrow upon it, than I must always bear on her account, I should be a happy man in comparison with the wretch that I am—my griefs be deeper than disappointment of affection, be those griefs that prevented me from yielding to the impulse of that affection, and, unless they were allayed, for ever unfit me for the sweetest pleasures of this life. Surely you were not hurt by the levity of spleen which prompted me, at the time of writing, to give you the address of the bearer of my letter. I have no worse motive for this, certainly, than that the communication would have been of no service either to you or her, as you will be convinced when I tell you she was going to Mrs H***'s, at Hampstead. There, if you have either desire to introduce yourself, or to take any course in a few months, by mentioning my name you will be kindly received by the lady. It occurs to me that the person which

grieved you ■■■ my mad letter must have been the ■■■ of all ■■■ words of it, in which, if I recollect rightly, I ■■■ you ■■■ you need not write with the books. I am ■■■ postscript ■■■ strangely worded; yet ■■■ intended only ■■■ urge the sending off ■■■ the books without any delay; but I dare say the heterodox language in which my letter ■■■ involuntarily written, belied my feelings and outraged yours. Pardon me, I beseech you. I, who ■■■ the ■■■ injured of the two, by my ■■■ fault, will not forgive myself till I am assured of your forgiveness. I will lay down ■■■ Saturday next."

"July 18. ■■■

"After ■■■ lapse of ■■■ melancholy week, I take ■■■ my ■■■ close this letter, by saying, that I have determined to try the Buxton ■■■ after ■■■ of this month, ■■■ that if you have occasion to write ■■■ me soon, let it be in the interval, or ■■■ after ■■■ of August. Will you have the goodness ■■■ call on my brother Ignatius, in the early part of ■■■ week, and mention my determination, ■■■ him that I shall write before I leave Sheffield? ■■■ received ■■■ affectionate letters; the second, though the shortest, ■■■ the ■■■ welcome, ■■■ it brought the happy tidings of ■■■ blessing ■■■ family, and ■■■ jewel to his ■■■ of rejoicing, which I pray God may shine in ■■■ eternally.

"Amidst ■■■ these bodily ■■■ mental troubles (*I beg ■■■ say anything ■■■ alarm Ignatius ■■■ Agnes ■■■ counts*), you will yet be desirous to know something about the poem, which already has been ■■■ source of ■■■ much anxiety ■■■ fear to you, lest it ■■■ dishonour me. I have made very little progress since my return; all the fire, and imagination, and feeling that once warmed and quickened ■■■ in poetical composition is repressed, if ■■■ extinguished: gleams in ■■■ darkness, sparks in the ashes, hopes amidst despondency, will break ■■■ times; and of these I avail myself as well as I can. The work ■■■ go on, ■■■ that ■■■ all I can say of it. How shall I thank you ■■■ all your

me! I am unworthy of it, I appear ungrateful, because I am
 "Your sincerely affectionate friend,

"J.

"D. Parken, Esq., Old Square, Inn."

This letter never reached the hand of him for whom it was intended; and instead of the anticipated rejoinder, the poet startled, opening a note from Mr. Beddome, Dr. Gregory's brother-in-law, and dated London, July 24, to read,—

"I am down for a few minutes to send you a piece of intelligence which will make your heart ache—our friend Parken is no more! He died last night at Aylesbury, after a confinement of ten days. You may have heard that he and [his brother] William were overturned in a gig, they journeying on the home circuit, by which accident D. P.'s ankle was dislocated."

Then followed a detailed account of the symptoms—first favourable, and then, from the shock a weak physical system, changing to a fatal termination. "Ah! my dear sir, where shall we look for such another, gone? such a brother? such a friend? I need not describe him to you, who knew him so well." Nor need we attempt to describe Montgomery's emotions on the reception of these sad and unexpected tidings.

Everett: "Was Parken, in your opinion, a decidedly religious character?" *Montgomery*: "I am persuaded we had much intercourse, both personal and epistolary, convinced of this: but I much regret that my last letter did not reach him, because it contained some allusion to the rest of our communion of saints." *Everett*: "His general health must have been feeble, he suffered a fatal result from such an apparently slight cause."

Montgomery: "It ■ ■ and his mind must have been ■ the ■ time in ■ singularly morbid state, judging from the unusual ■ of his letter ■ ■ Have you read the specimen of ■ poetry which I lent you?"

Everett: "Yes; it is smooth and elegant: but there ■ a want of power—of imagination. The writer has been ■ indebted to his academical studies than to his poetic feeling. His verses are those of ■ scholar, and indicate less ■ fervid temperament than ■ cultivated mind."

Montgomery: "You ■ pretty nearly correct: and that is the character of a large proportion of the current poetry of the present age. ■ Seward's clever verses, ■ much praised ■ ■ time, are ■ never read; and almost the same may be said of Dr. Darwin's rhymes, brilliant ■ full of science as they are. Hodgson*, deservedly admired ■ he is, will ■ be popular; his poetry being, ■ you say, that of ■ school. There are many clever and ■ elegant versifiers, who would ■ have been heard of ■ they had been, like Burns ■ Bloomfield, brought up ■ the plough."

Everett: "Had you ■ any opportunity of judging of Parken's abilities ■ ■ practitioner ■ ■ bar?"

Montgomery: "No; I believe he ■ ■ considered rather heavy ■ ■ speaker; but he ■ hardly entered the arena, and his department of practice ■ not ■ in which the glare of eloquence ■ necessary: had he lived he would doubtless have made a respectable figure in his profession. He was remarkably ready with his pen; and spoke with great fluency and propriety in conversation."

Everett: "Your friendship and correspondence with Parken must have formed an interesting and—to yourself, at least—happy period

* ■ Francis Hodgson, author of the "Friends" ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ translator of Lucien Bonaparte's "Charlemagne," ■ ■

of life." *Montgomery*: "The pleasure of the intercourse was mutual."

With the death of Parken, *Montgomery's* as a reviewer may be said to have terminated, and therewith a distinct chapter of his literary history.

*James Montgomery to Rev. Ignatius
Mrs. Montgomery.*

" [] July 27. []

" MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,

" You will immediately forgive my fortnight's silence at a [] interesting and critical juncture, when I inform you that I fully expected [] Monday and Tuesday last you would have heard both from me and of me, by [] Parken, as I despatched a letter [] the Saturday preceding [] him [] his return from the circuit, and requested him [] inform you that I continued so weak in body, indeed [] much indisposed, that I had determined [] try the Buxton [] this week, but that you should hear from [] before I [] [] [] I not [] upon this, assuredly I should have written [] that time directly [] you, [] gratulate you with gladness of affection [] the birth of the dear [] stranger that has been sent amongst us [] [] number and [] felicity. Anxiously and earnestly have I longed [] intelligence, and thrice welcome [] was, though it [] when I [] in darkness of spirit [] debility of frame, that made [] burthensome and [] dreadful [] me. Do not, I intreat you, as you love me, as you desire your [] peace, and as you [] in God, our common Saviour, do not [] alarmed at [] acknowledgment of my state of mind and body, which has been the [] in a greater [] degree [] since my return [] [] I am [] despairing; God is only humbling me under [] mighty hand, and I bow to the chastisement [] [] [] me, as I [] in [] dust of self-abasement [] self-abhorrence [] his feet. 'God [] merciful [] me [] sinner!' [] my prayer; and [] prayer will [] answered

in [REDACTED] good time, and in his own manner. O how mysterious are his judgments, and [REDACTED] ways past finding out! My dear friend Parken [REDACTED] knows, though we know [REDACTED] not, nor [REDACTED] we comprehend it, why he was thus unexpectedly removed from [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] acknowledges both the wisdom [REDACTED] the mercy of [REDACTED] awful visitation. Three letters [REDACTED] morning brought [REDACTED] intelligence of [REDACTED] premature death,—not premature, I trust, for I [REDACTED] persuaded that he [REDACTED] prepared [REDACTED] God, though neither he [REDACTED] expected [REDACTED] would be [REDACTED]. My heart, which [REDACTED] tidings rent, [REDACTED] already been flowing through two letters [REDACTED] friends [REDACTED] this distressing subject, and [REDACTED] will [REDACTED]—indeed I cannot without aggravated misery to myself [REDACTED] unnecessary infliction upon you—dwell longer on it here. My letter did not arrive in time for him either [REDACTED] read or hear read; therefore my message to you could not be delivered. I thank God for [REDACTED] merciful preservation of my [REDACTED] sister in the hour of sorrow,—but her [REDACTED] [REDACTED] been turned into joy. O may she live [REDACTED] bring up the dear child thus happily given her, in the nurture [REDACTED] admonition of [REDACTED] Lord, and may that child live to be the comfort of its parents by fulfilling all their hopes to [REDACTED] it grow in stature and in favour both with God and man! I cannot object [REDACTED] any [REDACTED] for the [REDACTED] infant, which those who love it [REDACTED] shall choose for it; but I thought—indeed I [REDACTED] myself [REDACTED] sure—that it would be called *Mary Agnes*,—were not [REDACTED] its grandmothers Maries, and is [REDACTED] mother Agnes? I know no reason, [REDACTED] the same time, why it [REDACTED] not be Henrietta, [REDACTED] why I should not love my [REDACTED] niece as well by [REDACTED] name as those I have mentioned,—‘the [REDACTED] by [REDACTED] other [REDACTED] would [REDACTED] [REDACTED] sweet.’ By whatsoever name [REDACTED] [REDACTED] in [REDACTED], I have already placed [REDACTED] lovely [REDACTED] image in my heart amongst my [REDACTED] affections,—[REDACTED] inscription may be [REDACTED] any time. [REDACTED] how would it rejoice me to meet you at Baxton, as I met you [REDACTED] year, and spend, [REDACTED] I propose to spend, [REDACTED] fortnight there! I have [REDACTED] you [REDACTED] the [REDACTED] worst, [REDACTED] Ignatius desires that I would.—Pray for me, dear brother [REDACTED]

sister, my not:—indeed it is times. I am well pleased that John James has consented to the throne, and it is so much filled by one who is much less than he. I bid both the deposed king and the new-crowned queen from Uncle James. Kind regards to Robert and his dear family. Farewell!

“Your faithful affectionate brother,

“J. MONTGOMERY.

“Rev. Ignatius Montgomery,

“Nevill's Court, Fetter Lane, London.”

James Montgomery to Joseph Aston,

“Sheffield, July 1811.

“DEAR FRIEND,

“ . . . Procrastination is the mother of every sin of omission of which I am daily guilty, and by which I run so much to waste, that I may almost say the summer is past, and I have scarcely begun to sow for the harvest. This, alas! will apply equally to my temporal and spiritual. I am always a day behind time, and I fear sometimes that I shall be so at the last, and thus lose eternity. Many melancholy considerations press upon my mind, and fill my heart with sadness just now, insensibly into this train of reflection whenever I take my pen to write to a friend,—which indeed I do as possible; for I have been for two months past nearly unfit either for society or solitude, for correspondence or meditation. The month of May I spent in London, from whence I returned very ill, and then followed such a series of colds and nervous affections as I never experienced before with little intermission; for I have always been subject to these, though hitherto with lucid intervals that admitted both of hope and enjoyment. Now, however, an evil spirit seems to possess me entirely, and the Harp of Sorrow that once so sweetly soothed the grief it could not cure, almost lost its power to charm. In this state of debility and depression, both of mind and body, I am induced to try the air and the waters of Buxton. I expect to be there to-morrow, and stay about a fortnight, earnestly praying, and per-

plex me ■ times, ■■ trusting ■■■ He who ■■■ me ■■ will yet ■■■ ■■ with a moderate degree ■ health, ■■ 'spare me a ■■■ longer, ■■■ I may ■■■ strength before I ■■ hence and am ■■■ no more.' Forgive ■■■ of anguish and complaint this letter breathes ; I write ■ seldom ■ you, that when I do write it ought ■ be ■ cordial ■■■ my heart poured into yours, lightening the one, ■■■ ■■ freshening the other. I wish I could thus cheer and solace you ; but, wanting comfort myself, how can I rejoice, by my language and sentiments, the soul of my friend ? ■■■ I ■■■ you need ■■ kindness of sympathy less ■■■ I do, and that you have happiness enough ■■ to spare, by looks, ■■ words, and ■■■ of charity to ■■■ ■■ poor in spirit ■ I am. ■ know you will bear with me, ■■ therefore I freely trouble you with the overflowings of my heart, which ■ truly full of bitterness ; yet do not be alarmed ■■■ only imagine, ■■ you will imagine truly, that ■■ those hypochondriacal ■■ constitutional infirmities ■■■ have 'grown with my growth, and strengthened with my' weakness, ■■ now upon ■■ in more ■■■ their usual measure. These will accompany ■■ ■■ my ■■■ I know ; but whether they will ■■■ my journey ■■■ is only known ■ Him who, for the wisest, best, ■■ most merciful purposes, permits ■■■ ■■■ me. . . . ■■■ kind remembrance ■ Mrs. ■■■ Aston, ■■ your venerable father,

"I remain your ■■■ friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"■ Joseph Aston, Manchester."

It is remarkable that this letter contains ■ allusion to the recent death of Parken ; and equally so, that the writer ■■ mentions the fact of his being or having been ■ "Eclectic" reviewer. Aston ■ once and very kindly pressed his friend to visit Manchester, suggesting that "the smiles of welcoming and obliged friendship" might prove as salubrious as the tepid springs of the Peak. One may smile ■ the mention of another item in the comparison urged in favour of ■■ city ■■ spindles, ■■ ■■ exorcist of the "Dæmon

Hypochondriasis," viz.—"a grand review of the military force of [redacted] district, horse, foot, and artillery!"

To Buxton the poet went; and from thence, on the [redacted] of August, he [redacted] to decline Aston's invitation; adding,—

"I [redacted] my heart for exertion, and no spirits for pleasure; otherwise, it would [redacted] a great satisfaction [redacted] to [redacted] you [redacted] more in this world, and to meet you where you would [redacted] [redacted] the best advantage—in [redacted] bosom of your family. Surely we [redacted] again in time; [redacted] when and where [redacted] [redacted] foreseen—O may we [redacted] in eternity, and never part!"

In the [redacted] letter he [redacted]:—

"[redacted] day I have witnessed the consecration of [redacted] church [redacted] place by [redacted] Right [redacted] the Lord Bishop of [redacted] and Coventry. [redacted] is an elegant and very commodious edifice, founded by [redacted] noble [redacted] Devonshire, [redacted] capable of containing, with the gallery, nearly a [redacted] persons. It [redacted] exceedingly crowded on this occasion. [redacted] the spire, which I understand [redacted] fifty [redacted] above [redacted] roof, is completed, [redacted] will [redacted] a most beautiful object [redacted] [redacted] rounding country; and [redacted] can no longer be [redacted] of [redacted] [redacted] place—as [redacted] literally might [redacted] been [redacted] heretofore—[redacted] [redacted] of [redacted] [redacted] nearly the [redacted] building in it."

But the best part of the letter was a line of P.S.—

"I am better in health, and more cheerful than when I [redacted] hither, I thank God."

James Montgomery [redacted] *Roscos.*

"Yates' Lodgings, Buxton, July 28. [redacted]"

"DEAR SIR,

"Two years ago when I was at Harrogate, I was [redacted] by [redacted] friendship for Mrs. [redacted] [redacted] your recommendation [redacted] [redacted] Holland as an artist, [redacted] [redacted] an Associate of the Liverpool Academy. Your generous com-

pliance ~~with~~ my request ~~was~~ left ~~me~~ without ~~an~~ ~~answer~~ ~~to~~ avoid troubling you again, ~~an~~ ~~the~~ application ~~of~~ one of my best friends, ~~an~~ another academical case; ~~at~~ the same time I pledge my ~~word~~ ~~that~~ ~~it~~ shall be the ~~best~~ favour ~~of~~ the kind I will ever ask of you; and had I anticipated the probability of being a second ~~time~~ put upon trying the extent of my influence with you as a patron of art, I would have made this ~~was~~ yesterday morning instead of this evening, and ~~thus~~ escaped the dilemma I ~~was~~ ~~now~~ in, and from which neither my ~~friend~~ for a most excellent ~~man~~ who has ~~been~~ a true friend ~~to~~ ~~me~~ ~~for~~ nineteen years past, ~~nor~~ my high respect (however mistaken my estimate of ~~him~~ may be) for ~~his~~ talents of ~~his~~ daughter, ~~will~~ permit me ~~to~~ attempt ~~it~~ in any other manner than fairly facing ~~you~~ ~~and~~ through it, ~~and~~ casting myself and ~~the~~ ~~fortune~~ of ~~the~~ young lady ~~upon~~ upon your liberality, by telling you ~~the~~ truth, ~~and~~ truth, ~~and~~ nothing but the truth, as far ~~as~~ I know and believe it. ~~My~~ Harriet ~~and~~ of ~~her~~ being about ~~the~~ ~~same~~ pictures ~~at~~ the Liverpool Exhibition, her ~~own~~ understanding you to be one of ~~the~~ Patrons of it, ~~and~~ knowing ~~me~~ ~~and~~ honoured ~~me~~ ~~as~~ a poet with much condescending partiality, ~~and~~ written ~~me~~ me requesting ~~me~~ ~~to~~ would call your attention ~~to~~ them, so far as to look ~~at~~ them ~~and~~ their arrival, and ~~if~~ you think ~~them~~ worthy of such ~~a~~ distinction, ~~and~~ have the power ~~to~~ secure it, to get them placed in ~~a~~ good light. ~~My~~ phrase fully explains the ~~case~~ ~~of~~ my petition ~~to~~ theirs; you know well how much painters value ~~it~~ ~~as~~ an incidental advantage, and imagine, ~~and~~ might suppose ~~that~~ ~~they~~ they lay upon it, that their ~~success~~ depended as much ~~on~~ the light in which their works are ~~seen~~ ~~and~~ on the merit of the execution of them. This, therefore, though you will probably regard it ~~as~~ ~~a~~ trifling favour to confer, is no small ~~ask~~ ~~on~~ ask on the part of the young lady, and the merit of your service to her shall be rated after her estimate of its worth and not according to yours. I have only to add ~~that~~ I consider you ~~as~~ much ~~at~~ liberty to judge for yourself, and to ~~rely~~ upon that judgment solely, as you would have ~~known~~ had your attention been ~~directed~~ towards ~~my~~ humble pro-

by my own merit, whether that be great or small. I have not mentioned them in my knowledge, for Mr. [redacted] in his letter [redacted] mention the subjects: when you have [redacted] I know [redacted] you [redacted] justice to them, as the artist, [redacted] yourself; you [redacted] put [redacted] any light but that in which you think they may [redacted] the best advantage; if they be bad, which I hope they are not, you may safely set them in a bad light, since in such [redacted] is, [redacted] better for them. It is very hard work to [redacted] any [redacted] write [redacted] subjects [redacted] does [redacted] understand, but it is harder [redacted] when Time is urgent to be gone, [redacted] not [redacted] any more than he can be stayed, [redacted] have [redacted] grub in [redacted] drops of [redacted] inkstand, and despair almost of finding enough of these to blot a due portion of paper [redacted] no purpose [redacted] such [redacted] occasion, but to show [redacted] ignorance, [redacted] impertinence [redacted] I fear I am doing [redacted] cannot help it. There is no remedy for [redacted] to-night. This letter [redacted] go, and I have neither [redacted] time left to fill the sheet. You perceive by the date that I am at Buxton; hither I am [redacted] the victim of innumerable [redacted] both of mind and body, arising partly from constitutional infirmities, but principally originating in [redacted] caught when I [redacted] in London, the miserable effects of which in pains and debility have hung upon [redacted] since my return, at [redacted] beginning of last month. I was very much indisposed with cold [redacted] evening I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. W. [redacted] at Mr. C. R. Aikin's; he [redacted] so good as [redacted] promise [redacted] upon [redacted] at my brother's in Fetter Lane, [redacted] though I have [redacted] doubt he was [redacted] good [redacted] word, [redacted] performance [redacted] not [redacted] fulfilment of his promise; this I am [redacted] no [redacted] of his, but only my misfortune, for I saw Mr. M^r Creary, of London, lately, who told [redacted] that Mr. W. R. [redacted] of town earlier than [redacted] expected. Will you give [redacted] regards, and say that [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] did [redacted] again, than [redacted] he did not call on me, [redacted] [redacted] called [redacted] might probably have [redacted] in vain, as I [redacted] [redacted] home except early [redacted] morning [redacted] [redacted] evening, [redacted] frequently out of town at Woolwich, Hampstead, [redacted] [redacted] attribute my present indisposition [redacted]

hurry, anxiety, enjoyment, agitation of spirits during my visits among friends and strangers in that immense metropolis, where I spent four weeks. I propose at present to stay a fortnight at this place, in hope that the waters of Buxton will restore me some degree of comfortable bodily feeling, and quiet meditation in this wild land of mountains bring back some of my lost energy of mind. I can say at present, or I would gladly report progress on my 'World before the Flood,' but on that subject I hope fully to explain my present views of it, if I have not an opportunity of sending you the copy when completed, before it goes to press. That cannot be, so far as I can foresee, earlier than spring. It has gone on, it is true, but it has gone heavily for the last three months. I think, however, I am my way through it, and really a great point gained towards when an author clearly understands himself: my views of the subject very obscure, and Dr. Aikin's of the poem executed after them; my were a little brighter, and you work that of these; the third epoch of my thoughts will surely produce something better than either. Farewell, accept my sincere thanks for your past kindness and believe

"Your grateful friend and servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

Boscoe, Esq., Liverpool."

Two of his Sheffield friends, Mr. T. A. Ward and Mr. Ebenezer Rhodes, met the poet on his departure from Buxton at the far-famed village of Eyam, whence the party proceeded to Monsal Dale and Miller's Dale, following the picturesque course of the Wye to Bakewell, where they spent the night; and, the next morning proceeding to Rowsley at the confluence of the Wye and the Derwent, they walked along the pleasant banks of the latter river by Stoke Hall, and the moors

A durable memorial of his visit to the salutiferous springs and striking scenery of Buxton, and its vicinity, exists in the stanzas entitled the "Peak Mountains,"* every line of which indicates the pensive mood of the poet's mind at this time.

James Montgomery to the Rev. Ignatius Montgomery,

"Sheffield, Sept. 1812.

"MY BROTHER,

"With your last letter I received three others, announcing the death of my best friend I ever had, or hope to have, on earth. I was very ill at the time, and preparing to go out for Buxton. This sudden stroke laid me lower in the dust than I remember to have been at any time before, often and miserably. I have been prostrated there amidst the ruins of my hopes. I went to Buxton on the Wednesday following, and you will have learned already, from the annexed stanzas, in what a forlorn and suffering condition I found myself there. I stayed away three weeks; and since my return, I thank God, my unfailing friend and helper in every time of need, I am growing stronger and healthier every day. My strength and health I consecrate to him who gave them to me for his own glory and for my enjoyment. . . . I was in private lodgings at Buxton, on a hill, above the Crescent. I often thought of you, and commemorated my few walks by going them over again. My rambles, however, extended further than your eyes themselves ever ventured to travel on those wild and melancholy hills, from some of which, notwithstanding, I enjoyed transporting prospects. The chief companion of my walks was the spirit of my dear lost friend, with whom I held converse and mournful communion in my thoughts, where he was almost hourly present. I am persuaded he is rejoicing in my happy release from this world of temptation and trial, which it pleased the Lord to shorten the day of his pilgrimage. You will lament with me your

own sakes, as I do for mine, that so excellent and [REDACTED] a companion [REDACTED] [REDACTED] early removed, while you [REDACTED] your dear Agnes were only beginning to know his worth. . . . [REDACTED] Agnes and you, [REDACTED] well as Henry [Steinhauer] were [REDACTED] beloved [REDACTED] esteemed by him; [REDACTED] had [REDACTED] been longer spared, you would have been more and more delighted with him. His [REDACTED] and his heart were [REDACTED] much concealed by [REDACTED] modesty in every thing that concerned himself. I [REDACTED] knew [REDACTED] truly [REDACTED] quietly disinterested. . . . My kindest love [REDACTED] Agnes: the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Robert [REDACTED] family.

"Your affectionate brother,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"The Rev. Ign. Montgomery, London "

The following letter recalls the pleasure with which he whose hand [REDACTED] transcribes it received from their author [REDACTED] copy of the exquisite verses alluded to.

James Montgomery [REDACTED] Roscoe.

"Sheffield, Sep. 8. 1812.

"DEAR SIR,

"I staid at Buxton about three weeks, and returned thence much recovered in health, and relieved from [REDACTED] weight of despondency [REDACTED] almost paralysed the powers of my mind. Some of the melancholy that haunted my imagination, while my corporeal frame [REDACTED] sinking into dust under a malady the [REDACTED] distressing that wrought upon my [REDACTED] [REDACTED] the influence of [REDACTED] evil spirit, I have endeavoured [REDACTED] express [REDACTED] [REDACTED] of the foregoing stanzas, but the lyre which I began [REDACTED] touch with the hand of fear, 'recoiling [REDACTED] [REDACTED] sound,' [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] louder as I struck it [REDACTED] boldly, [REDACTED] I gradually forgot my [REDACTED] and myself in [REDACTED] glory [REDACTED] grandeur of [REDACTED] that [REDACTED] the unpurged sight [REDACTED] dreary and monotonous, but [REDACTED] the eye opened, [REDACTED] I may dare to say [REDACTED] 'in [REDACTED] visions of the Almighty,' and beholding [REDACTED] in every thing, grows [REDACTED] [REDACTED] more wonderful the longer it [REDACTED] contemplated. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] least was my experience, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] air and exercise that I [REDACTED] on the Peak-Mountains, I am per-

suaded contributed more to my restoration of body and mind, and the calm and delightful emotions were awakened and prolonged in my bosom as I walked on the sides, on their summits, felt myself between heaven and earth, holding communion with both in my solitary walks. Forgive my strong language, which might seem mad, and others vain babbling, but you who feel it by the sympathies of a truly poetic spirit, it will not be uninteresting. Accept the verses, which very imperfectly express the sentiments and the objects which inspired them, in token of my gratitude for much kindness and indulgence shown to me on my productions on former occasions. With my best remembrance to your family, I am, sincerely and respectfully,

Your obliged friend and servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"William Roscoe, Esq., Allerton Hall, near Liverpool."

Robert Southey to James Montgomery.

"Keswick, Oct. 7. 1801

"MY FRIEND MONTGOMERY,

"You have here the second [he had previously received the first while in London] book of 'Pelayo,' or, I have learned to call it, 'Roderick, the last of the Goths.' I have more pleasure in transcribing it for you than I shall have in throwing it before the world; for though I have my bread upon the water, in full assurance that it will be found after many days, it is with a feeling something like I should have in setting acorns. In the prospect, the churchyard enters into the foreground. There is another thought connected with publication, which tends much to humiliation, and may lead to a loss of pride: of thousands who will read my poem, not for pleasure, but finding fault with it, but far, very far more undoubtedly pleasure will give them, how very few there who will really be competent to appreciate it! how frequently have I occasion to remember the point in Yriarte's fable, 'Bad is the censure of the wise — the blockhead's praise is worse!' But in sending to you, I am

produced with passion, elaborated with thought, I know you will recognise whatever nature; and that thus I shall have my reward. The figure of Spain may require a note what a Spanish reader would instantly perceive,—the badge of military orders, the castles and lions of Castille and Leon, and the sword of my Cid.

"Your 'Peak Mountains' make me repleas that you did where you would have found subjects much superior in loveliness in grandeur. You have managed a very difficult with great skill. The two lines but equal one alexandrine, therefore objectionable. You have of this, and so managed your that they seldom read one. The poem in your own strain: the passion, melancholy, and the religious ardour which are elements of all your poetry. of these elements, delightful as in such combination, I would banish from you if I knew what, like fumigation, could chase away dark spirits. Oh I could impart you a portion of animal cheerfulness which I would not exchange for richest earthly inheritance! For me, when those whom love cause no anxiety, the skylark in morning is joyous than I am; and if I had wings on my shoulders, I should with her in the sunshine carolling for pure joy.

"But you how far mountains overtop Derbyshire hills. The leaves beginning to fall — me, Montgomery, soon as they reappear, sweetest of the year, when opening flowers lengthening days hold out to us every day the hope of lovelier morrow. I am a bondsman from this time till the end of April, and must get through, in the intermediate time, more work than I like think of: through it, if no misfortune impede or prevent me, I shall get willingly and well; I know what it is to be weary of employment. Come me as my holidays begin. You will find of the exhausting hurry of London, quiet well as congenial society within doors; without, every thing that can elevate the imagination and soothe the heart.

"I have of you in London from Miss Betham, who saw you in Miss Montague's. Thank you for inquiring in the Missionary Reports. If I have only a few numbers [qy. volumes?] of print, I have a few blank leaves placed at the beginning, in which I write an abstract of what is deficient, whenever I can borrow a perfect copy.

"My poem will have something to do with Missionaries, and will relate to the times and country of Eliot, the apostle of the Nituenoe Indians, and the man who translated the Bible into the most barbarous language that was ever yet reduced to grammatical rules. The chief personage in the story will hinge upon the principles of Quaker philosophy, if those words may be allowed to exist in combination. The object is to represent a man acting under the most trying circumstances in that manner which he feels and believes to be right, regardless of consequences; and in my story the principle of action will prove to be instrumental to the preservation of the individual, and it would be the happiness of the whole community if 'the kingdom' were 'come.'

"Do not let your poem languish longer. I, who am spurring myself, would fain spur you on to a quicker progress. I advance in these things with a pace so slow and so unlike the ardour of former times, that I should suspect more changes of temperament and loss of activity than eight-and-thirty years ought to bring with them, if I did not find or fancy a solution in the quantity of my labour. Time has been when I have written fifty, eighty, or a hundred lines before breakfast; and I remember to have composed twelve hundred (many of them the lines I did produce) in a week. A change of judgment occasioned the change; still time may have had some part in it. I do not love the setting sun so well as spring, or the setting sun so well as the morning beauty of the morning. Thank you!

"ROBERT SOUTHBY.

"Mr. Wm. Montgomery, Sheffield."

On the 11th of October, Lord Milton visited Sheffield as a candidate for the representation of the county of York, on which occasion he delivered an address in the "Square." Parliamentary Reform was the main topic on which Lordship was expected to give his opinion. To that measure, in the popular acceptation of the terms, he was more than suspected to be adverse, and, therefore, as was expected, many of his auditors listened with some dissatisfaction. Being pressed by an individual, in the name of several freeholders, to explicitly state his sentiments on this subject, he did so once, and in a most frank and manly manner. Notwithstanding that Montgomery differed from his noble friend on this question, he observed, "If Lord Milton's patriotism be not pure gold, it is at least sterling; there is but a grain of alloy in it: would that such were the currency of the whole realm. . . . Are all his merits and all his services to be forgotten for the hereditary taint of corruption, which, perhaps, runs in the very blood of nobility?" He attended the meeting, and published an abstract of the speech in his "Iris" the following week; and so faithfully had he described the proceedings, that several hundred copies of the paper were circulated by Earl Fitzwilliam. When the final struggle for reform came, the nobleman who had appeared to hesitate on this occasion was one of the foremost and firmest of his order in advocating the measure.

James Montgomery to Joseph Aston.

"Sheffield, Nov. 11 1812.

"MY FRIEND,

". . . I will in three words answer your inquiry concerning my poem—I mean three hundred!—but they shall be as few as possible. It is very strange indeed, if I have never mentioned it to you. I have heard much of

'World before Flood' three years in my hands, during which time it has been written completely, and then broken and half written on a new plan, and a time remodelled. Many vexations and interruptions I have had in the progress of it, I have laid it aside for months in despondency. At present I begin to think I may finish it on its present plan in the course of a few weeks, then I shall immediately be about revising it for the press. With regard to the subject, I doubt whether you can form any guess of my general drift in it; and nothing can explain to you a perusal of the poem. I have some hopes, many misgivings about its success—I have no sanguine expectation, certainly. The 'Flood' is the catastrophe. I am glad that your report of Canning's Manchester speech has only done you credit, but may do you good.

"I am, truly, your obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mr. Joseph Aston, Manchester."

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